



FEATURE

COMICS

JULY FORMERLY FEATURE FUNNIES

MICHAEL-WAIT 'TILL YOU
SEE THAT FRESH HOULIHAN
JUMP WHEN I SET THIS
OFF BEHIND
HIM!!

JOE
PALOOKA

THE
CLOCK

JANE
ARDEN

NED
BRANT

LANK
LEONARD

NO. 22 10¢

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

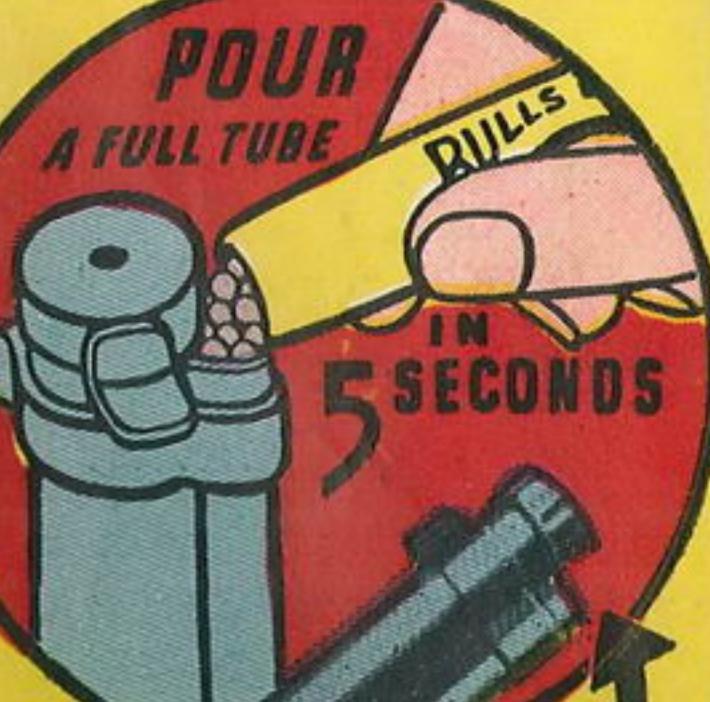


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AIR RIFLE in HISTORY

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DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY. 807 Union St., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

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AIR RIFLE
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JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

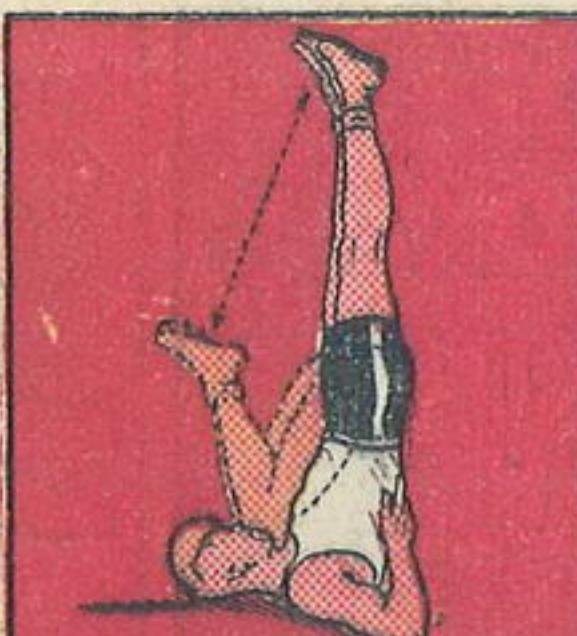
By HAM FISHER

ARTIE MCGOVERN THE FAMOUS TRAINER, SAYS THAT TRAINING SHOULD BE DONE WITH REASON



-HE SAYS, "GET PLENTY OF SUNSHINE AND FRESH AIR--

-DO YOUR EXERCISES OFTEN, AND NOT ALL AT ONCE. TAKE A LUKEWARM SHOWER, FOLLOWED BY A COLD ONE AFTER A WORKOUT-

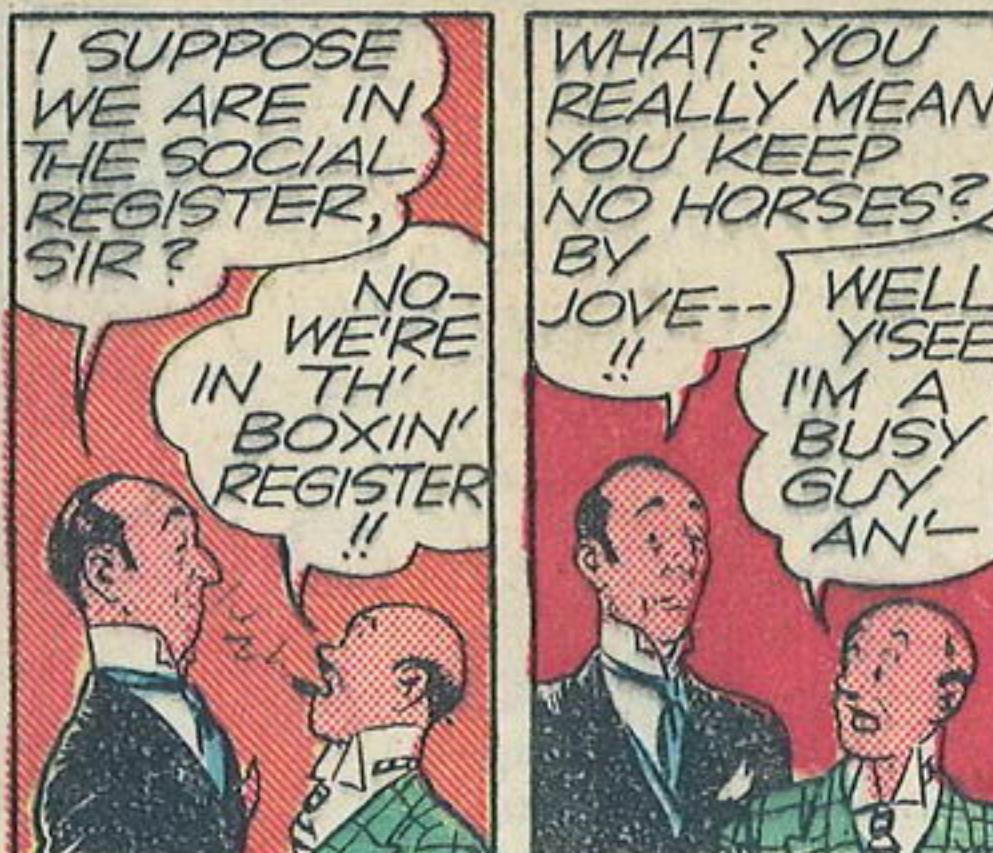


TRY THIS-- WITH BODY IN THIS POSITION, BRING LEGS DOWN AND UP AGAIN

JOE PALOOKA

McKnight Syndicate Inc.

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

WE SHOW HERE A FINE EXERCISE FOR STRENGTHENING THE ABDOMEN —

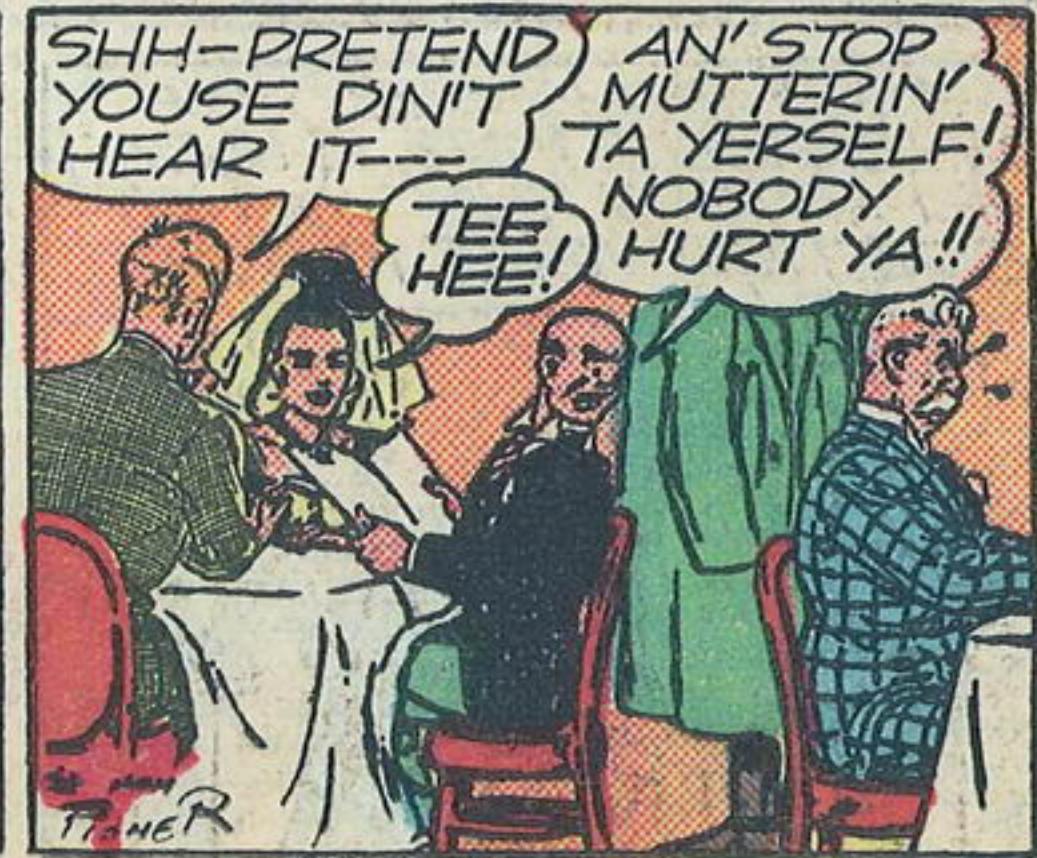
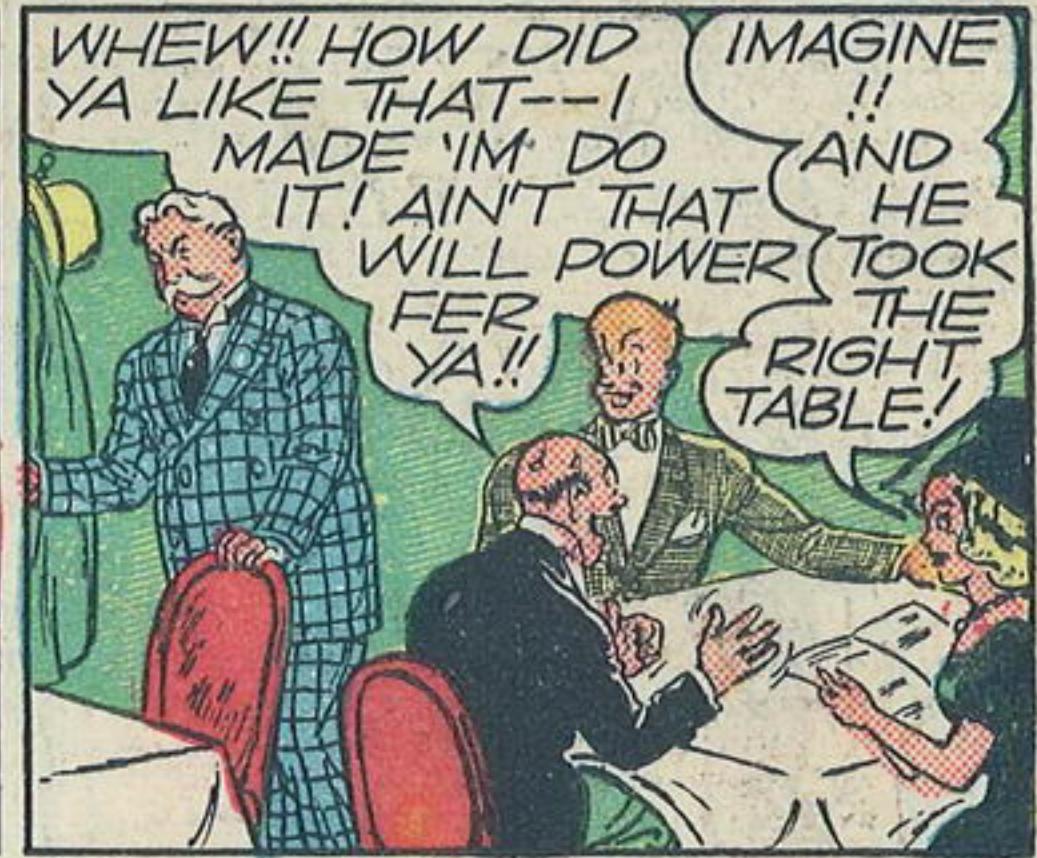
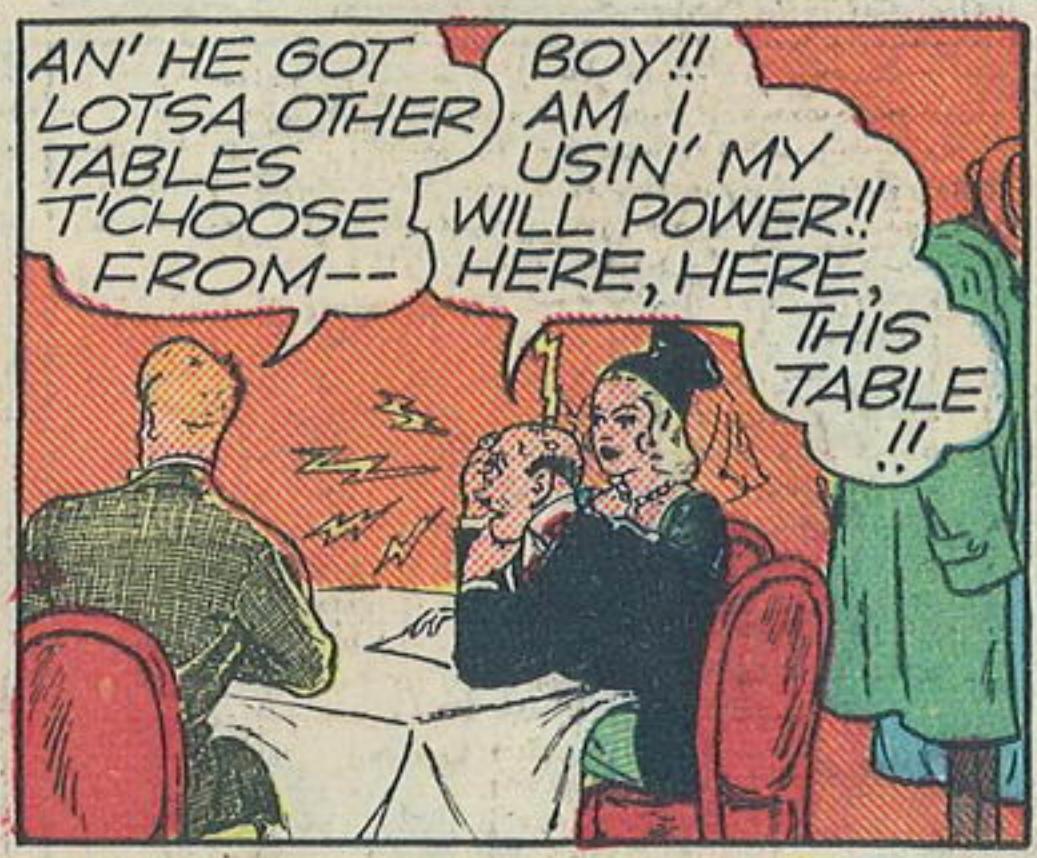
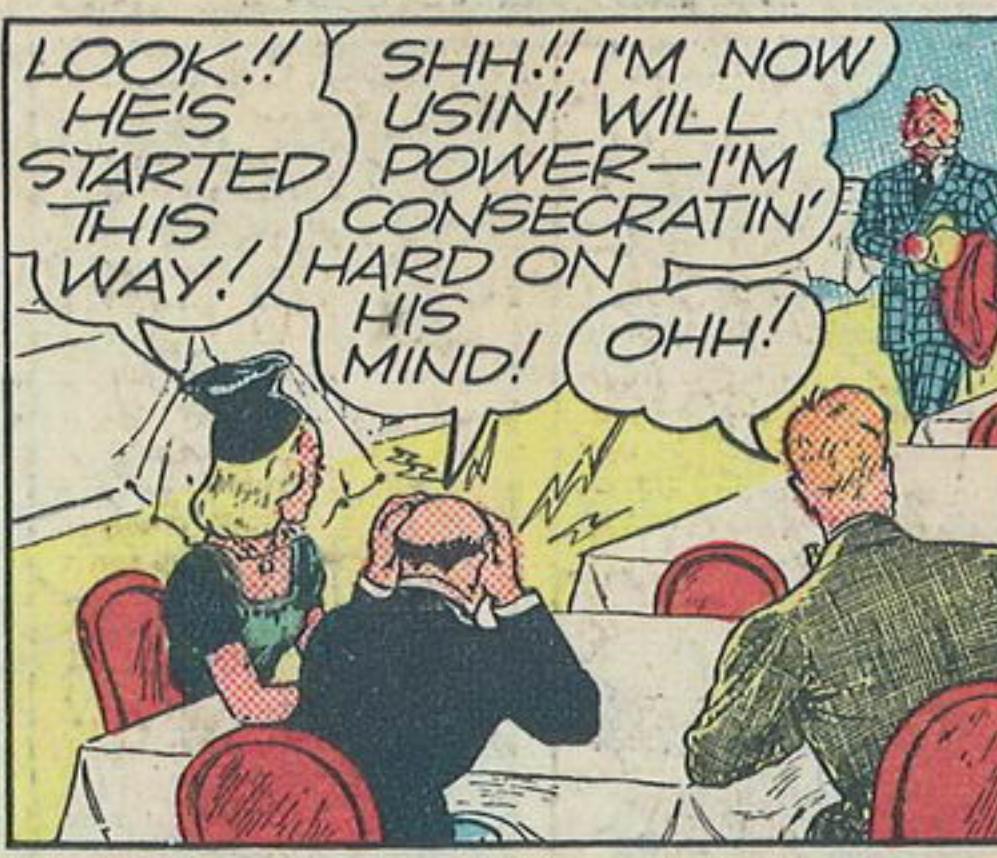
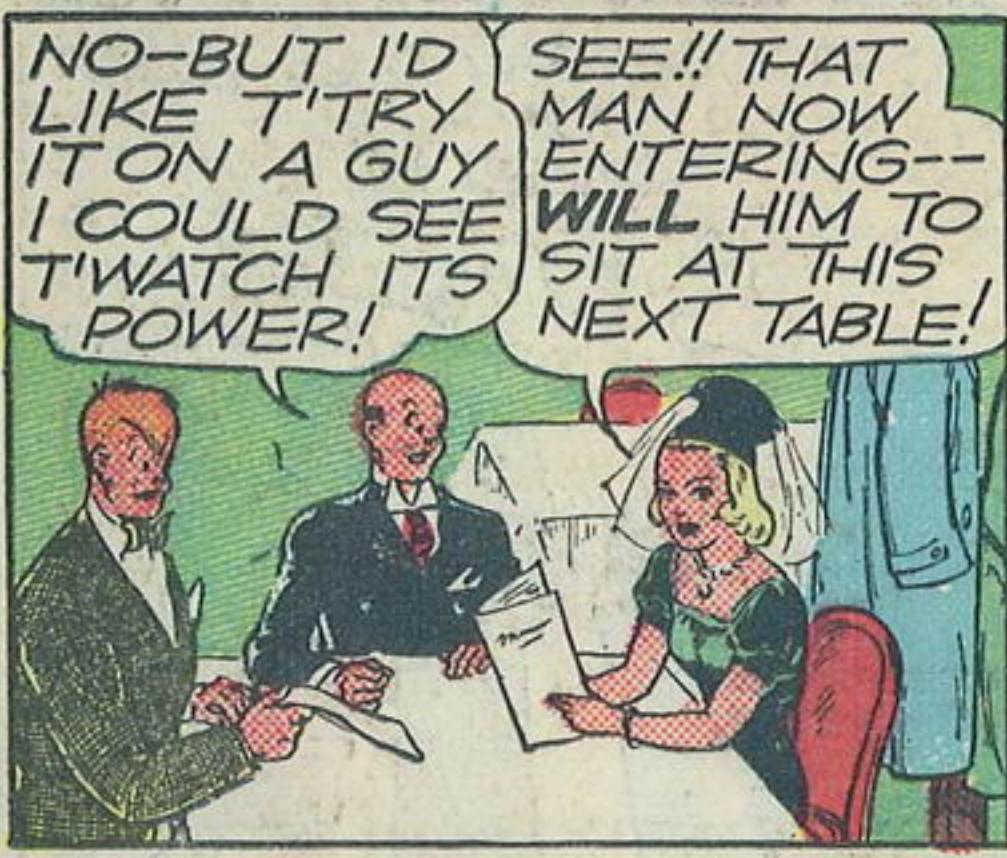
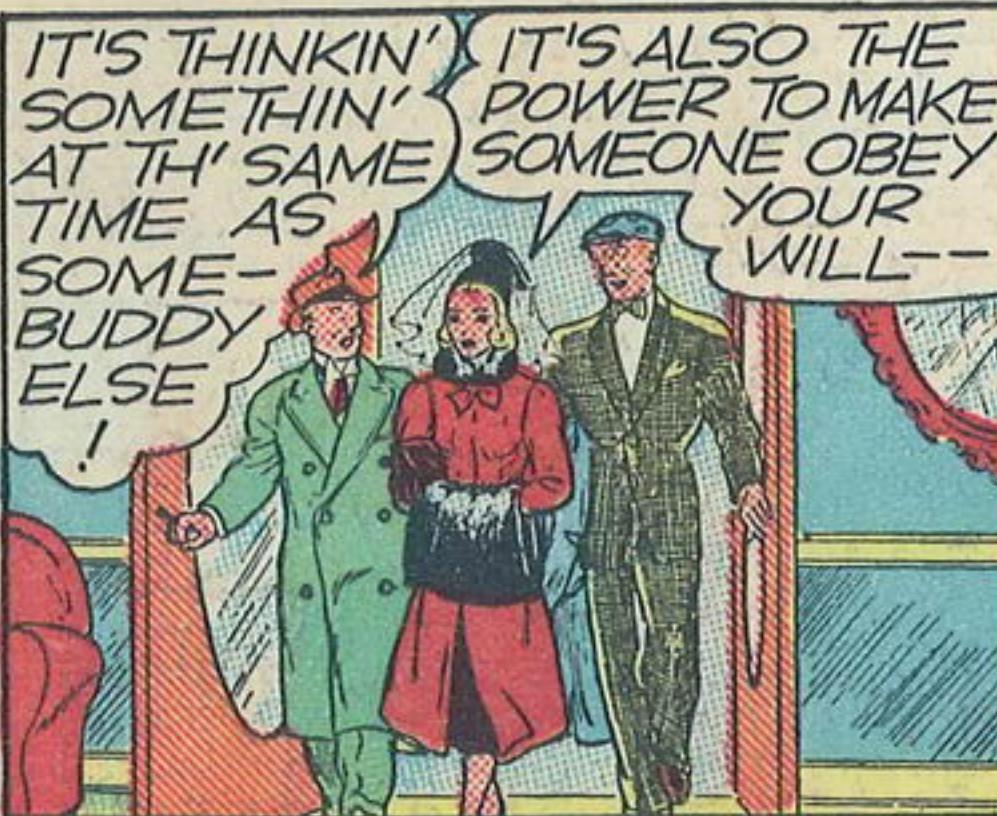


AS PICTURED, JOE LIES FLAT ON HIS BACK— THEN SLOWLY RISES TO A FINAL SITTING POSITION. KEEP LEGS STRAIGHT, AND DO THIS NO MORE THAN TEN TIMES AT FIRST.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



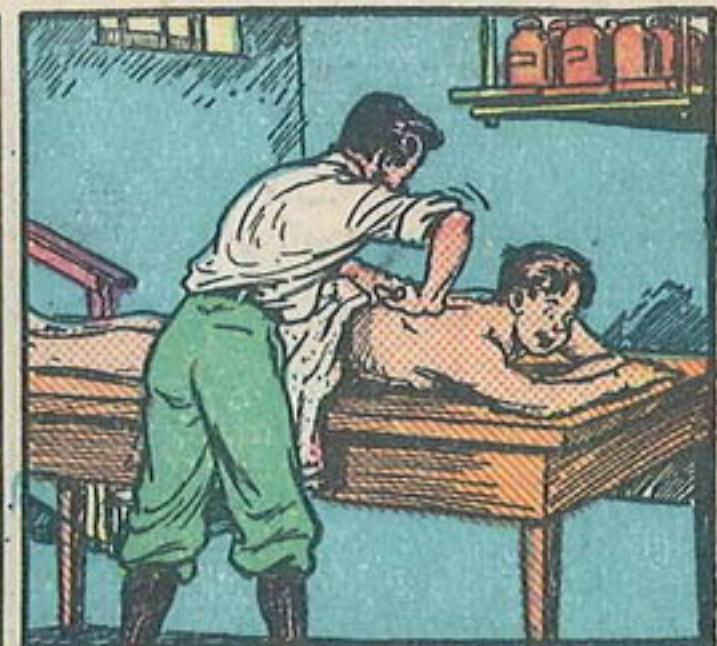
JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

A SECOND'S JOB IS AN IMPORTANT ONE, AND WHEN YOU SECOND A FELLOW REMEMBER THE FOLLOWING THINGS—



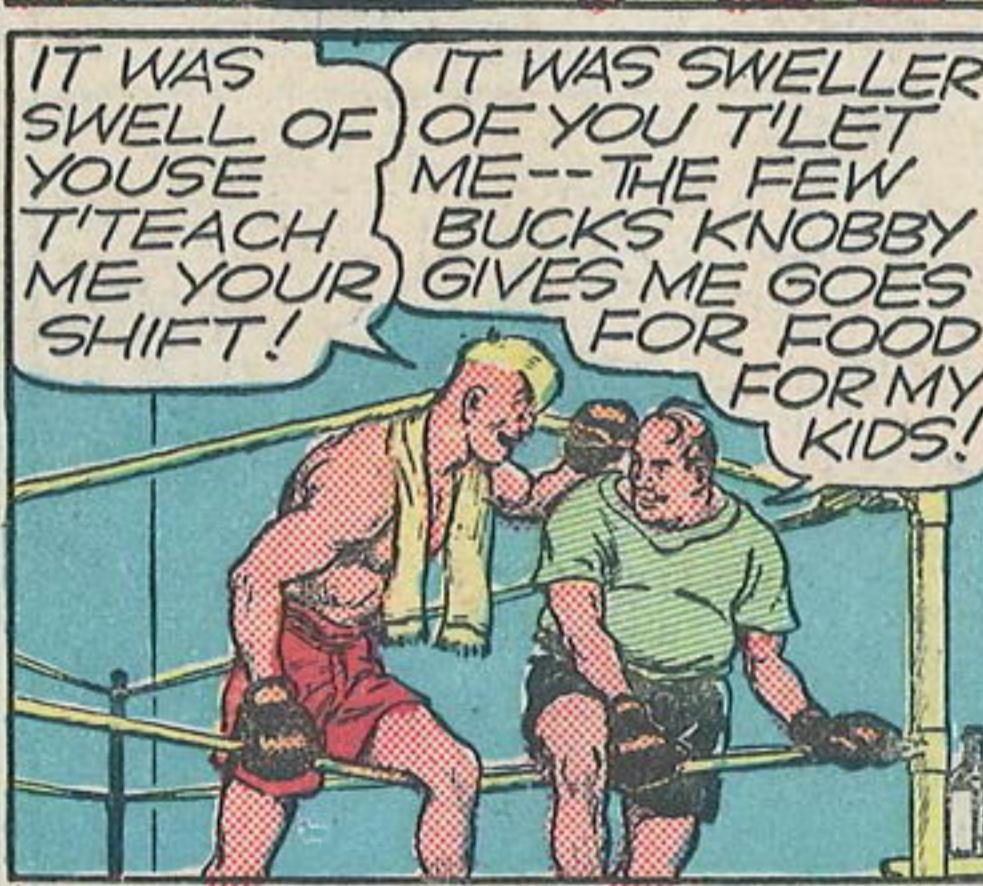
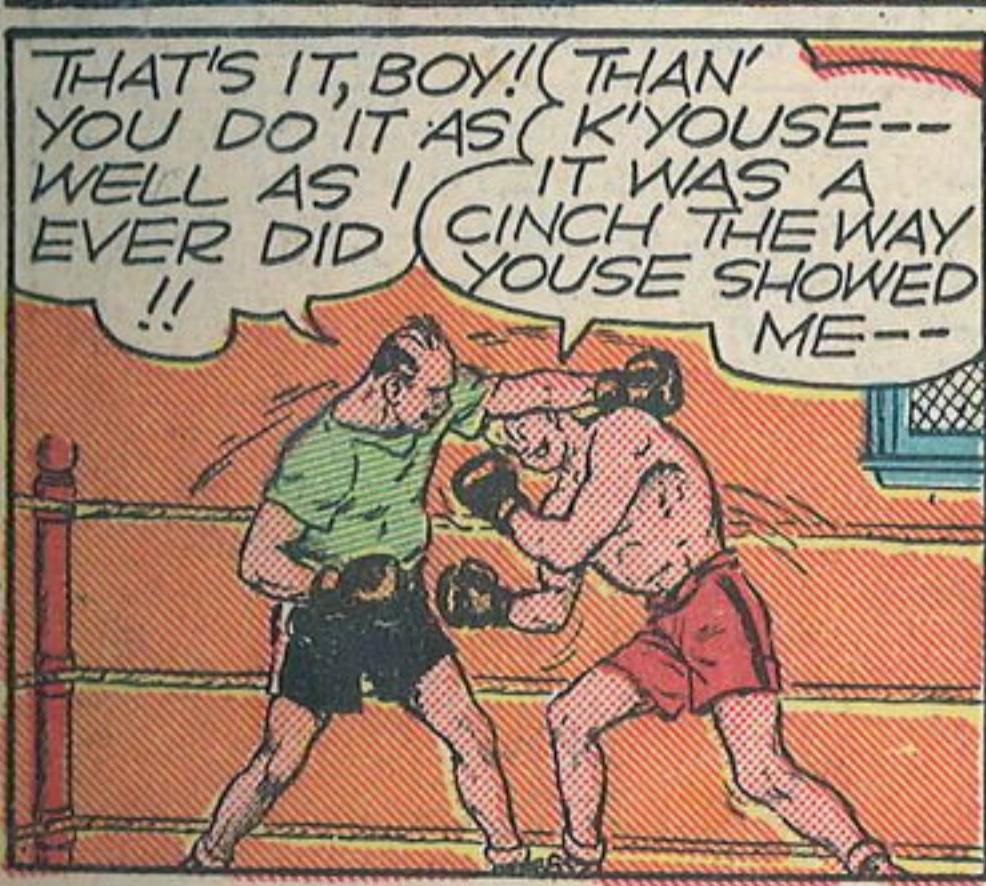
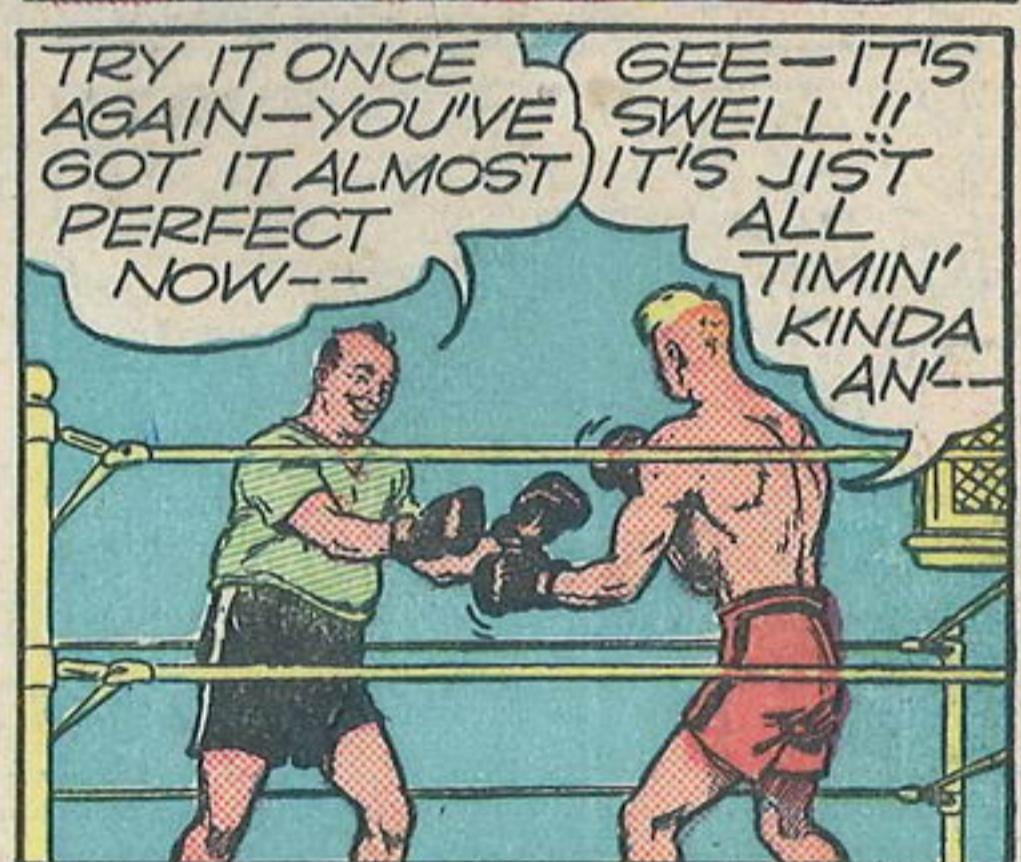
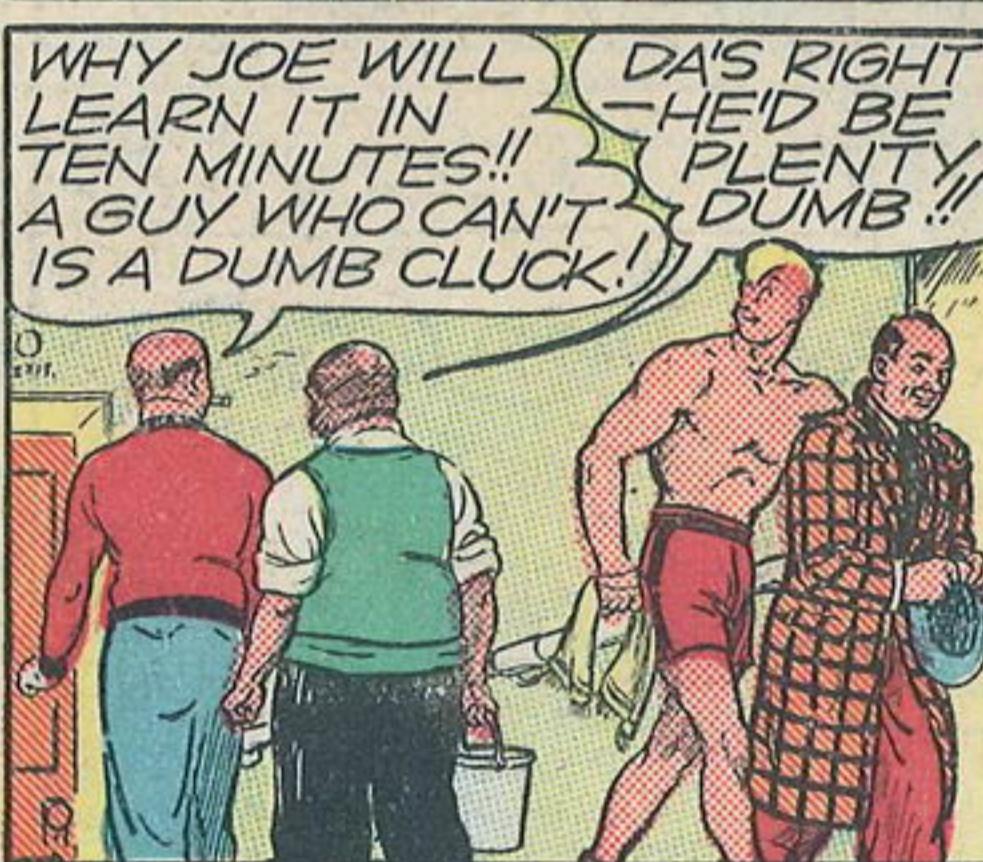
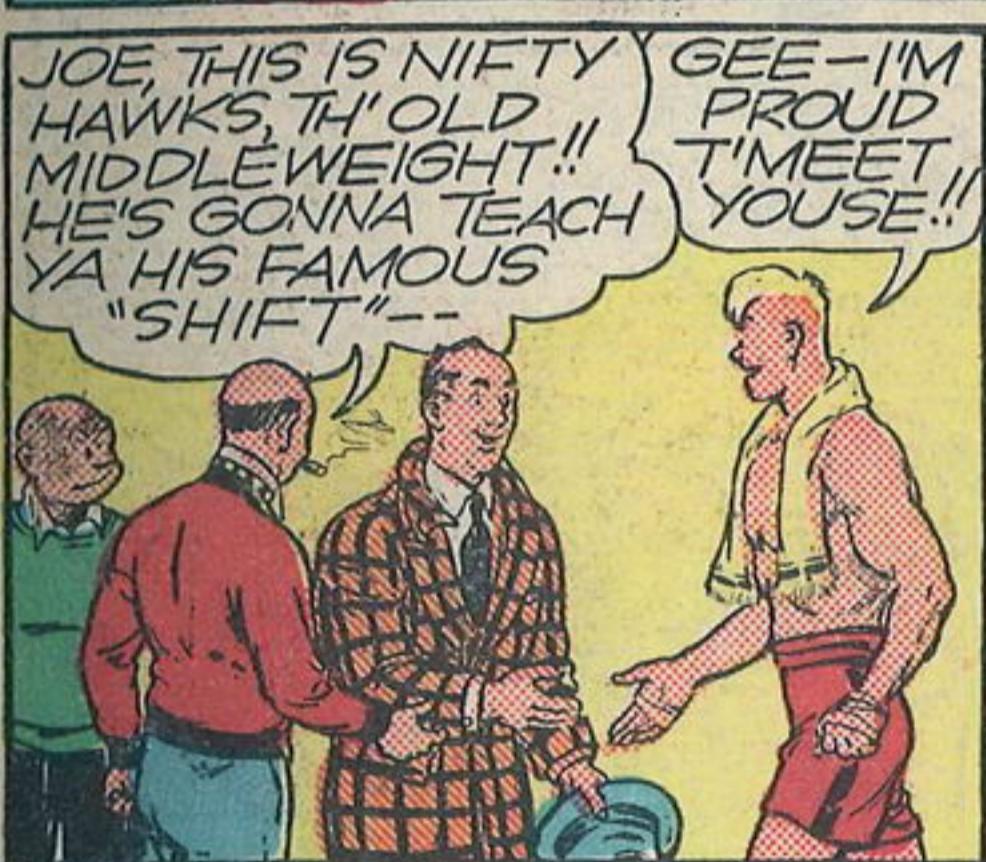
AFTER THE BOUT SEE THAT YOUR MAN HAS A LUKE-WARM SHOWER, THEN A RUB DOWN — THEN A COLD SHOWER



JOE PALOOKA

McKnight Syndicate Inc.

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

WHEN A BOY IS CHOSEN TO BE REFEREE, HE SHALL TELL THE BOXERS AT THE START WHAT HE EXPECTS

COME OUT FIGHTING - BREAK CLEAN IN CLINCHES - OKAY, NOW SHAKE HANDS -

THE ROUNDS SHOULD BE TWO MINUTES - AND ONE MINUTE'S REST BETWEEN ROUNDS - A MAN ON THE ROPES, WITH HIS TOES OFF THE FLOOR MUST NOT BE STRUCK!

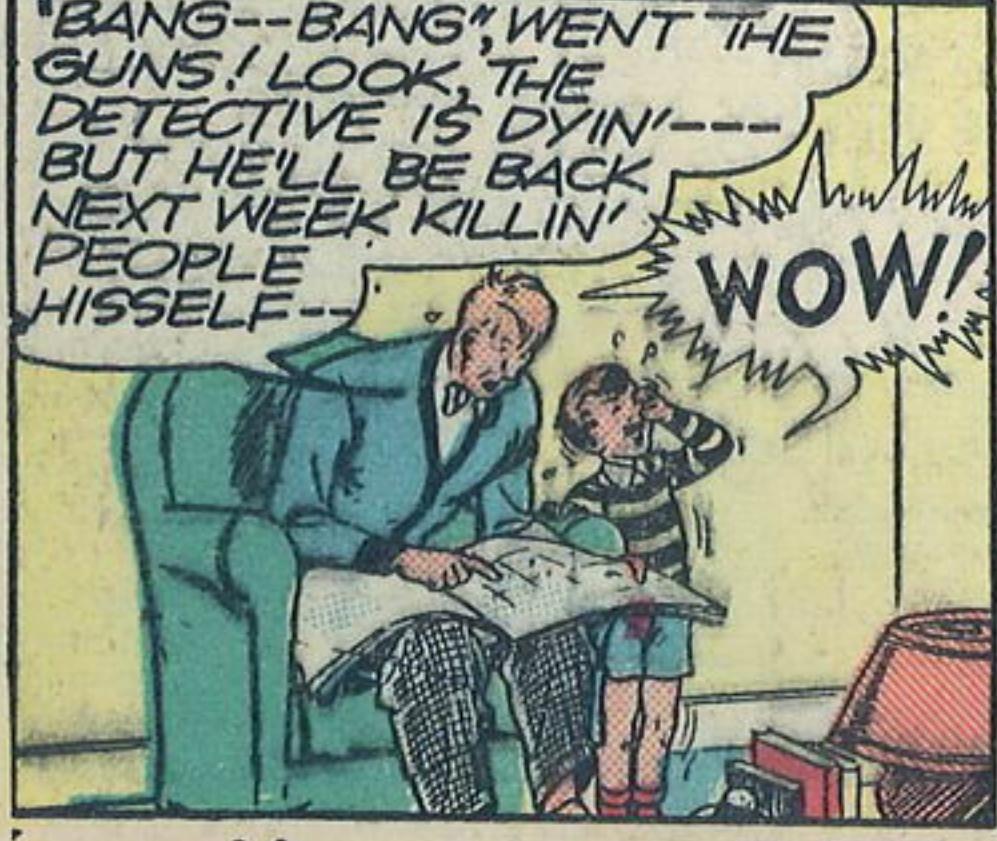
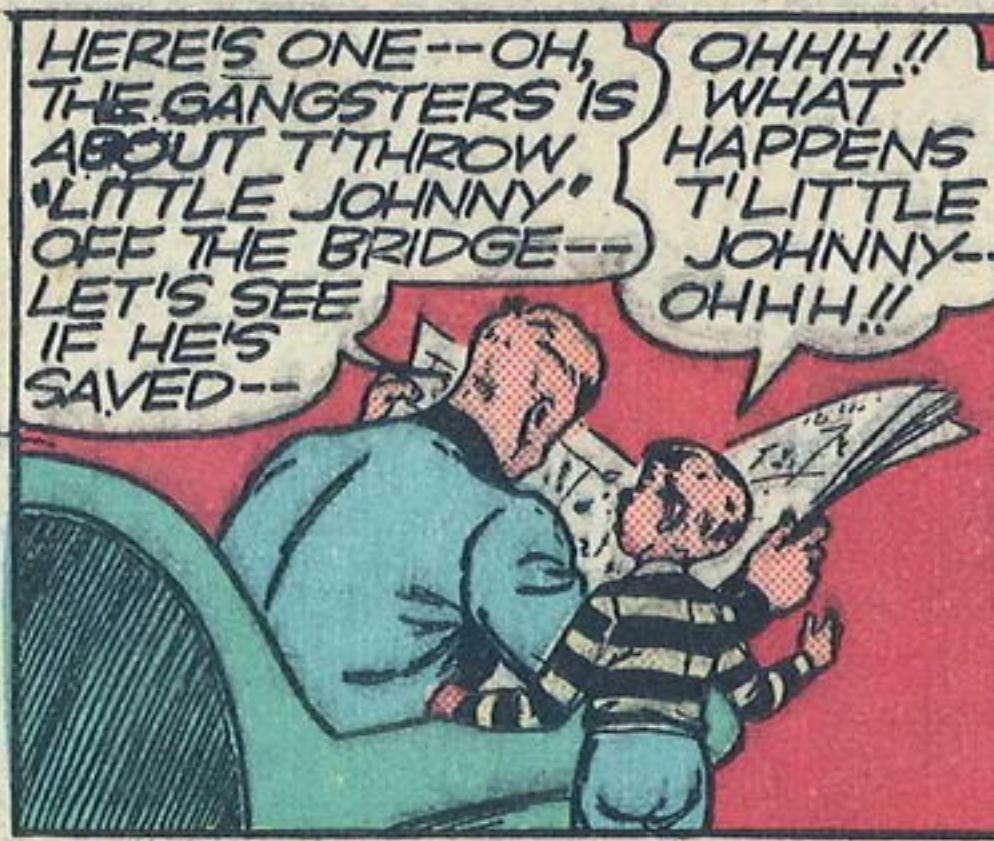
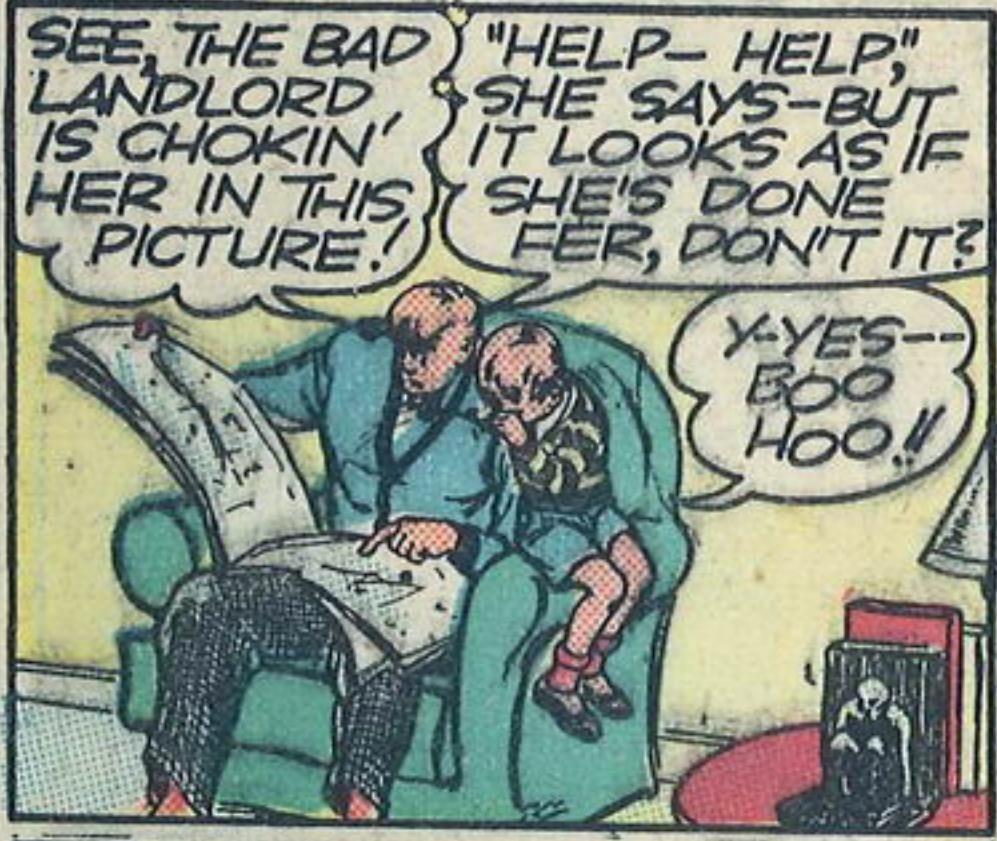
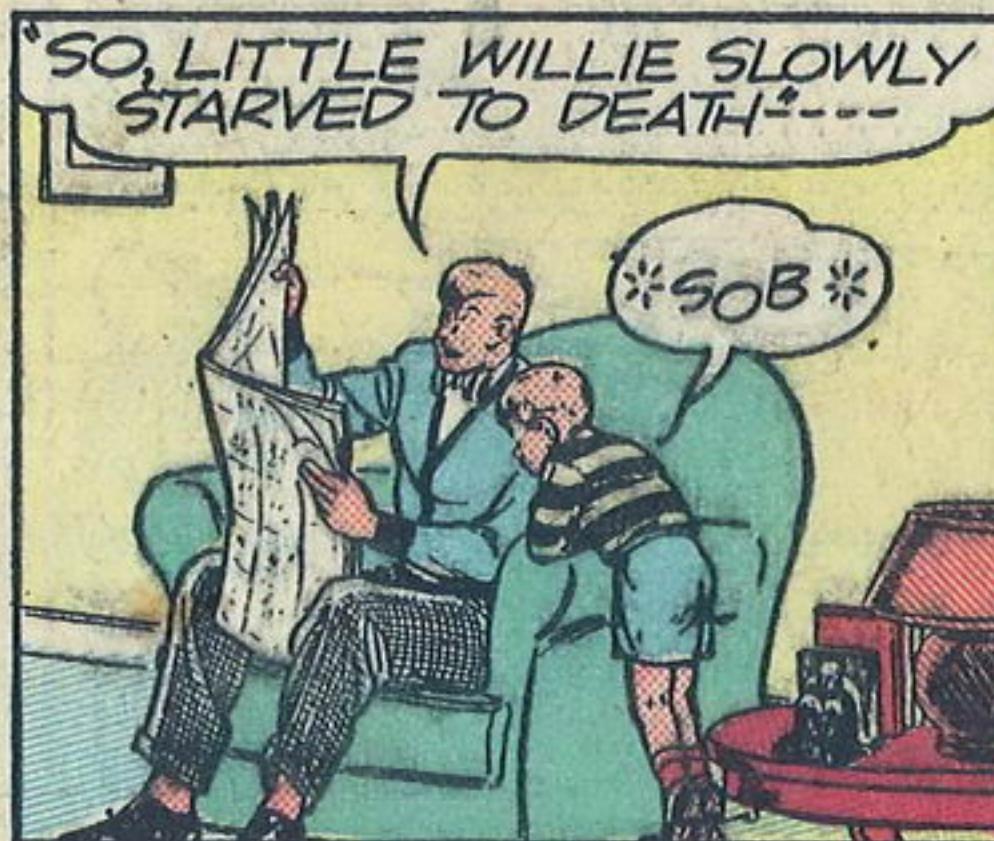
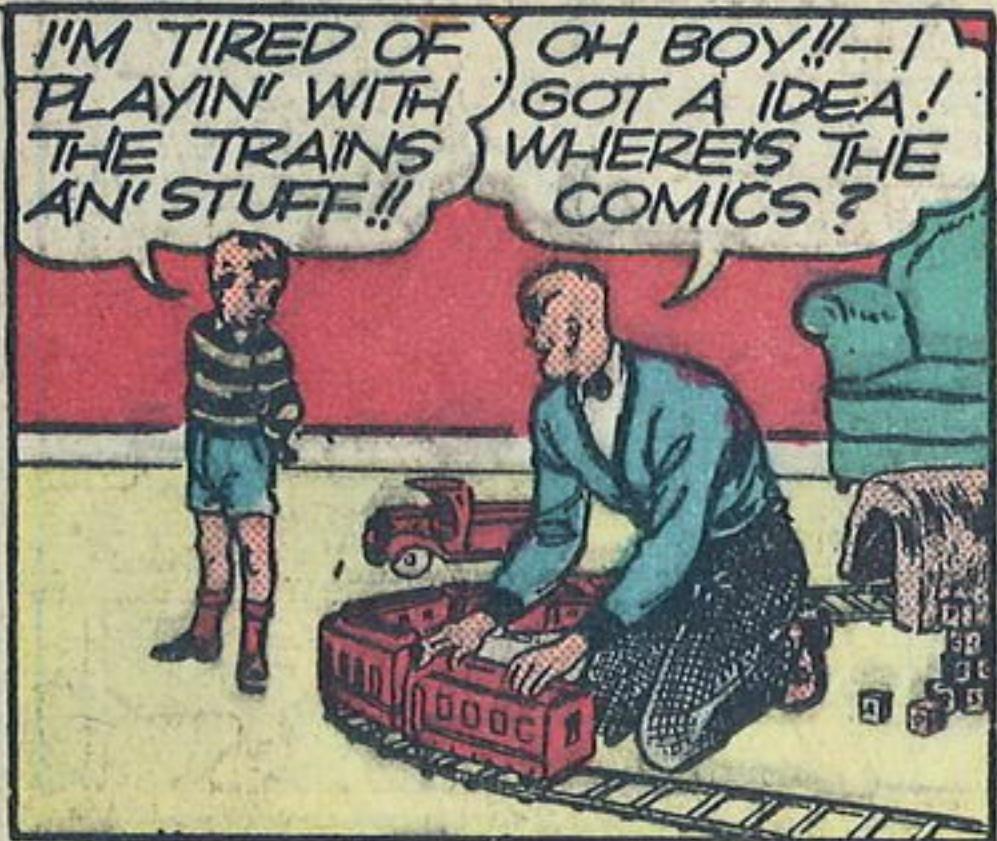
HOLD ON!! THIS FELLA'S GLOVE LACE IS UNTIED!

THE REFEREE SHOULD WATCH FOR FOUL BLOWS AND TRY TO KEEP IT A FAIR CONTEST

JOE PALOOKA

McNaught Syndicate Inc.

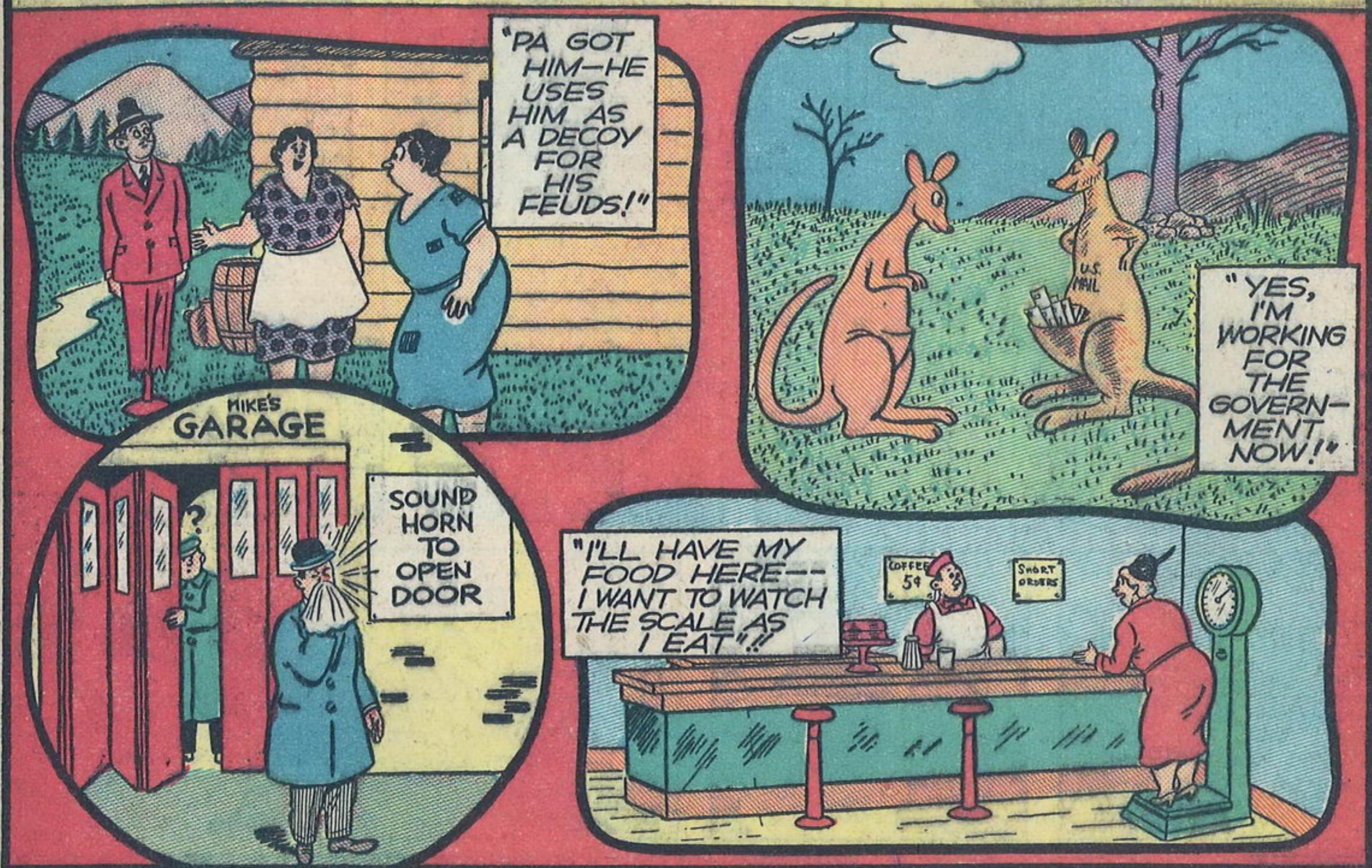
By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th.

OFF THE RECORD

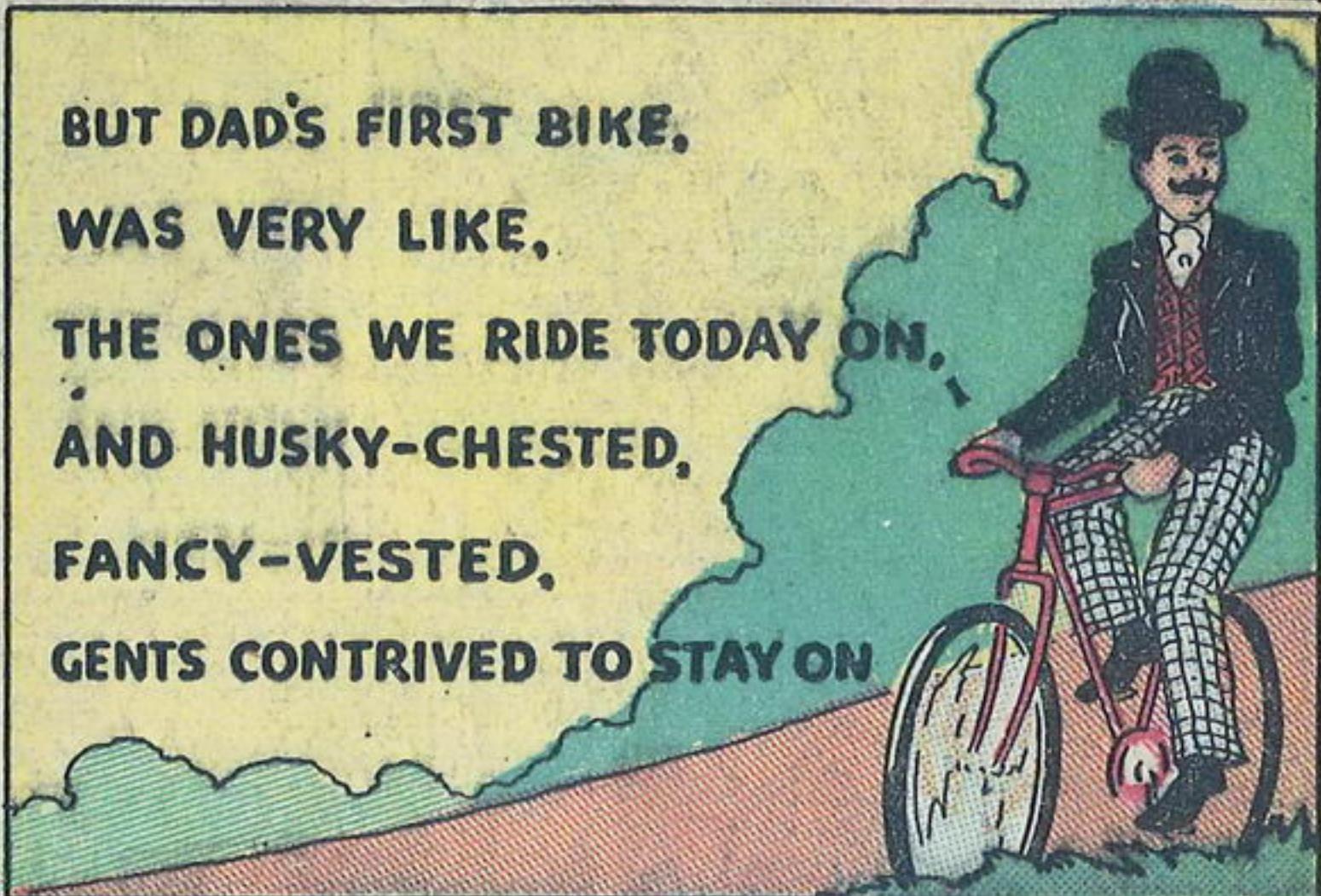
By ED REED,



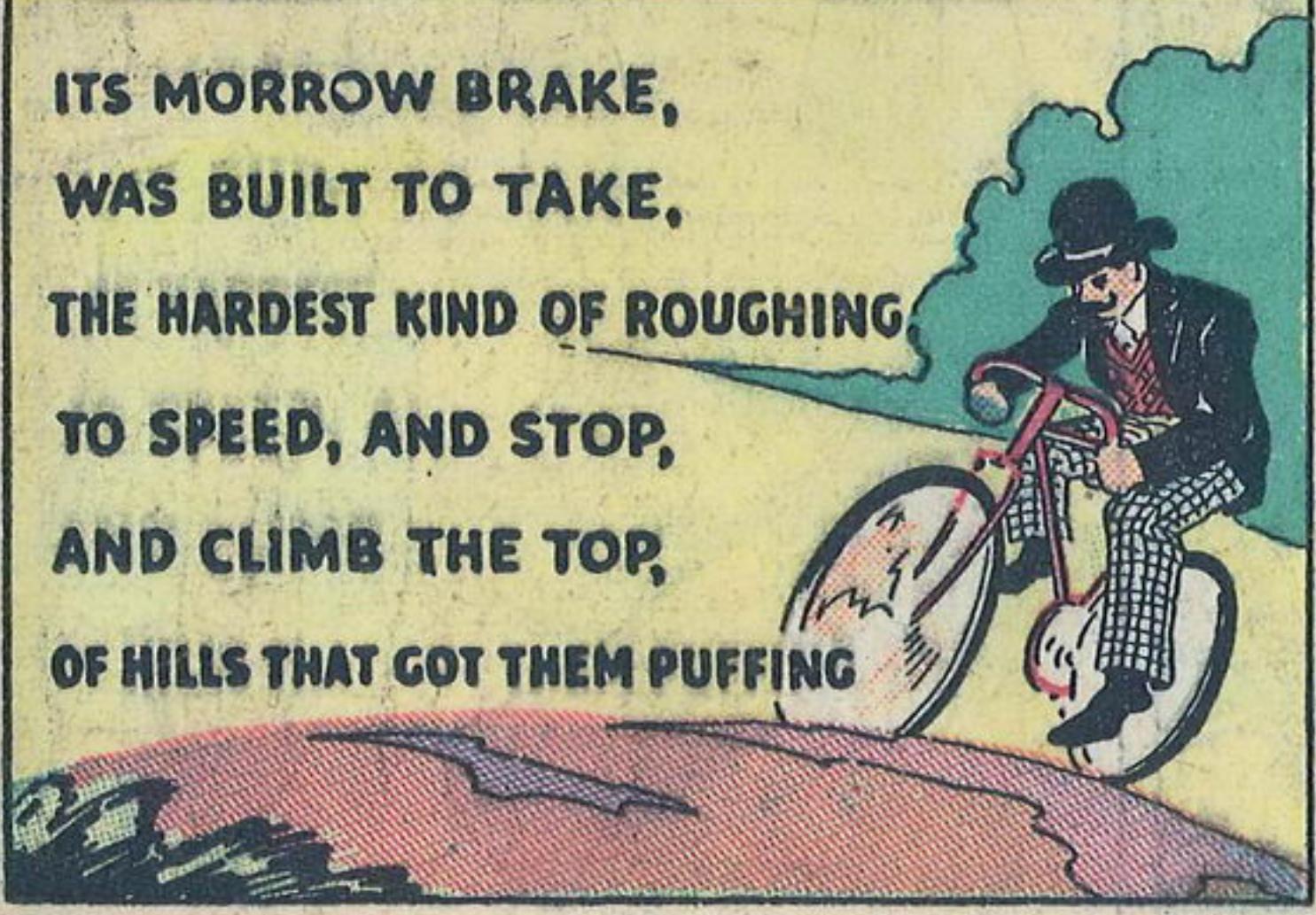
WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,
WAS JUST A LAD,
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.
THERE WERE NO MAKES,
WITH COASTER BRAKES
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,
WAS VERY LIKE,
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY ON,
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,
FANCY-VESTED,
GENTS CONTRIVED TO STAY ON



ITS MORROW BRAKE,
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING
TO SPEED, AND STOP,
AND CLIMB THE TOP,
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING

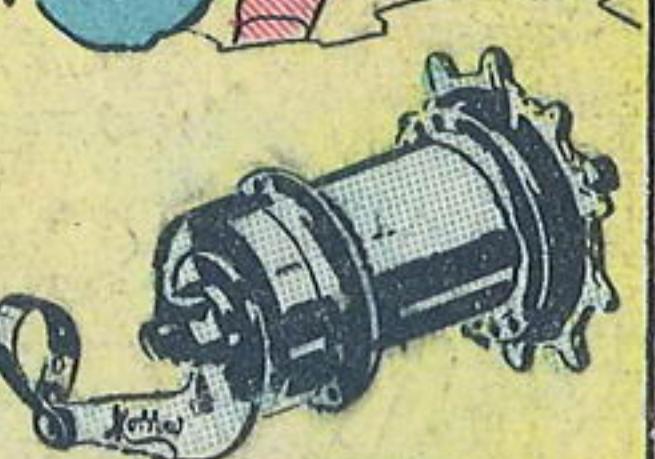


SO SHOW YOUR PA,
OR UNK OR MA,
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING—
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!



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easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball
bearings (31) than any other brake. Your
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Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!

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JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

THE SEARCH FOR THE SLAYER ON THE LOVAT ESTATE CONTINUES

(WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH EACH OF YOU FOR THAT LOVAT WILL!)

I'M SURE NO-ONE WILL OBJECT, INSPECTOR!
BY THE WAY- I SAW ARCHY DROP SOMETHING IN HERE!
WHY, Y-YOU SPY !!
(HOLD ON, SON !)

OH! THEY'RE LOVE LETTERS!! ARE YOU SATISFIED?

SOMETHING WAS HIDDEN HERE TOO! THEY'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS CASE- BETTER LET THE INSPECTOR DECIDE THAT, CLAUDE!!

THEY'RE BILLS!! I'M SORRY, MR. LOVAT--

WAS IT THE WILL YOU HID HERE?
NO, SMARTY-ONLY A BRACELET, I KNEW I'D FOOL YOU !!

AND SOMETHING WAS PUT IN THE WOOD BASKET- COULD IT BE THE WILL?
IT WAS ONLY A BRACELET!

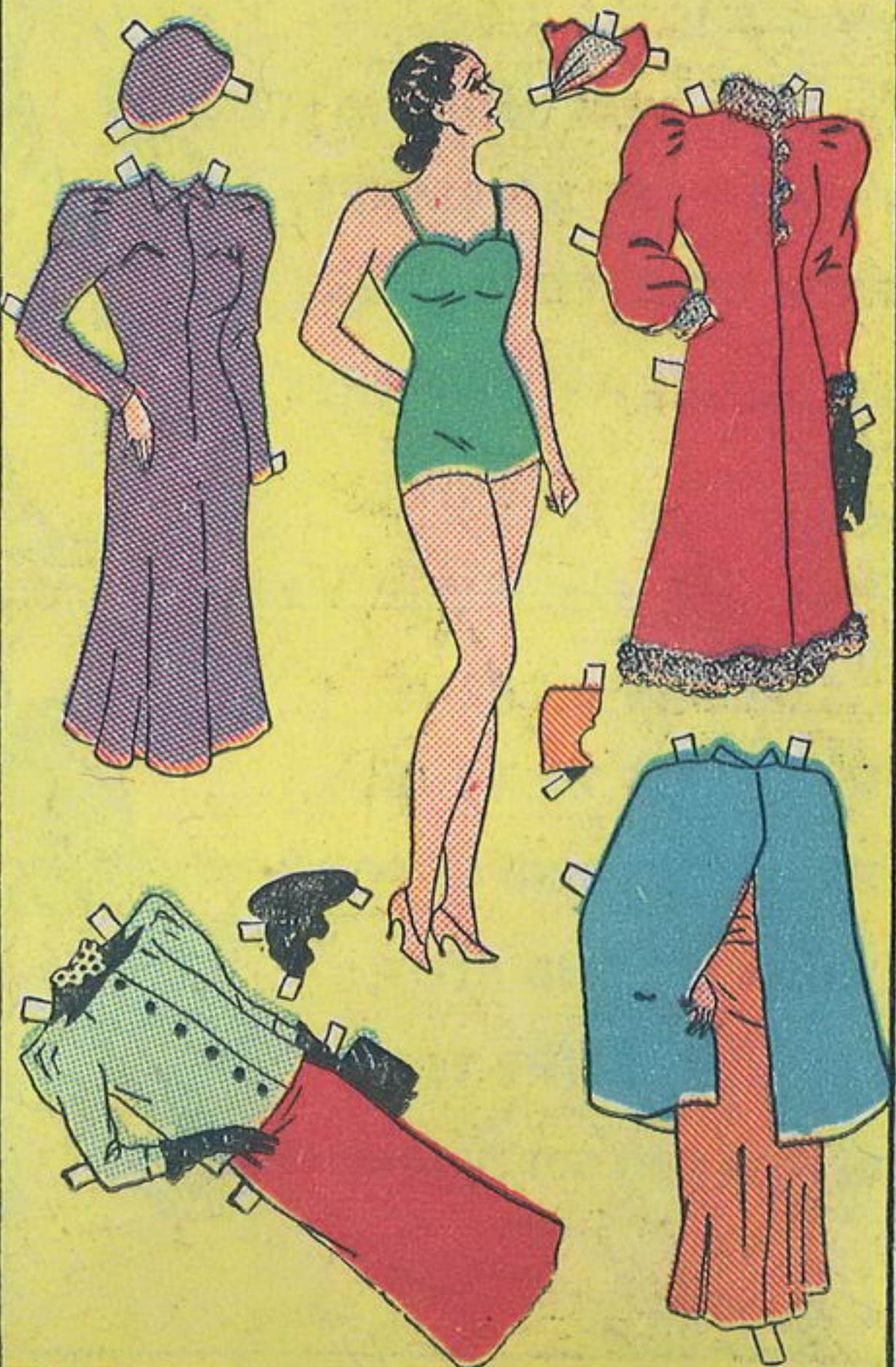
I DON'T KNOW-!!
BUT I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE WHEN I HID IT!!

WHY! IT'S YOUR PURSE, JANE PURSE ??
AND YOU PUT IT THERE- THINKING I HAD THE WILL?
WELL, YOU WERE RUNNING AWAY WHEN WE MET- AND I FELT SORRY FOR YOU!!

LENA PRY
WHAR'S DAN'L? WE DON'T WANNA RUN INTA HIM, WHILE WE IS HUSTLIN' LENA AWAY T'NIGHT !!
AW, HE SLEEPS IN TH' BARN- AN' LENA'S ALONE IN TH' CABIN!

EEEEEK! SHET UP!
AIN'T YE SEEN A GHOST BEFORE?
GIT UP AN' GIT DRESSED, GAL!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



WE IS BAD GHOSTS, OH!! AN' YO' ARE GOIN' ALL WITH US! HURRY UP NOW, GIT PACKED !!

HOLD ON-WE AIN'T LEAVIN' ANY GOOD GRUB BEHIND FOR THAT DAN'L!
NO SUH- WE'S NOT LEAVIN' HIM A BIT- FFER!

HMM! I THOUGHT SURE, GHOSTS RODE BROOMSTICKS, HOW IS IT OR SOMETHIN' WE AIN'T AN' NEVER RIDIN'?
WAS SEEN JUST WALKIN' !!

WAL, GAL-- US GHOSTS FOUND OUT THAT THEM BROOMSTICKS DIN'T MAKE GOOD SEATS !!
SAKES ALIVE, THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY 'BOUT YOU GHOSTS- AN' WHERE ARE WE GOIN'?

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

THE
SEARCH
FOR THE
LOVAT
WILL IS
NOT
BRINGING
RESULTS

ONE OF YOU
WAS LEFT OUT
OF YOUR DEAD
UNCLE'S WILL--
THAT'S WHY
IT CAN'T BE
FOUND NOW--

AND WE'LL
ALL BE
SUSPECTED
'TIL THAT WILL
IS PRODUCED
!!

AND JANE
AND I ARE
STAYING
'TIL IT IS
FOUND!

WE'VE
NOTHING
TO HIDE--
DO STAY!!

JANE, YOU
WILL WATCH
KAREN
LOVAT!

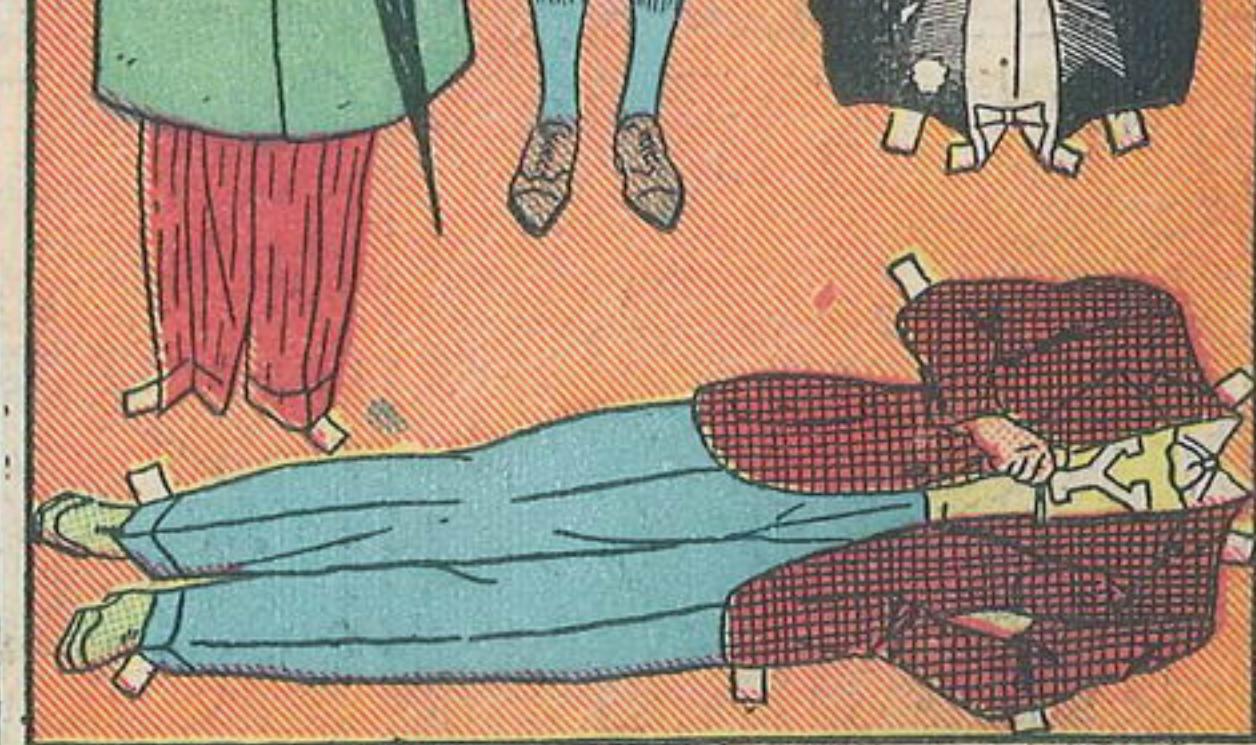
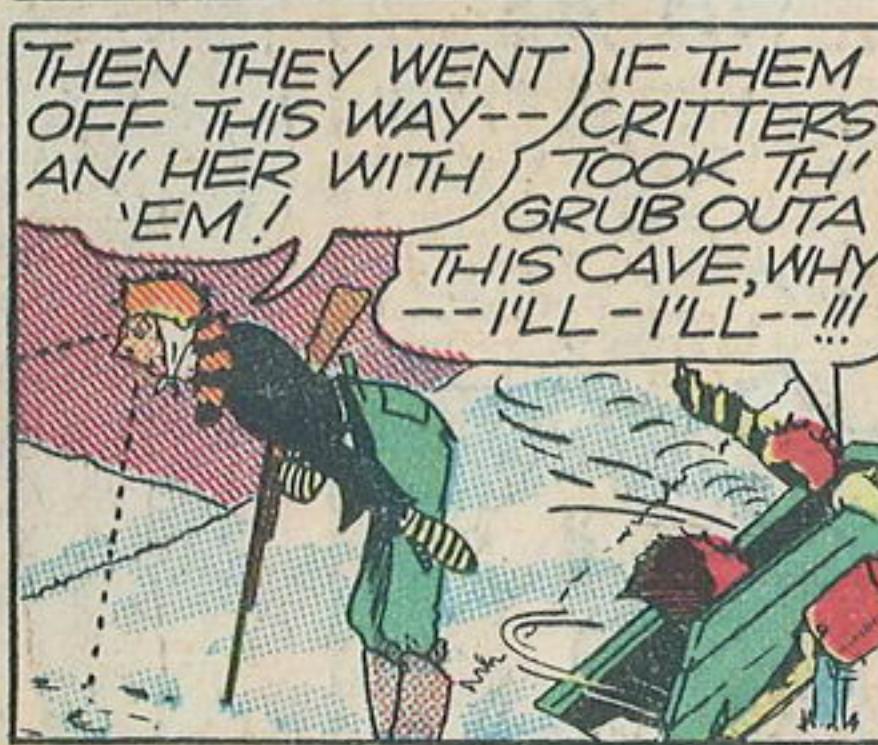
OKAY,
GOOD
NIGHT
!!



WELL, ALL RIGHT, DEAR-- WAIT HERE 'TIL I GO IN-- AND I'LL FEEL SAFER--

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JANE ARDEN'S STYLES
FOR MEN

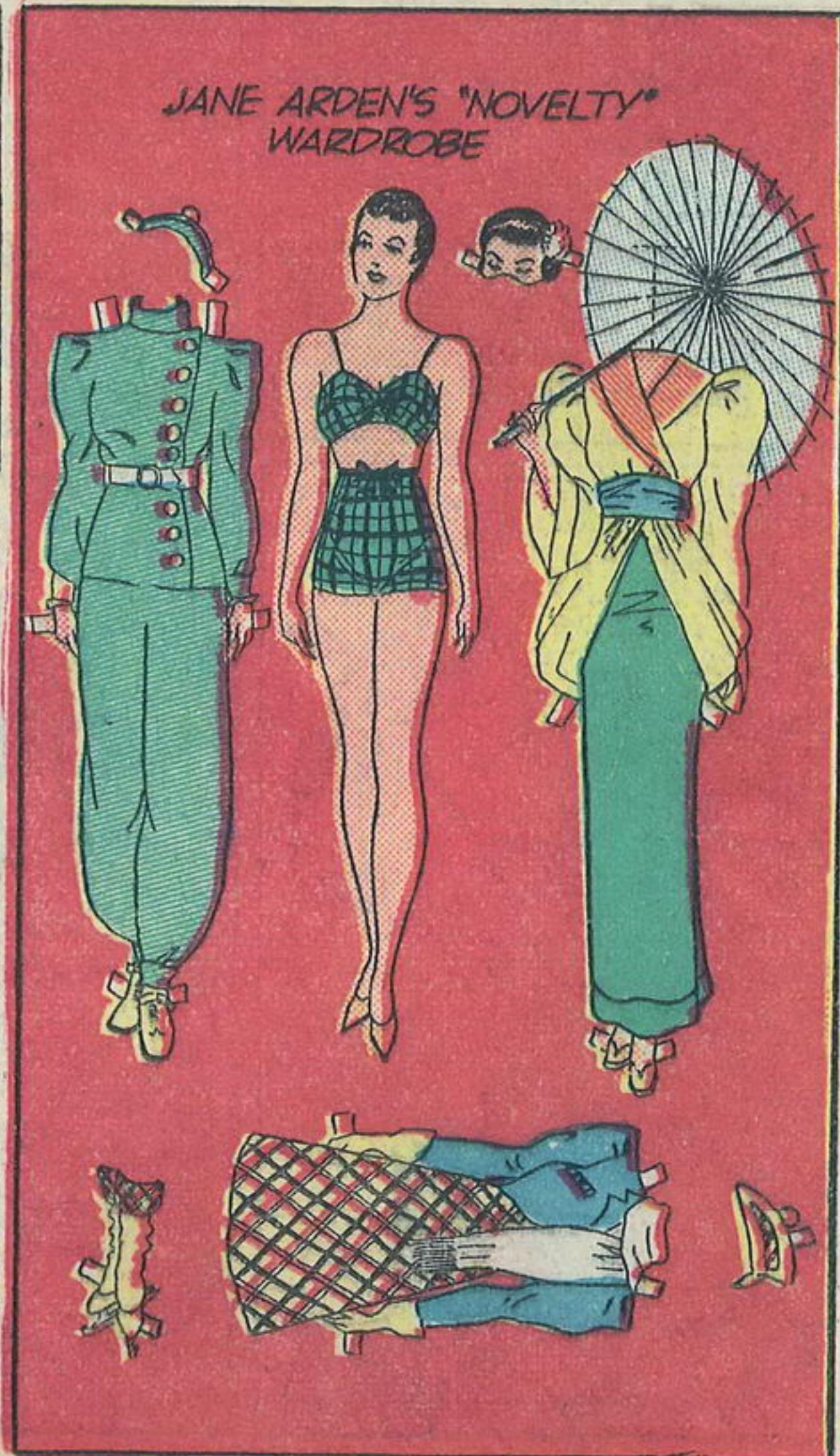
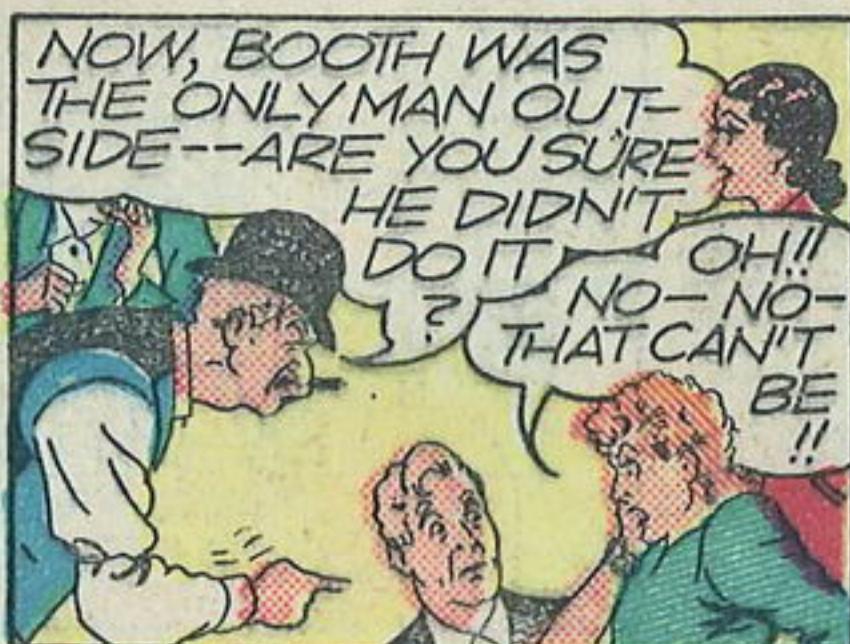


JANE ARDEN

By Monte Harrell and Russell E. Ross

AS BOTH JANE AND BOOTH LOVAT RUSH TO THE FALLEN KAREN

KAREN!! WHAT HAPPENED ??



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Roan

AND AS INSPECTOR MURPHY LOOKS AT THE KNIFE USED BY KAREN LOVAT'S ATTACKER—

NO, JANE—NOT A FINGERPRINT IN SIGHT!

HMM—THE GUILTY PARTY IS CAREFUL!

GUILTY OR NOT, I'VE MOVED I'M WATCHING HIM INTO THIS BOOTH THE ROOM LOVAT---NEXT TO MINE SO'S TO WATCH HIM—

IF THE WILL IS THE MOTIVE, ONE OF THE LOVAT'S DID MURDER JUDGE STEPHENS, INSPECTOR—

AND THIS STABBING SEEMS TO LET KAREN OUT AND POINT TO BOOTH'S GUILT---

GUESS EVERYONE ELSE IS IN BED, BUT I'M MUCH TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP!

SOMEONE IS OPENING MY DOOR—

BED IS EMPTY, HMM—MUST HAVE EXPECTED ME---

THERE YOU ARE! I'VE GOT YOU NOW !!

NEVER MIND THE WINDOW—IT'S A TWO STORY DROP!!

WHY GREAT SCOTT!! IT'S A WOMAN!

HELP!! HELP!!

CONTINUED

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LENA DRY

'CAUSE GHOSTS DON'T LEAVE TRACKS T'THE OTHER SIDE OF TH'MOUNTIN' !!

WHY DO YE THINK IT WERE FUDDYS THAT GOT 'ER?

YE SAY FUDDYS CROSSED FEUD LINE?? NOW, BOYS—WE AIN'T GONNA HARM LENNA—THET IT WEREN'T HER FAULT, WAL, LET'S START FEUDIN'!!

WE'LL TEACH HM! NO TH' FUDDYS NOT T'COME OVER HERE! GAL KIN COOK LIKE LENNA—AN' I GOTTA SAVE 'ER!!

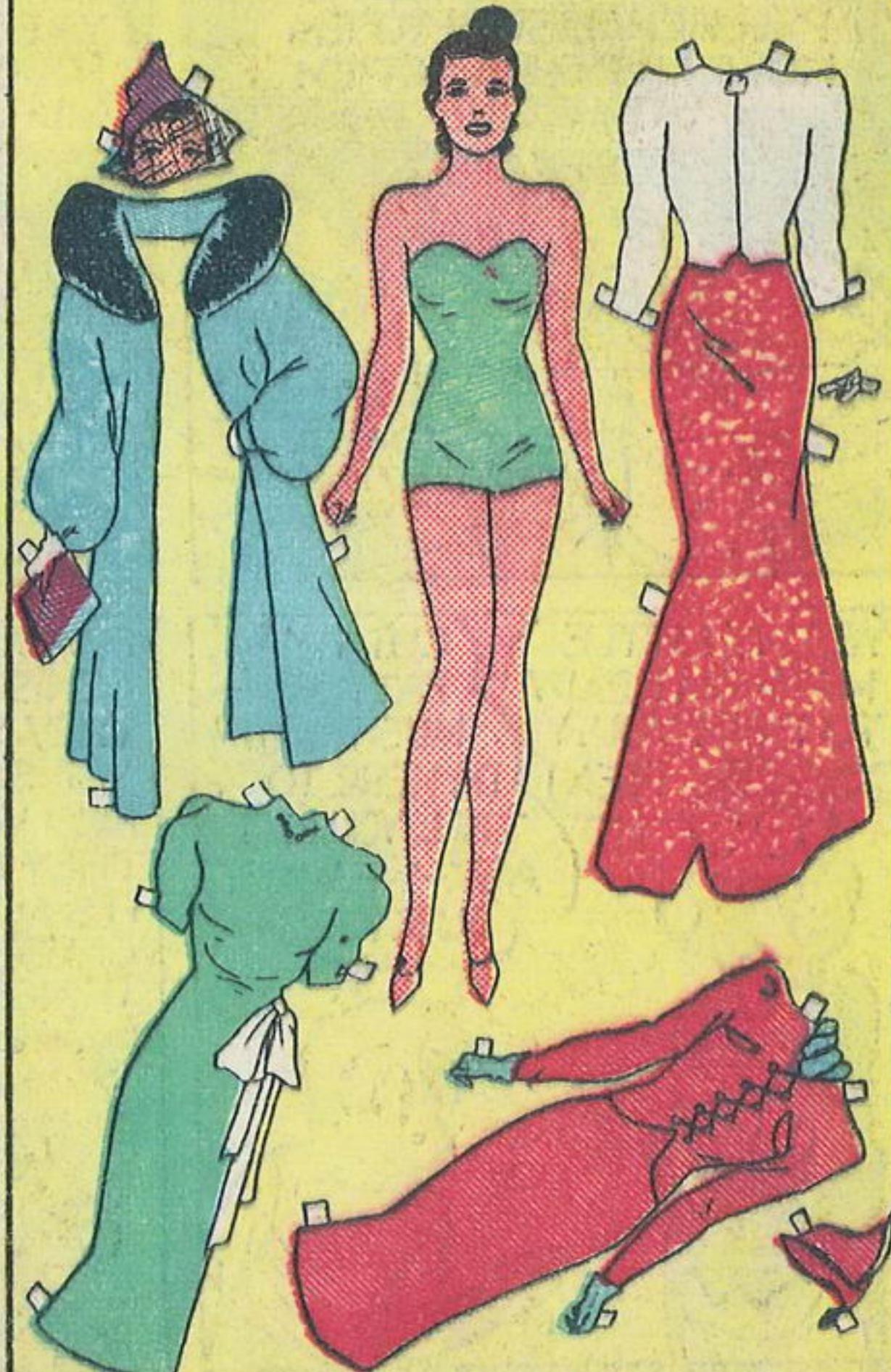
HOLD ON—AH IF IT'S JIST THINKS LOTS OF LENNA—AN' AH AM USED TA HER GRUB--- HITCHIN' YE WANT I'LL STOP FER PARSON JILES!!

HEY, PARSON!! WE HAS WORK FER YE-- DAN'L IS TAKIN' LENNA FER HIS WIFE!!

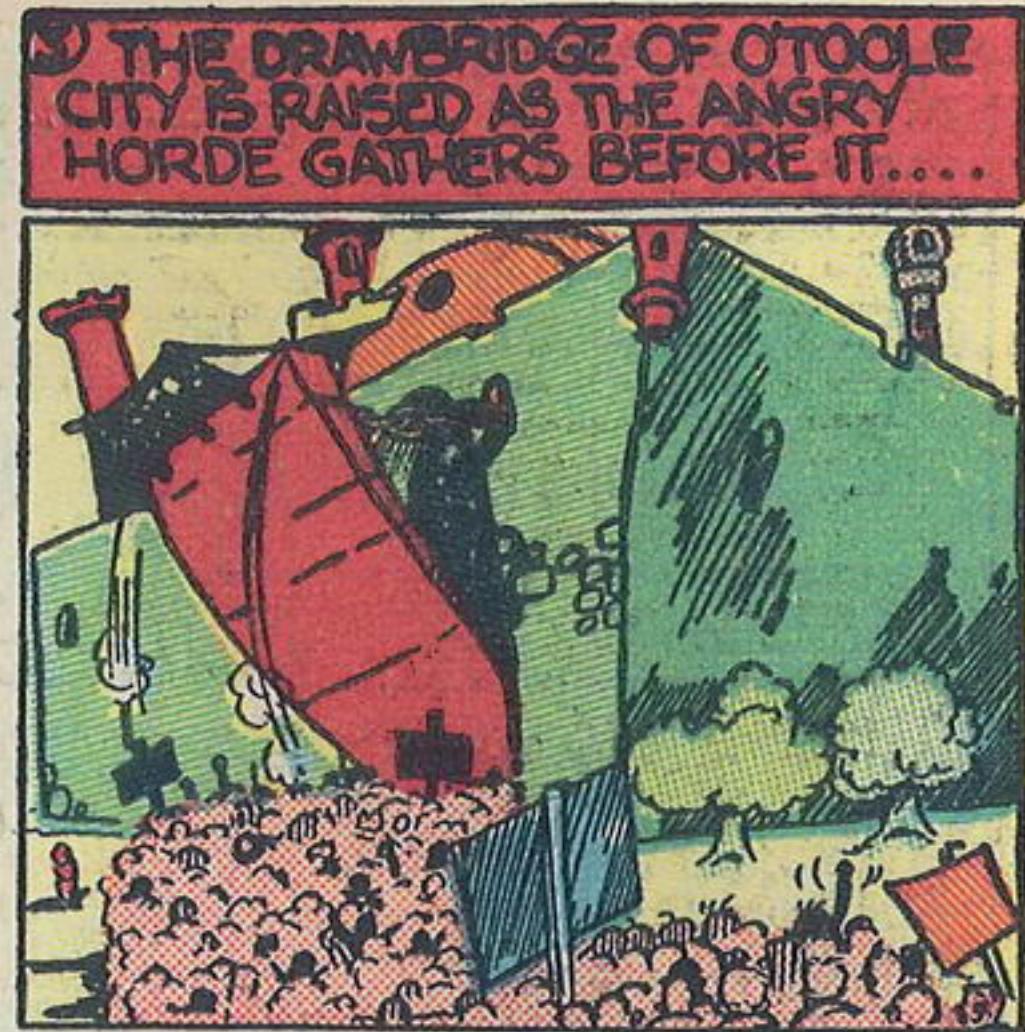
IS LENNA WILLIN' TWED YE, DAN'L? HUH! AIN'T I SAID PUBLIC I VAR WILLIN'? HAW! HAW!! JIST AS IF PORE LIL LENNA HAD ANY THING T'SAY IN IT!!

MEBBE SHE DON'T KNOW IT, BUT LENNA'S BEIN' MARRIED!

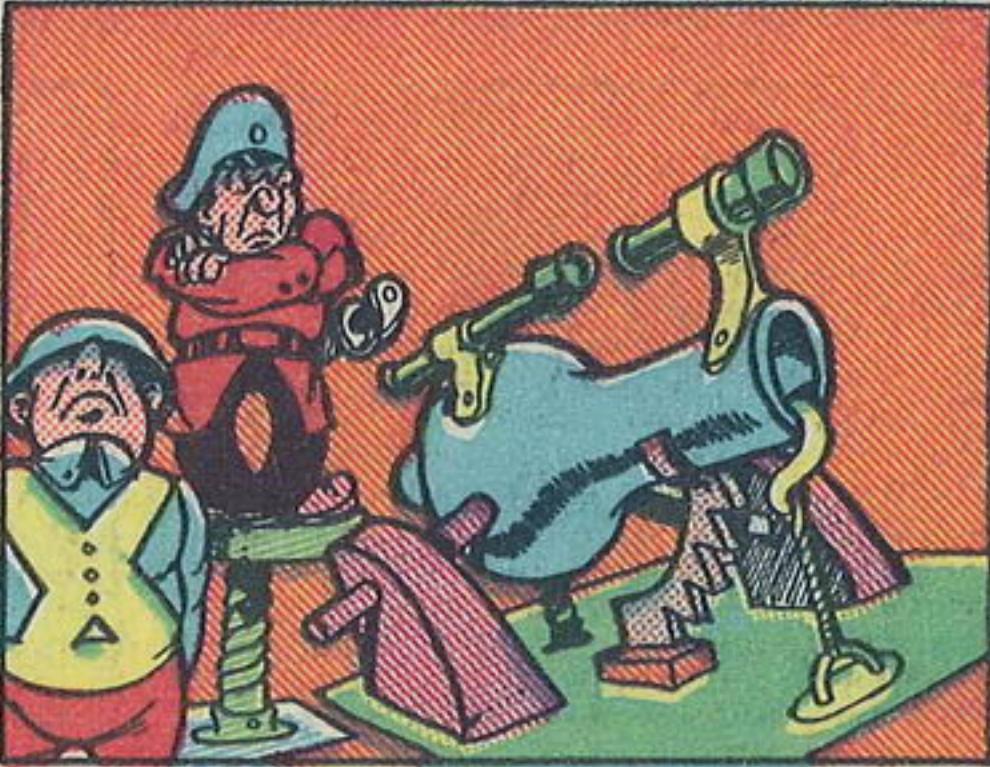
JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



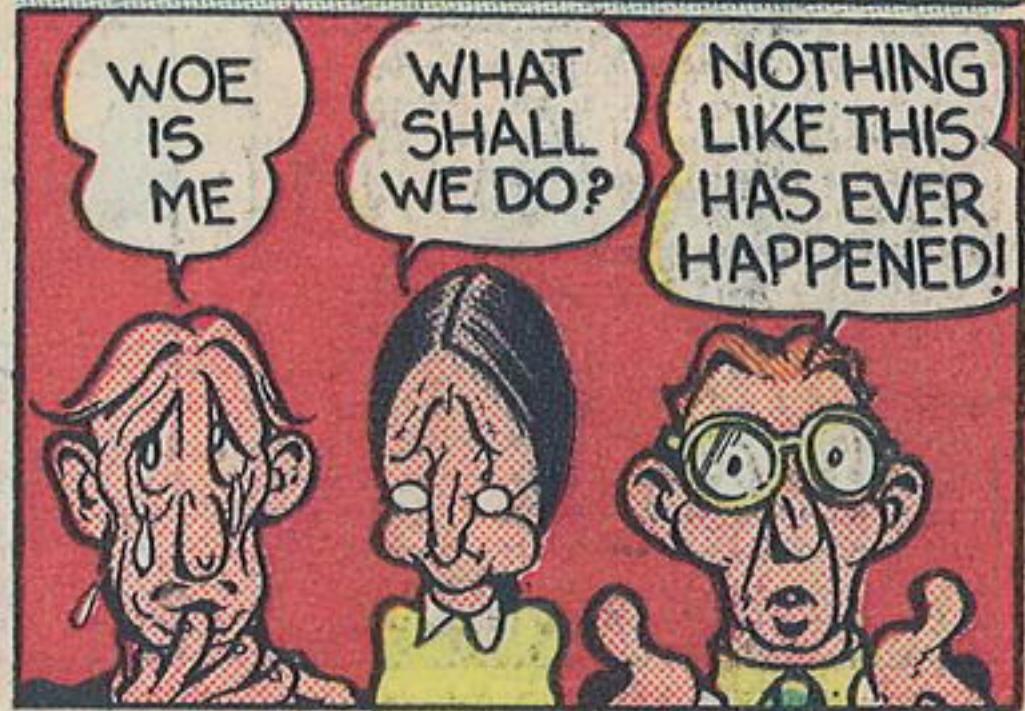
Jane Arden is continued in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 30th.



④ THE PALACE GUARD STANDS
READY FOR INSTANT ACTION...
A NEW-TYPE 'B.B. MOB-DUSTER'
IS LOADED AND PRIMED.



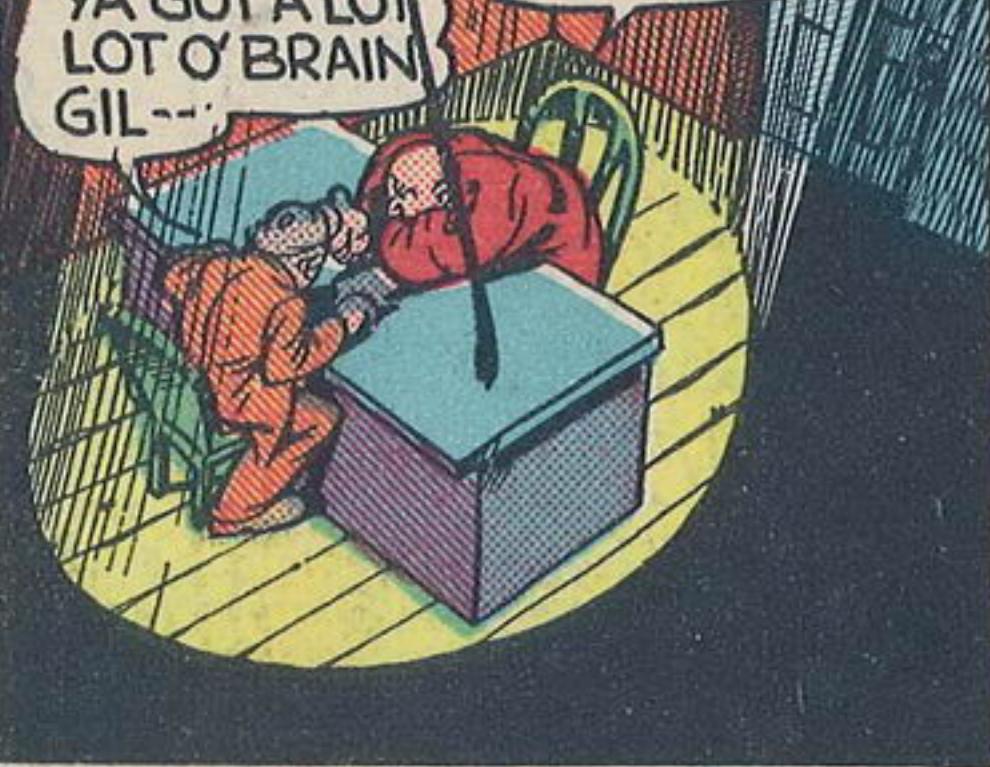
⑤ THE TEACHERS OF PYROMANIA
ARE FRIGHTENED SILLY, FOR ANY
MINUTE THEIR FORMER PUPILS
MAY TURN ON THEM... ALL IN ALL
THE SITUATION LOOKS BAD....



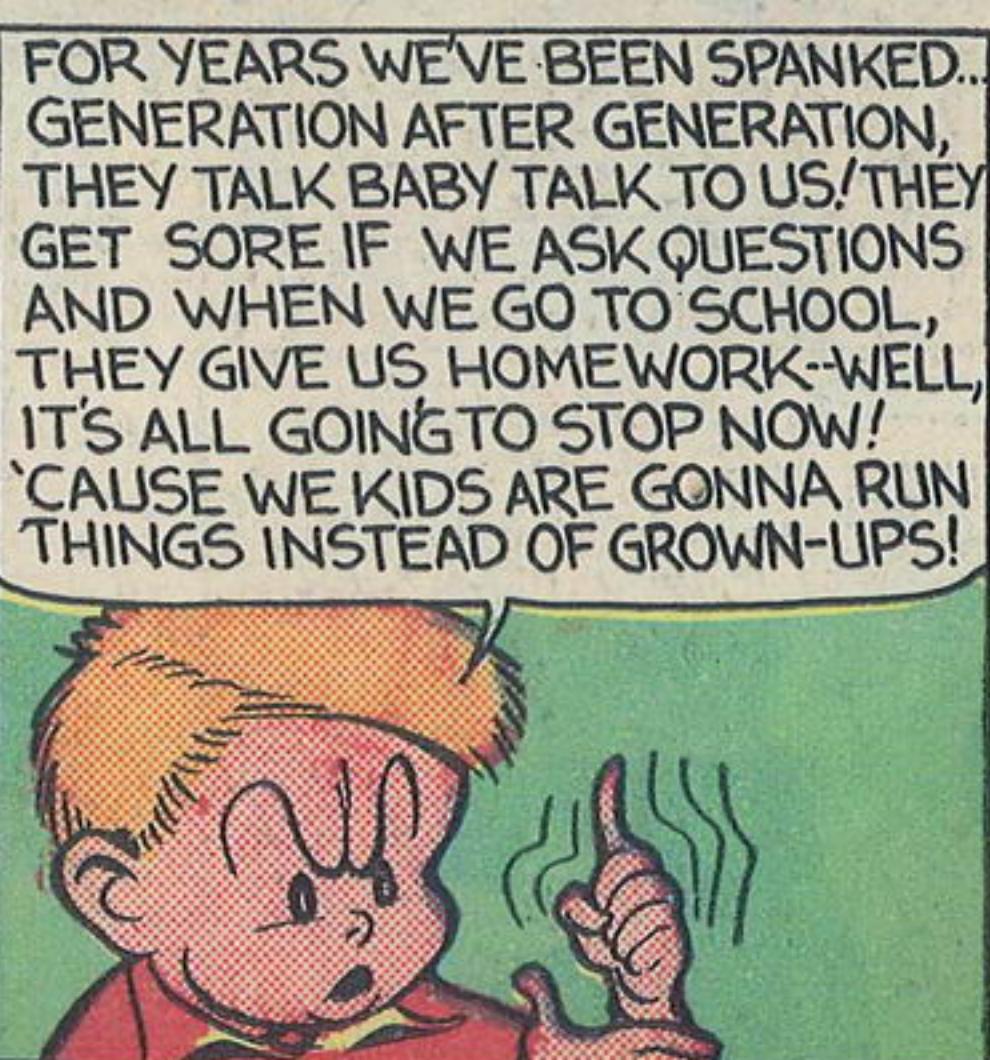
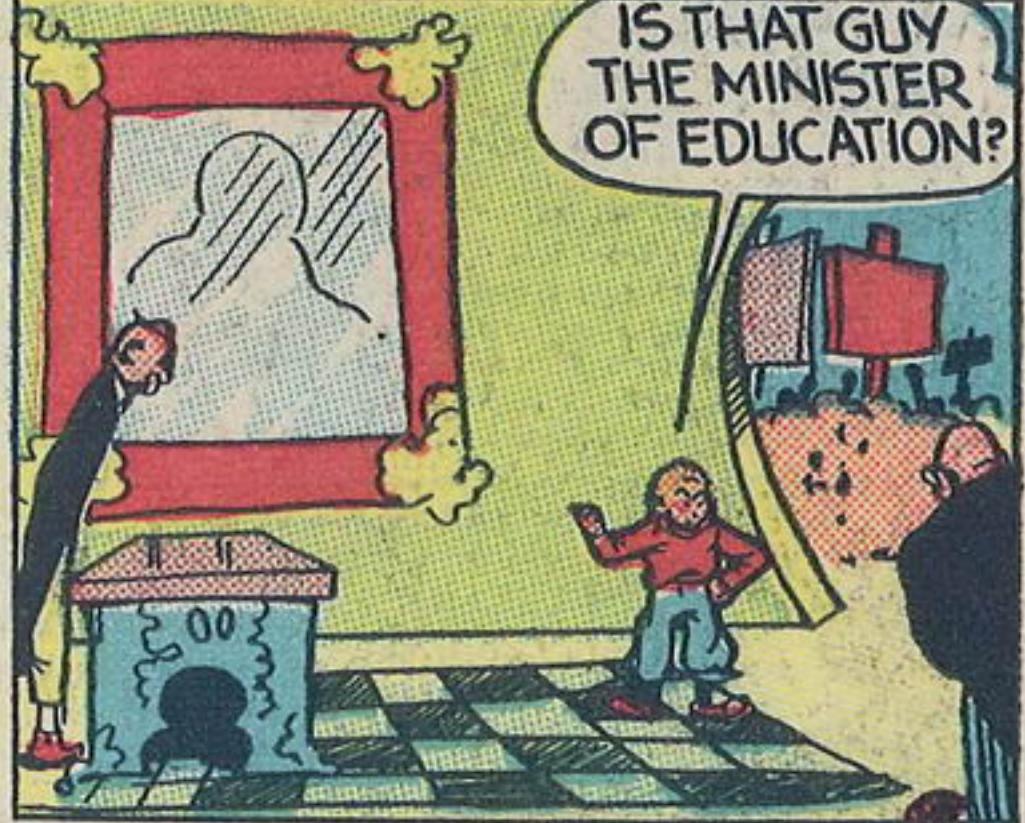
BUT---THERE'S ONE MAN IN
PYROMANIA WHO IS VERY HAPPY
ABOUT IT ALL, HE IS GIL O.TEEN...

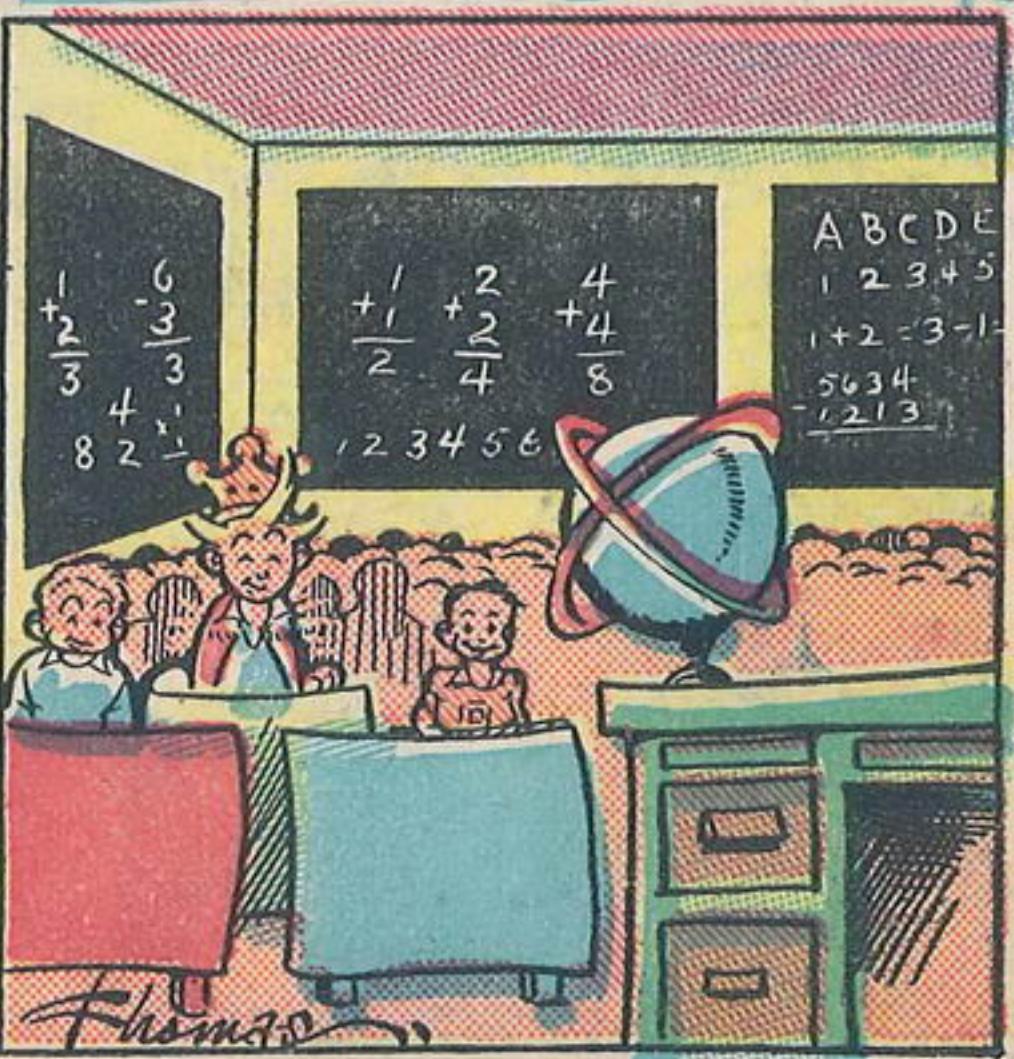
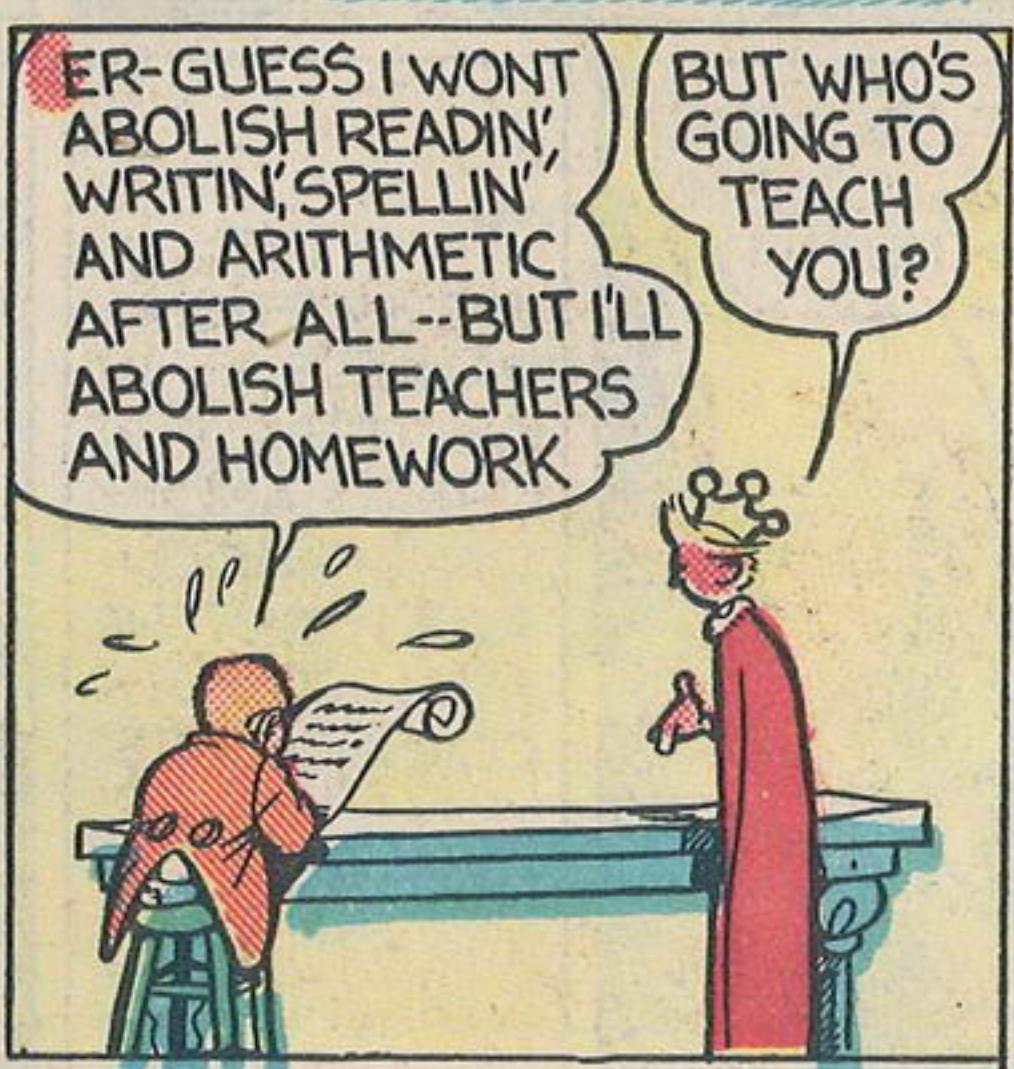
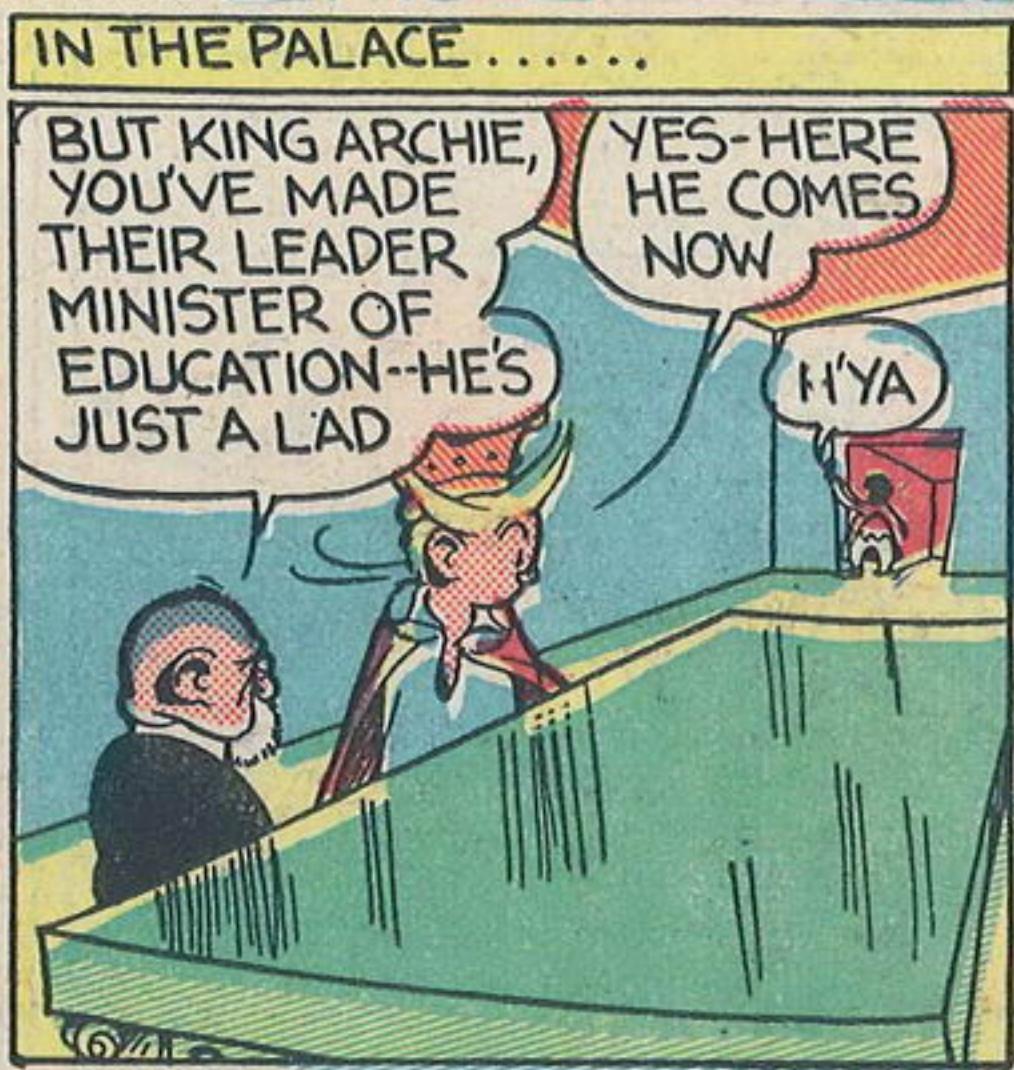


IN A FEW HOURS OF SHOUTING,
THEY'LL BE RIPE FOR US-----
THEN WE'LL ENTICE THEM
TO REVOLT!



IN ARCHIE'S PALACE, A BOYS
DELEGATION ARRIVES..... THE
MINISTER OF EDUCATION MEETS THEM





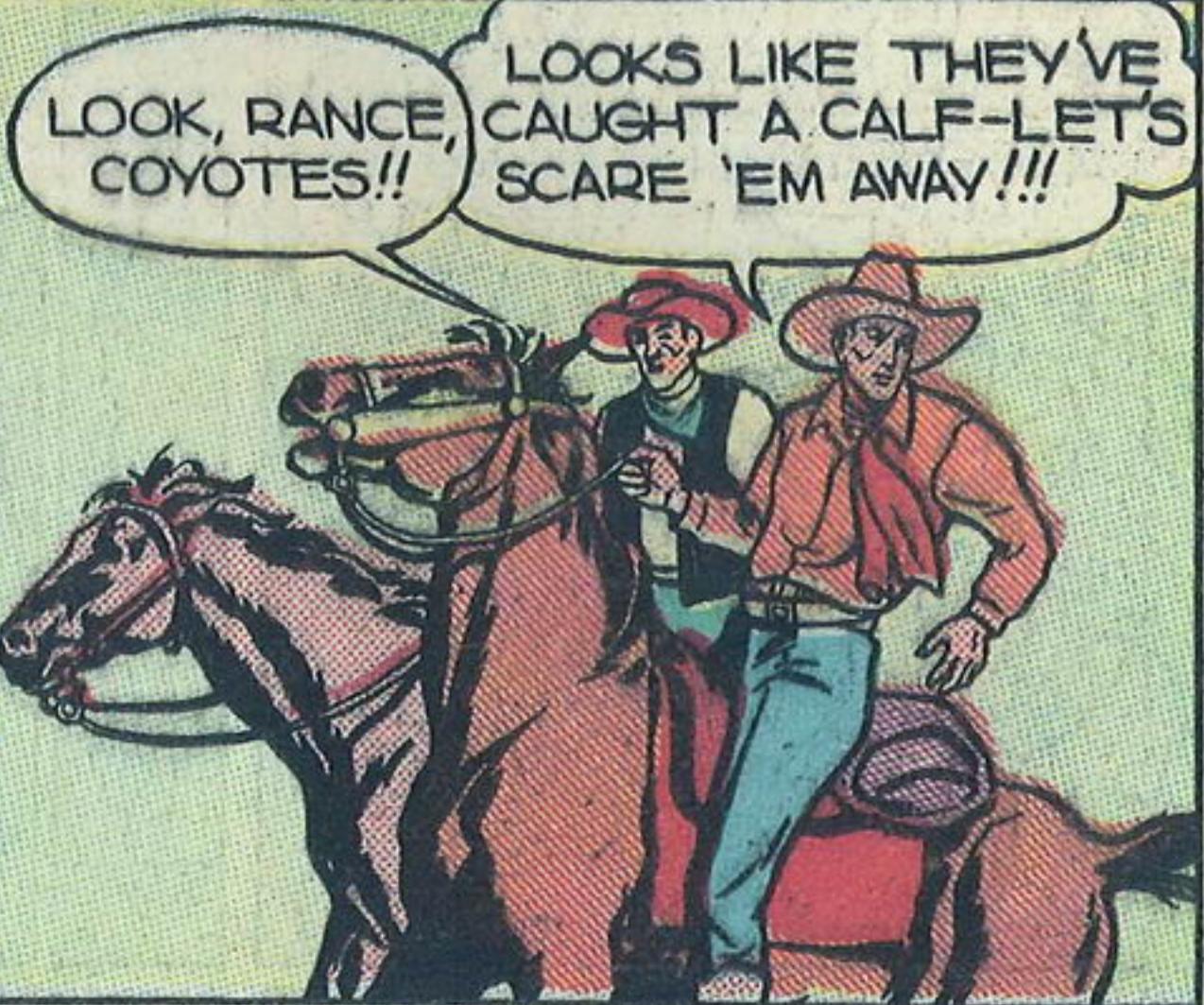
RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT
of
THE WEST"

by

WILL ARTHUR

AS THE SUN SETS ON THE DESERT IN THE HEART OF THE CATTLE COUNTRY OF THE WEST, RANCE KEANE AND HIS SADDLE PARTNER, "CHAPS" SHAW, SPUR THEIR HORSES ON TOWARD THE TOWN OF TOMBSTONE...



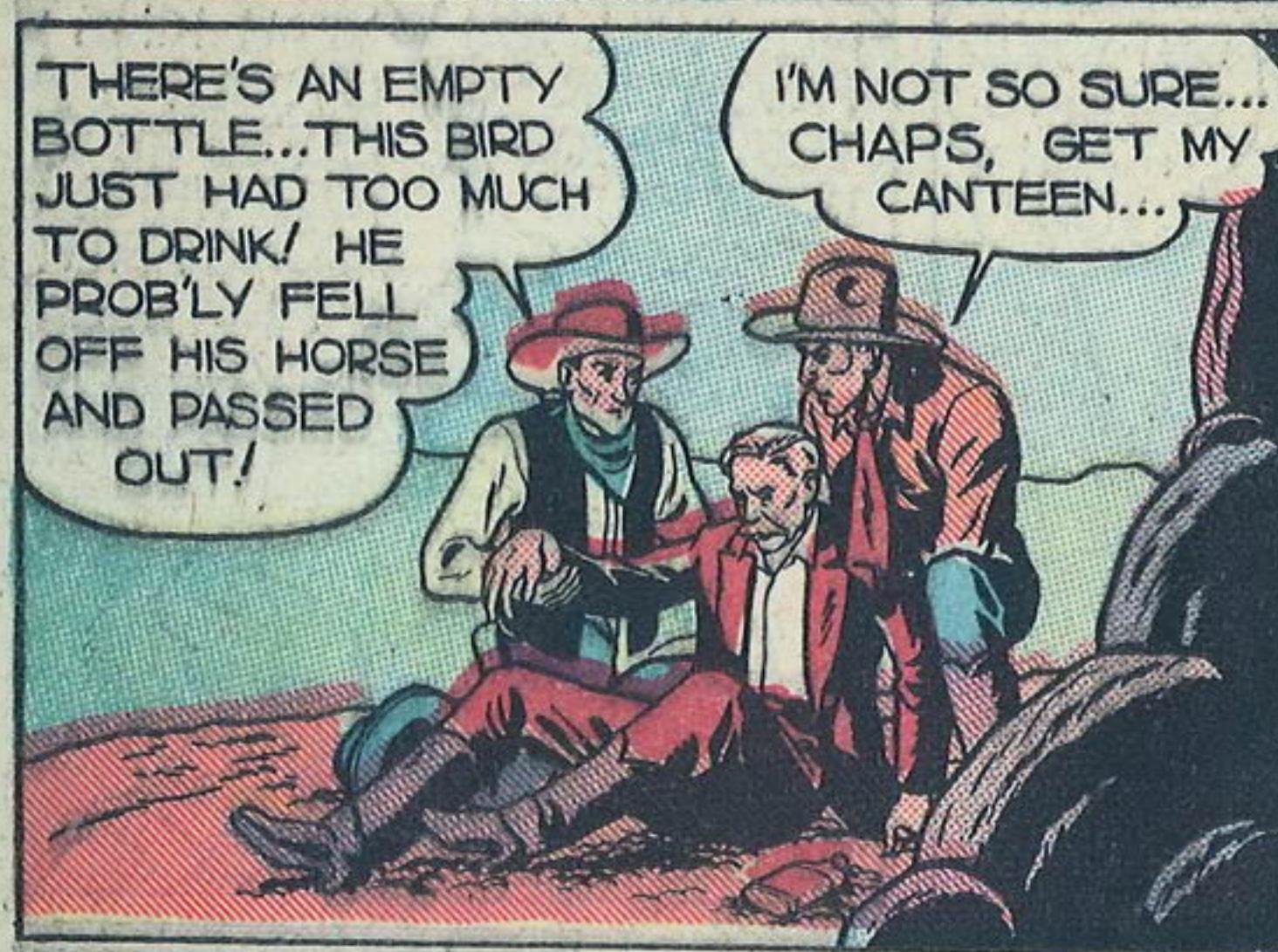
THE TWO ADVENTURERS DRAW THEIR SIX-SHOOTERS AND START AFTER THE VICIOUS ANIMALS... THE SHOTS IMMEDIATELY DISPERSE THE COYOTES



THERE'S AN EMPTY BOTTLE... THIS BIRD JUST HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK! HE PROB'LY FELL OFF HIS HORSE AND PASSED OUT!

I'M NOT SO SURE... CHAPS, GET MY CANTEEN...

With the water from Rance's canteen, Chaps and Rance soon restore the man to consciousness



WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!

WE SAVED YOU FROM THE COYOTES!!

OH... I BEGIN TO SEE IT ALL NOW... WHY, OF ALL THE LOWDOWN...



... IT WAS "POKER" MOSEBY... HE SLUGGED ME AND LEFT ME HERE ON THE DESERT SO THE COYOTES WOULD GET ME! HE LEFT THE EMPTY BOTTLE SO THAT IT WOULD LOOK LIKE I'D BEEN DRINKIN' HEAVY AND NOBODY'D SUSPECT I'D BEEN MURDERED!



THE OLD MAN CONTINUES...

HE SAYS THAT HE IS JED OSBORN, OWNER OF THE "CIRCLE-R" RANCH ON WHICH THE WATER SUPPLY FOR ALL THE NEARBY RANCHES ORIGINATES...

"POKER" MOSEBY TRIED TO BUY ME OUT, BUT WHEN I WOULDN'T SELL, HE FORCED ME, AT THE POINT OF A GUN, TO SIGN MY RANCH OVER TO HIM... HE KNEW I'D TALK IF HE DIDN'T KILL ME!!

ALL RIGHT... I'VE AN IDEA! PLEASE LOAN ME YOUR RING AND TELL ME HOW I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH MOSEBY...

WELL, HE USUALLY HANGS OUT AT THE SILVER DOLLAR BAR!

YOU TWO LAY LOW OUT HERE AND WAIT FOR ME... I'LL RETURN BEFORE MORNING!

RANCE MOUNTS AND RIDES INTO THE DUSK...

AN HOUR LATER RANCE TIES HIS HORSE TO THE RAIL IN FRONT OF THE SILVER DOLLAR BAR...

HE ENTERS THE SWINGING DOORS AND STRIDES UP TO THE COUNTER...

"POKER" MOSEBY, STANDING NEARBY HEARS WHAT IS BEING SAID AND STEPS OVER BESIDE RANCE...

HOWDY STRANGER!

SAY, I FOUND WHAT THE COYOTES LEFT OF A MAN OUT ON THE DESERT... DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS RING BY ANY CHANCE?

W-WHAT'S JED OSBORN'S RING!! JED'S THE OWNER OF THE "CIRCLE-R" RANCH!!

YOU MEAN HE WAS THE OWNER!! I BOUGHT THE "CIRCLE-R" THIS AFTERNOON!!

OH... IS THAT SO? WHY... ER I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU IN PRIVATE!!

SURE!!

WHEN MOSEBY AND
RANCE ARE ALONE...

YEAH, I GOT PLANS... I'M
GONNA BUILD A RESERVOIR
AND DAM THAT WATER ON
THE "CIRCLE-R" RANCH! I'LL...

BUT, WHAT ABOUT
THE OTHER RANCHERS?
WITH THEIR WATER CUT
OFF THE CATTLE
WILL DIE!!

THAT'S THEIR
TOUGH LUCK! I'M
A BUSINESS MAN,
AN' I'M NOT PASSIN'
OUT CHARITY!!

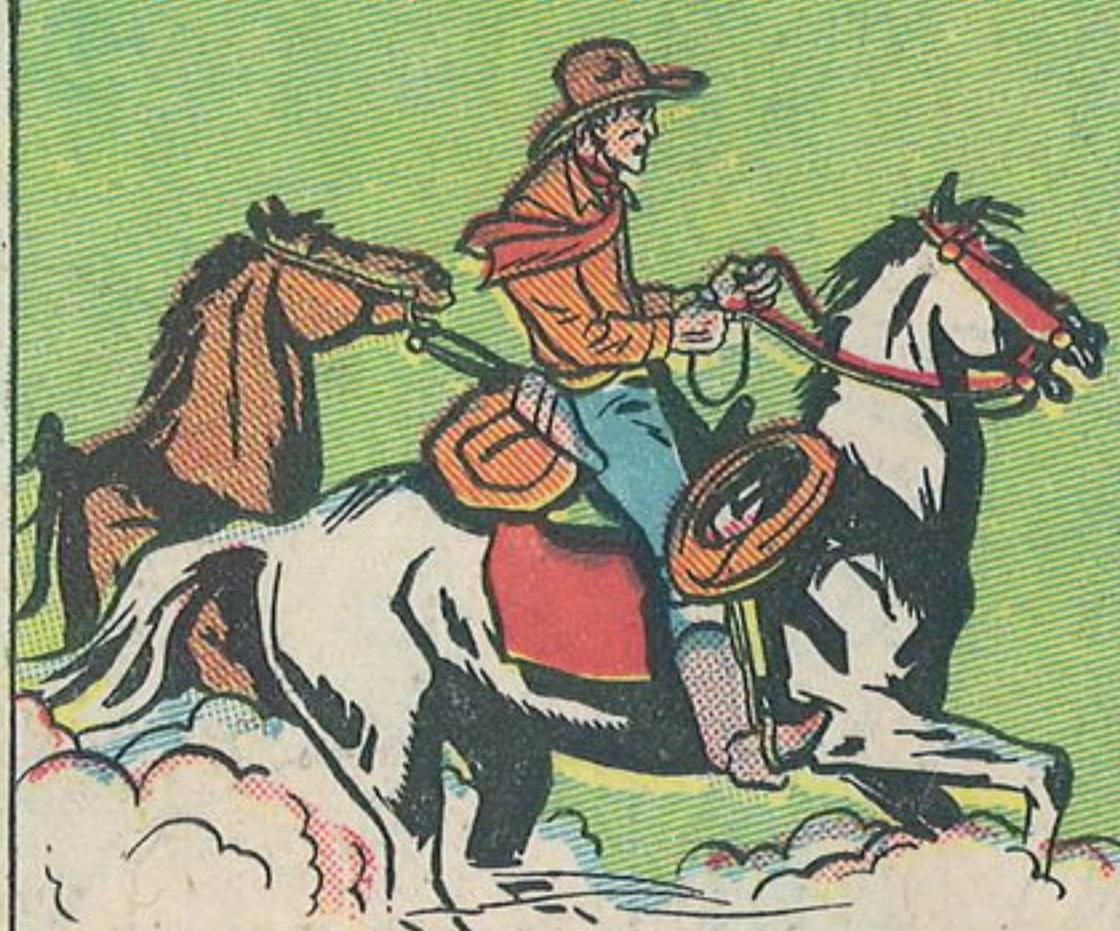
WHY... YOU LOWDOWN
SIDEWINDER! YOU'RE
JUST TRYING TO FORCE
THESE RANCHERS TO
SELL OUT TO YOU AT
YOUR OWN PRICE!!

YOU'D BETTER
MIND YOUR OWN
BUSINESS, FELL'A!

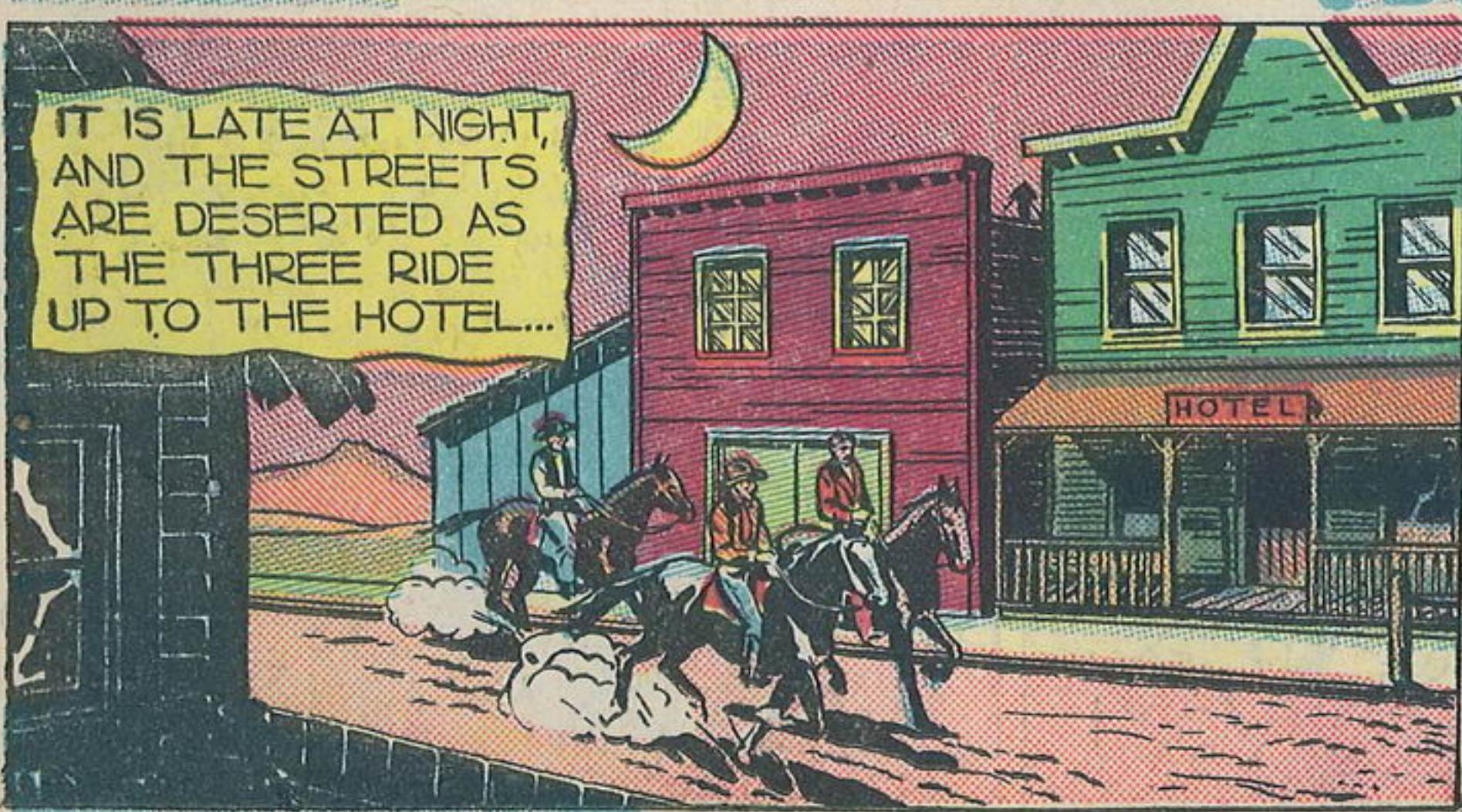
RANCE LEAVES
THE PLACE... HE
DEVISSES A PLAN,
AND GOES TO
THE LOCAL
HOTEL WHERE
HE REGISTERS
IN THE ROOM
NEXT TO THAT
OCCUPIED BY
"POKER" MOSEBY...

FINE... NOW CAN
YOU TELL ME
WHERE I CAN
RENT A HORSE?

RANCE GETS
THE HORSE,
TIES IT TO
HIS OWN
PONY AND
RIDES OUT
TO WHERE
HIS PAL "CHAPS"
AND OLD JED
OSBORN
AWAIT HIM...

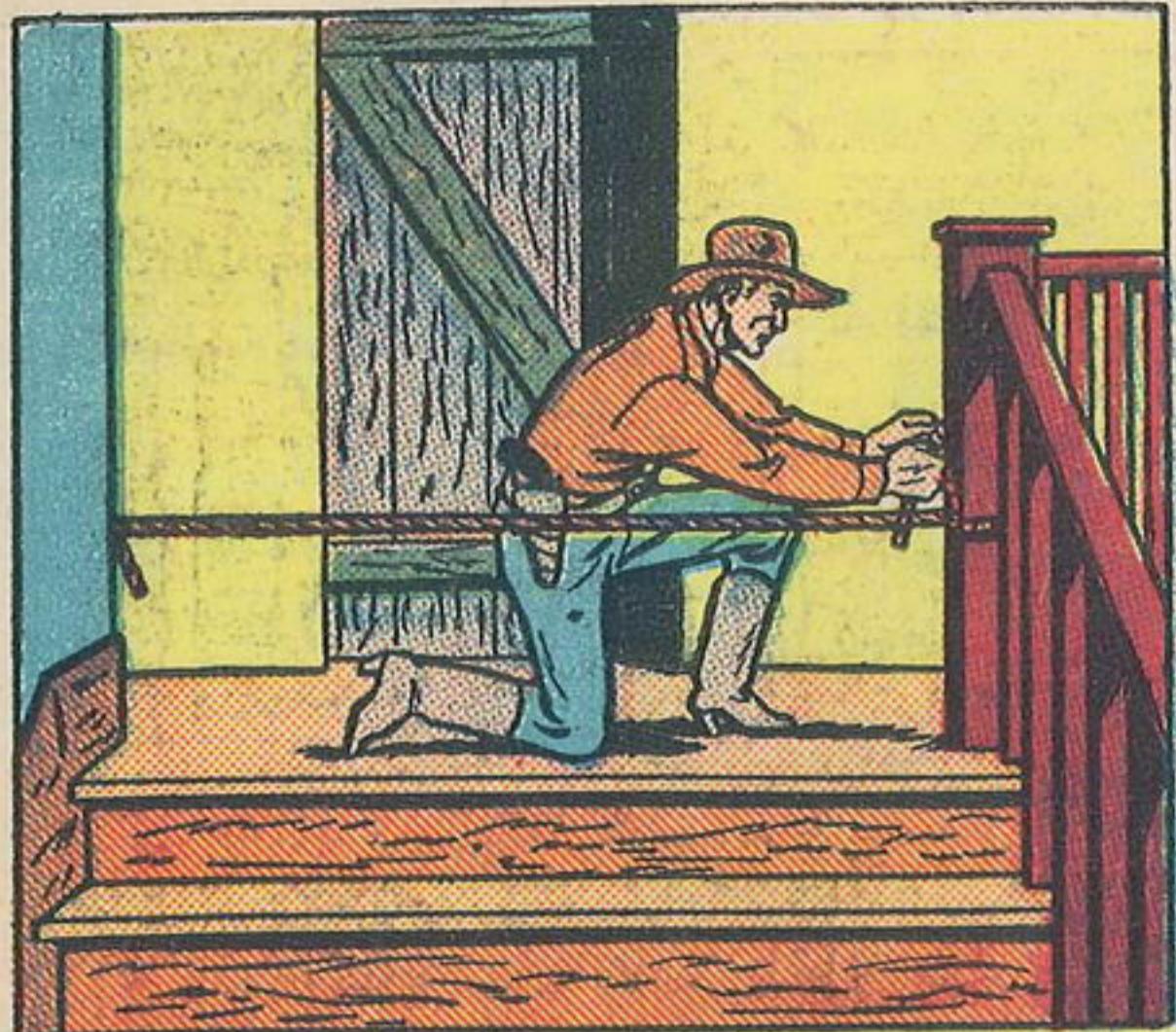


IT IS LATE AT NIGHT,
AND THE STREETS
ARE DESERTED AS
THE THREE RIDE
UP TO THE HOTEL...



NOW... YOU TWO GO
ON UP TO THE ROOM
AND ALLOW ME FIVE
MINUTES TO STRETCH
THE ROPE!!



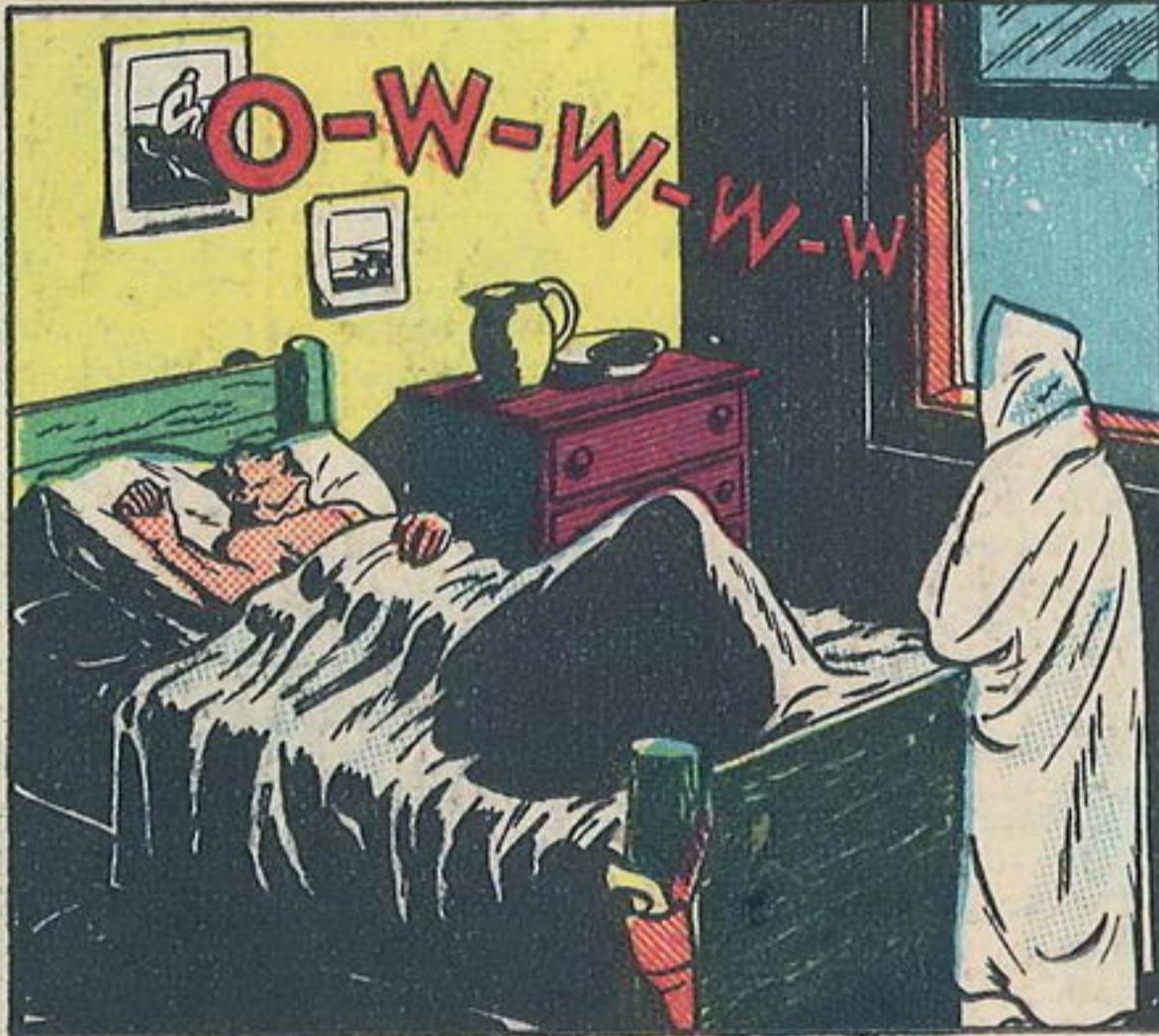


AFTER STRETCHING THE ROPE ACROSS THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, RANCE GOES TO THE LOBBY AND WAITS...

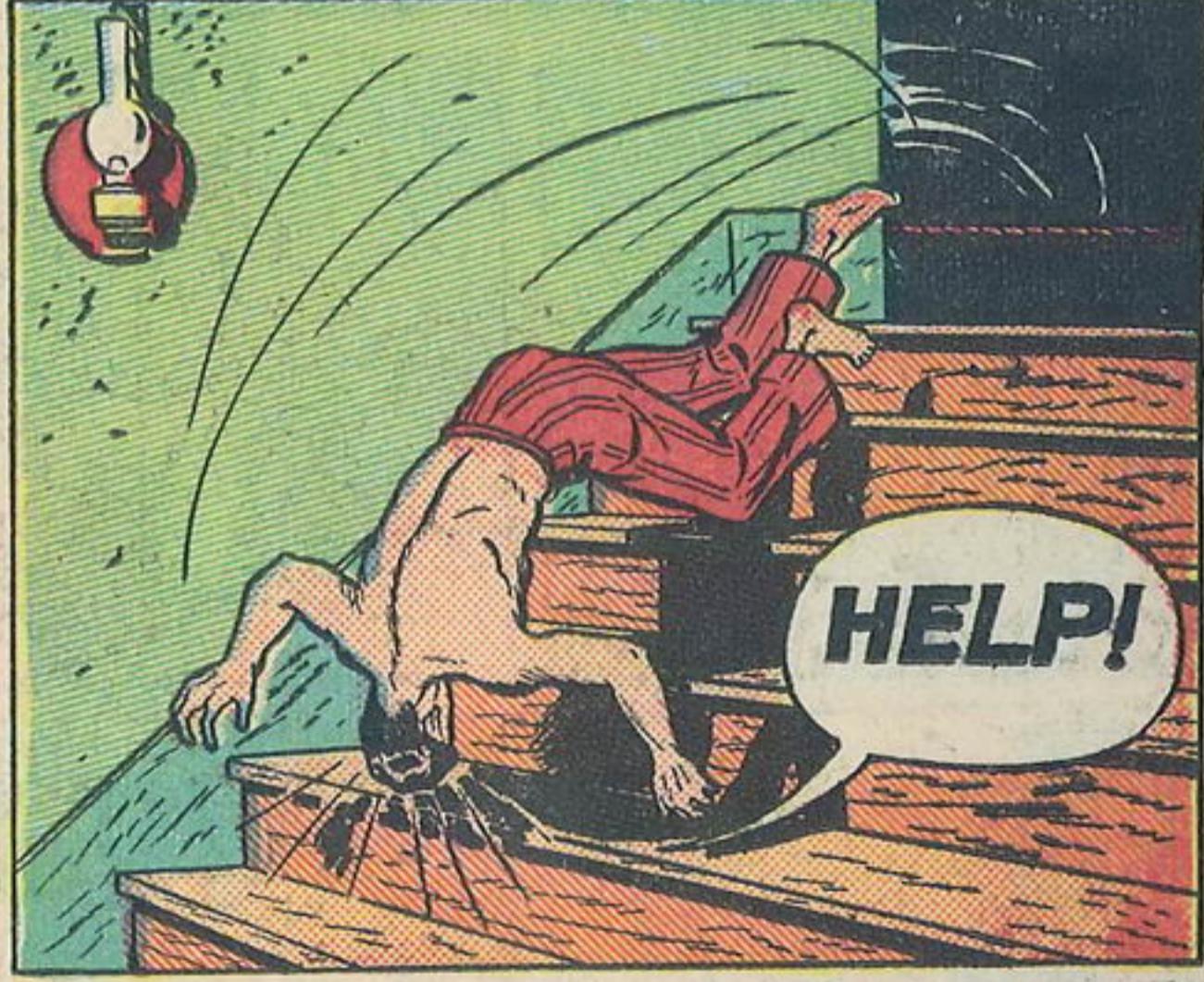
MEANWHILE... JED, WRAPPED IN A SHEET FROM THE BED, QUIETLY CLIMBS INTO THE WINDOW OF "POKER'S" ROOM...



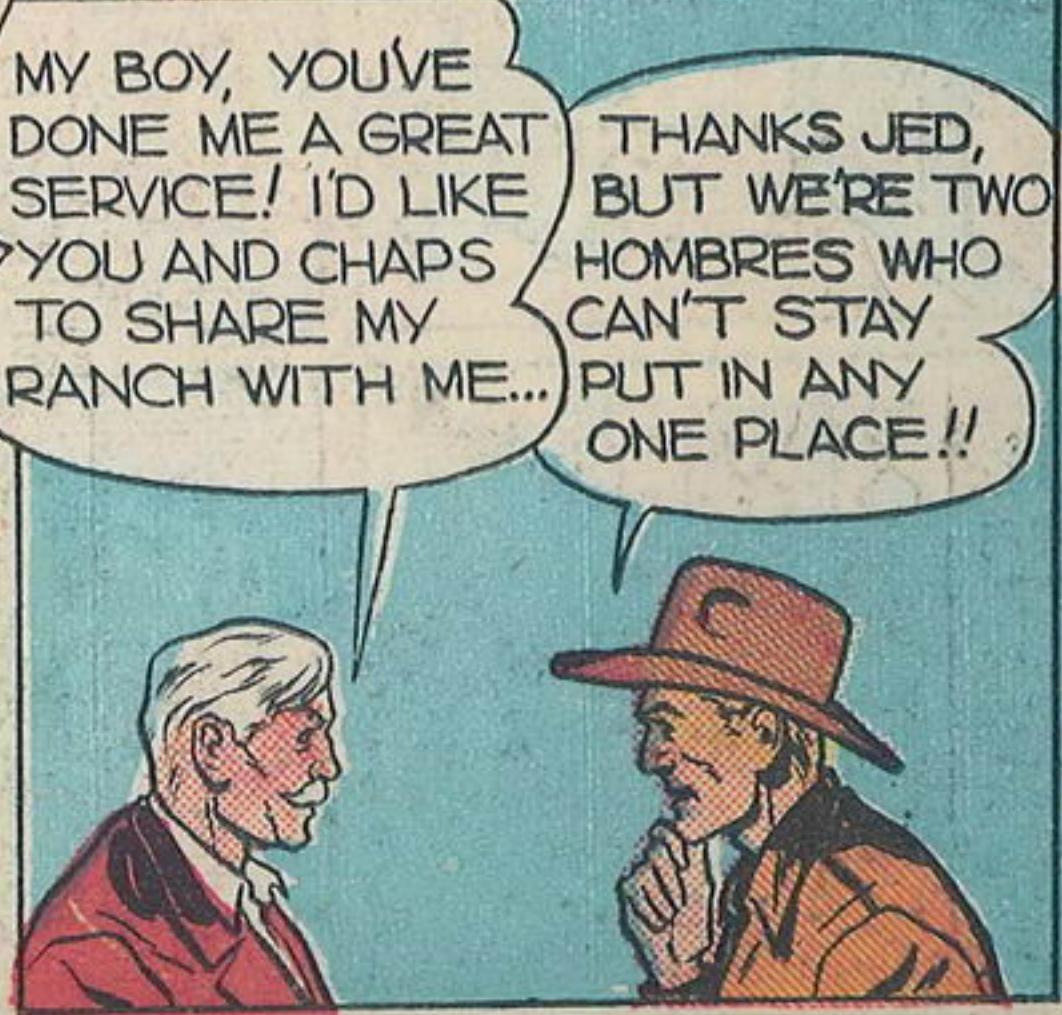
AS JED ENTERS THE ROOM WITHOUT AWAKENING MOSEBY AND TAKES HIS POST AT THE FOOT OF THE CROOK'S BED... SUDDENLY THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT IS BROKEN BY THE HOWL OF A COYOTE...



WHITE WITH FEAR, "POKER" MOSEBY DASHES OUT THE DOOR TOWARD THE STAIRWAY...
HE HITS THE ROPE, AND....



LATER, WHEN MOSEBY IS SAFELY BEHIND BARS, JED EXPRESSES HIS THANKS TO RANCE KEANE, THE KNIGHT OF THE WEST, AND TO HIS PARTNER, CHAPS...



TODDY

BY

GEORGE MARCOUX

I'M SELLIN' \$20 WORTH OF CHEWIN' GUM, PAPA--
T'GET A MOVIE CAMERA FREE! SO LONG--

WHEN YOU TRIED TO
SELL SOAP IT COST ME
\$15--BETTER SEND
THAT GUM BACK
!!

I CAN'T SEND IT
BACK! I DUMP IT
IN MY LAP,
SON!

HOW ABOUT THE
GUM
THE GUM
WAS NO
MONEY
FER THE
GUM--?

RIGHT THIS
WAY T'GET
YOUR GUM!!
RIGHT
THIS--

I HAVE NO
MONEY FOR TH'
GUM! GO NOW
B'FORE MAMA
COMES!

CHEWIN' GUM!!!--
CHEWIN' GUM!!!--
THIS WAY--

C'MON, FELLAS
GIMME THE
MONEY FER
THAT GUM--
IT WASN'T
WORTH
A PENNY
!!

OH WELL--MAYBE
THAT FREE
CAMERA IS
NO GOOD
ANYWAY--
!!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
TODDY?
IS AGAINST
ME, MAMA--
EVEN PAPA
IS!!

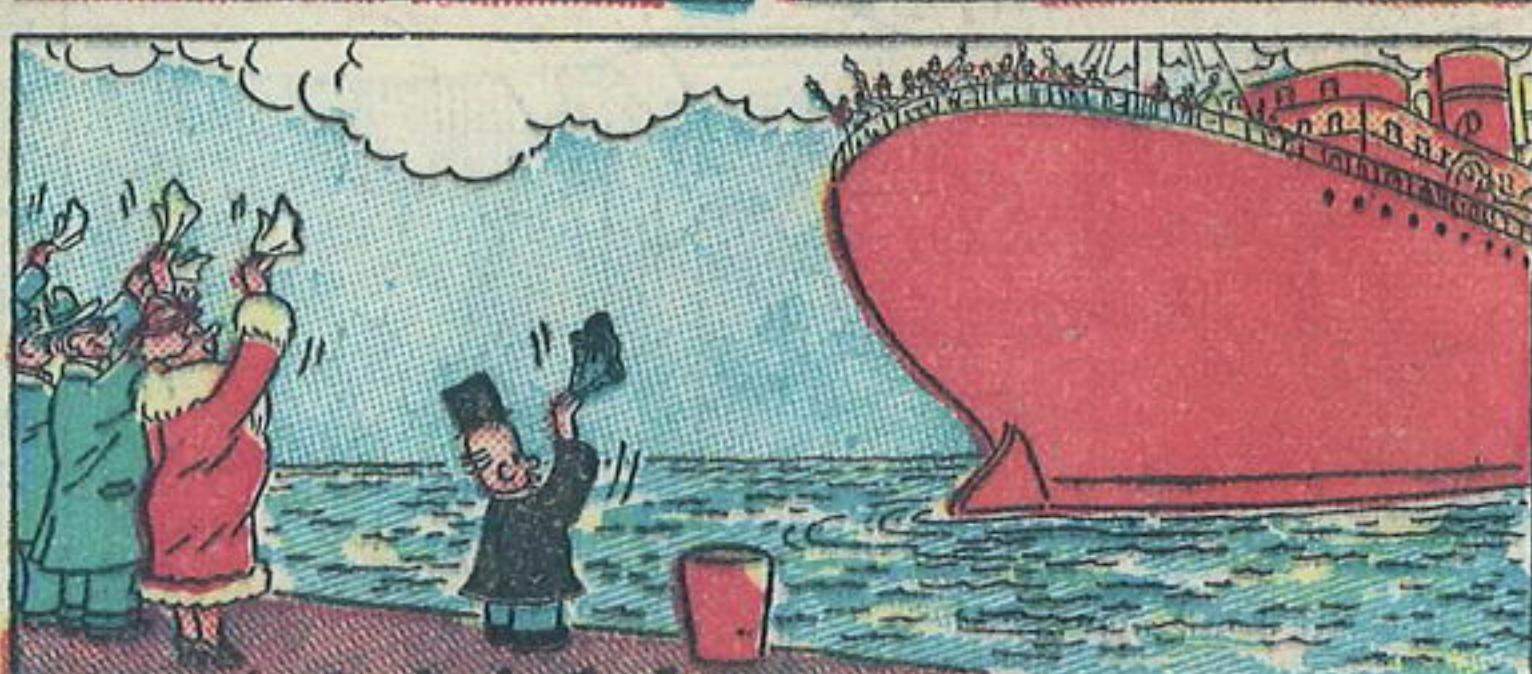
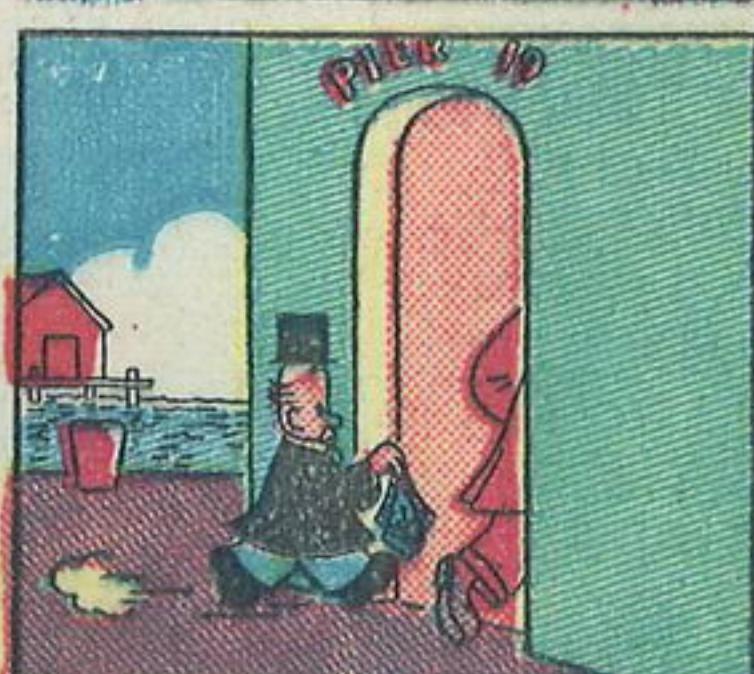
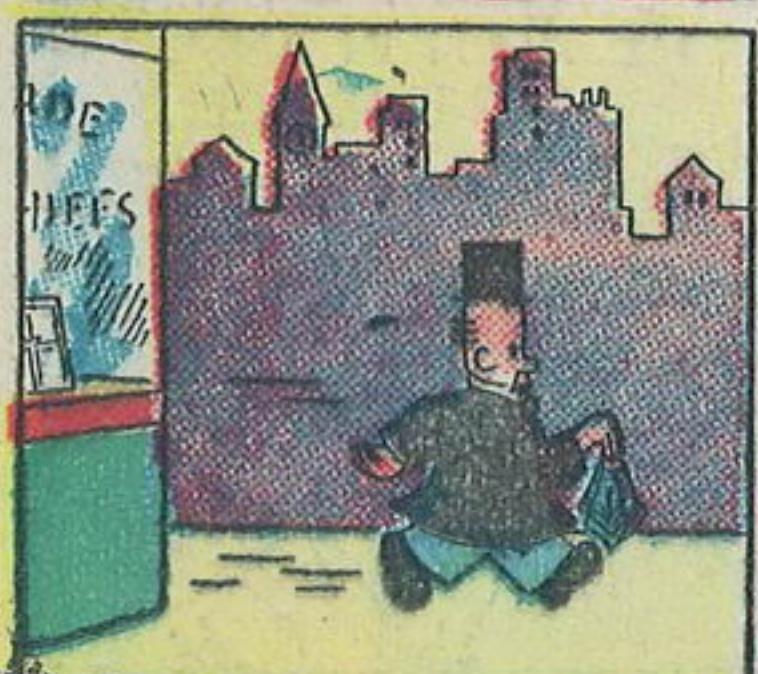
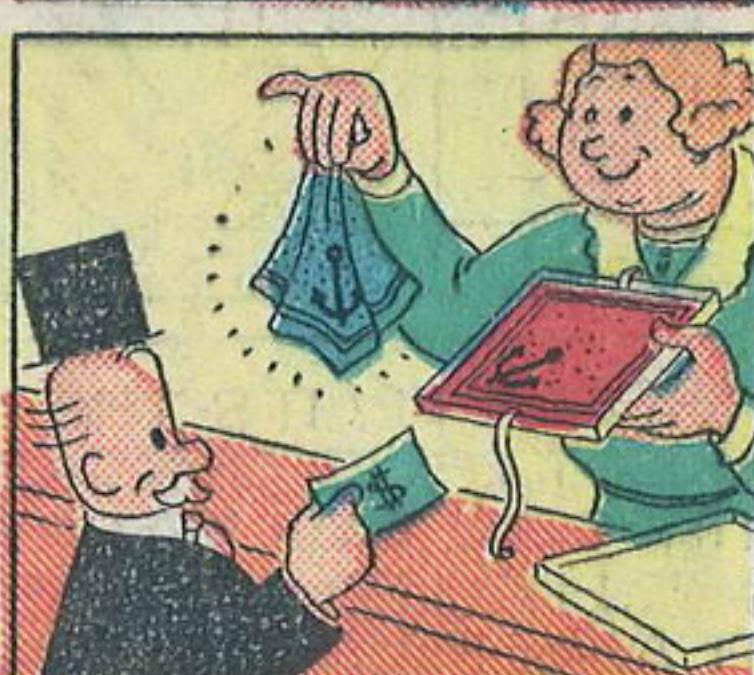
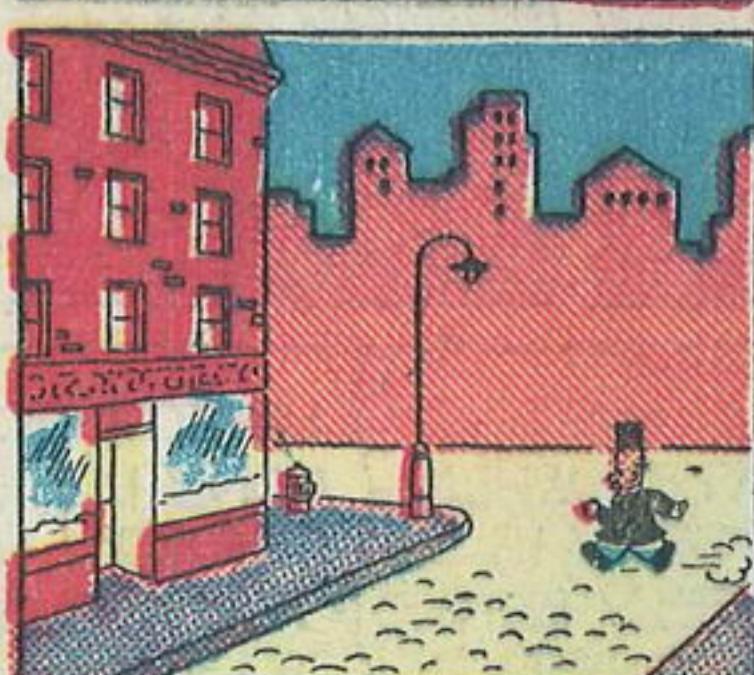
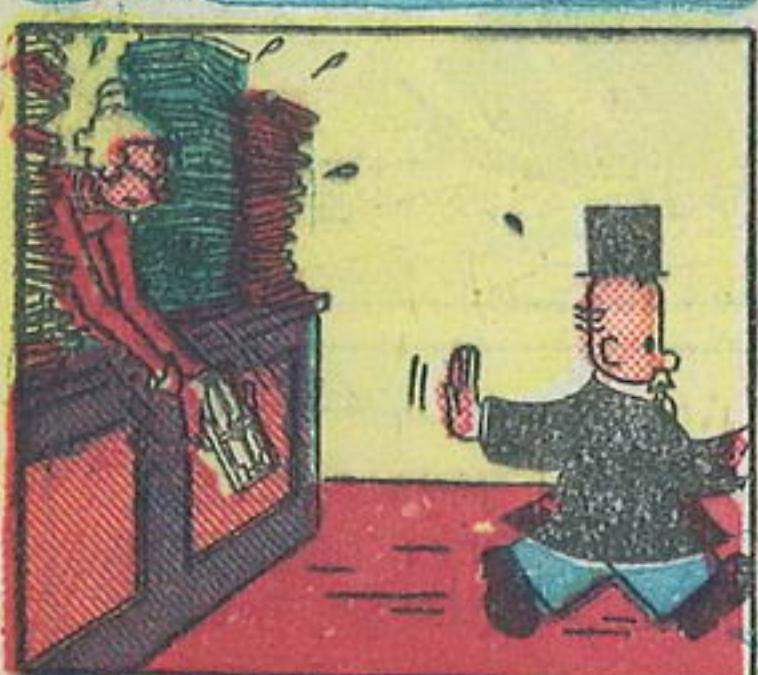
WELL, HOW IS
THE GUM
BUSINESS?
I'M DONE
WITH IT, PAPA
--BUT I WON'T
DUMP IT IN
YOUR LAP
THIS TIME--

NOT WITH
MAMA WILLIN'
T'HELP ME,
PAPA
!!

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Mortimer, Mum

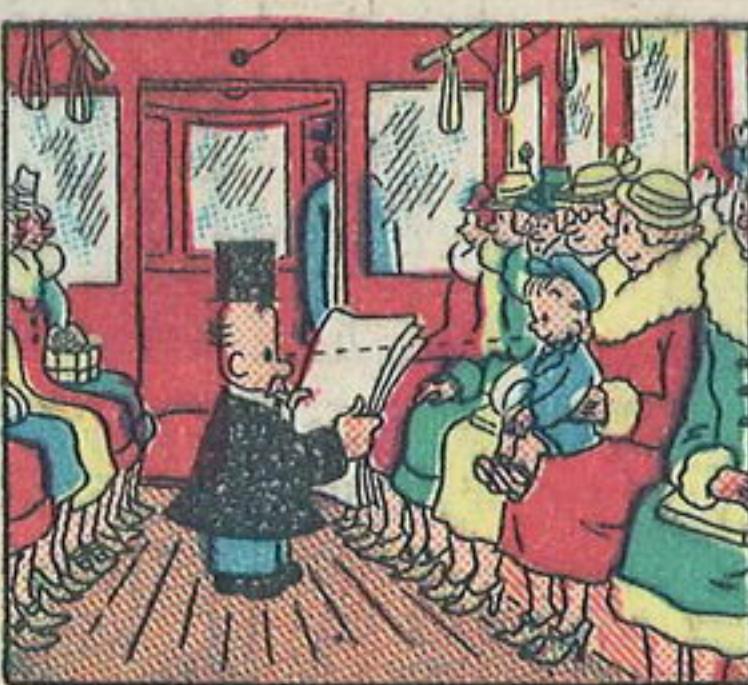
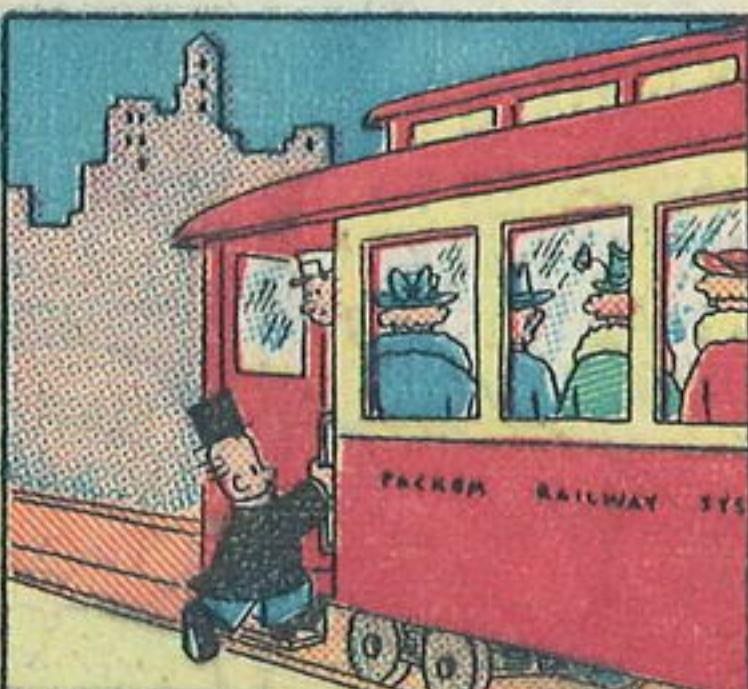
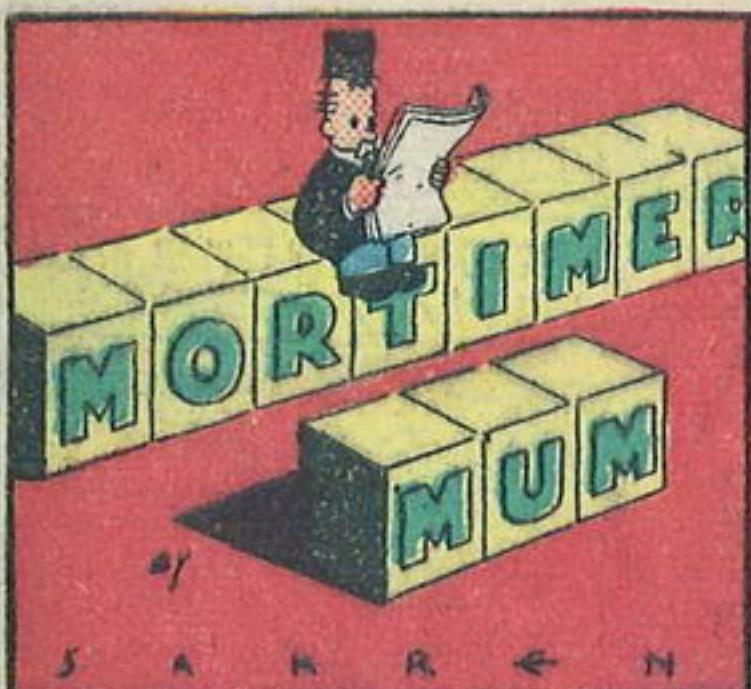
BY
GEORGE MARCOUX



TODDY

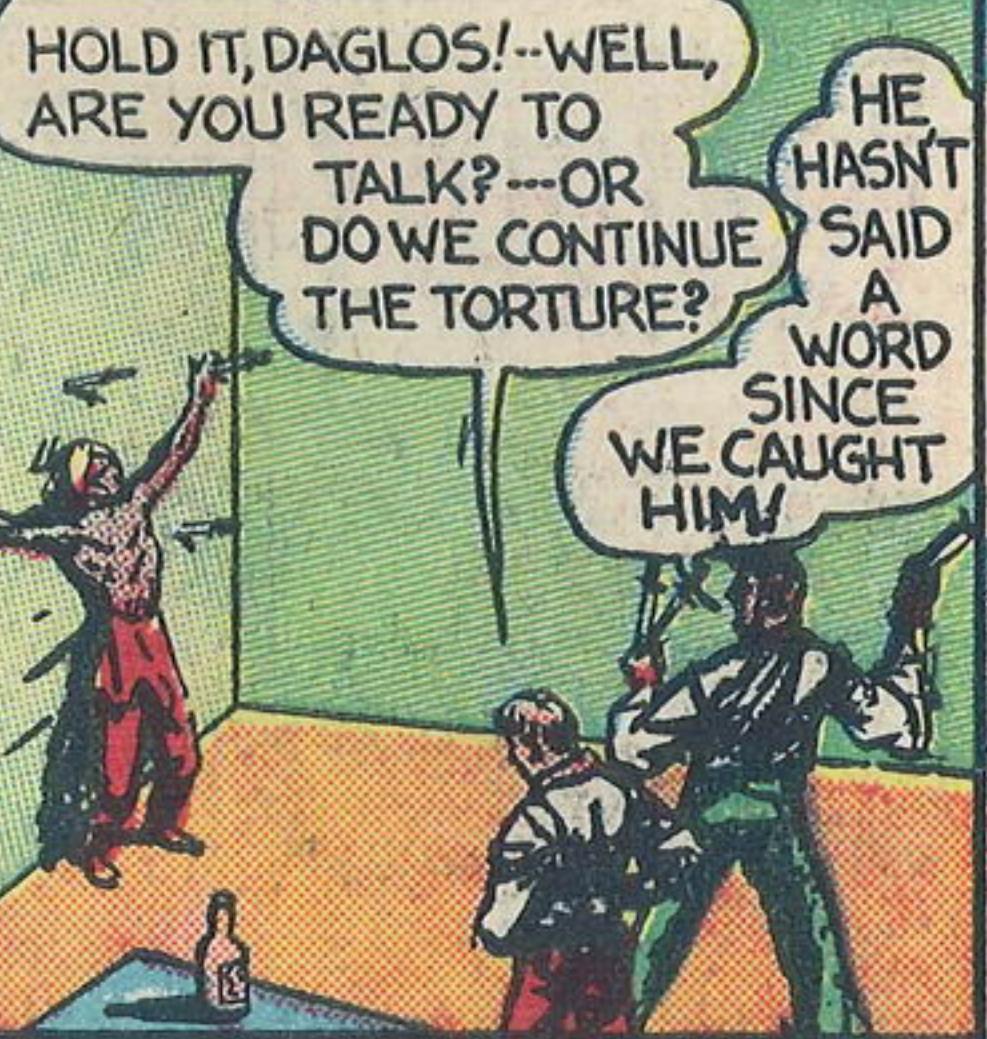
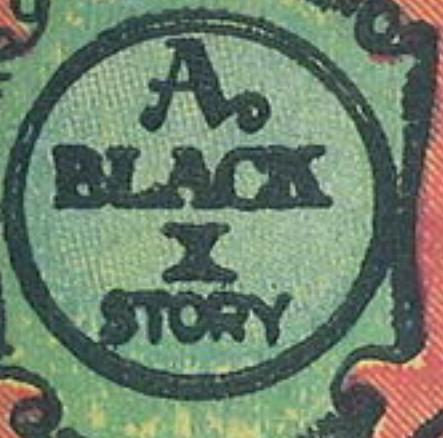
BY

GEORGE MARCOUX



More of Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the August issue—on sale June 30th.

ESPIONAGE



LOOK HERE, YOU--WE CAUGHT YA SNOOPIN' AROUND, SO WE KNOW YER A GOVERNMENT AGENT--TELL US WHO YER BOSS IS AND WE'LL LET YA GO!



I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING--YOU ARE ENEMIES OF THE UNITED STATES!



THE SHARP KNIVES COME CLOSER AND CLOSER.. HIS TEETH CLENCHED IN AGONY, BATU TRIES TO CONTACT HIS MASTER, "BLACK X", BY HIS POWERS OF MENTAL TELEPATHY...



FAR FROM THE TORTURED BATU, "BLACK X" SITS BEFORE THE FIREPLACE IN HIS STUDY.....



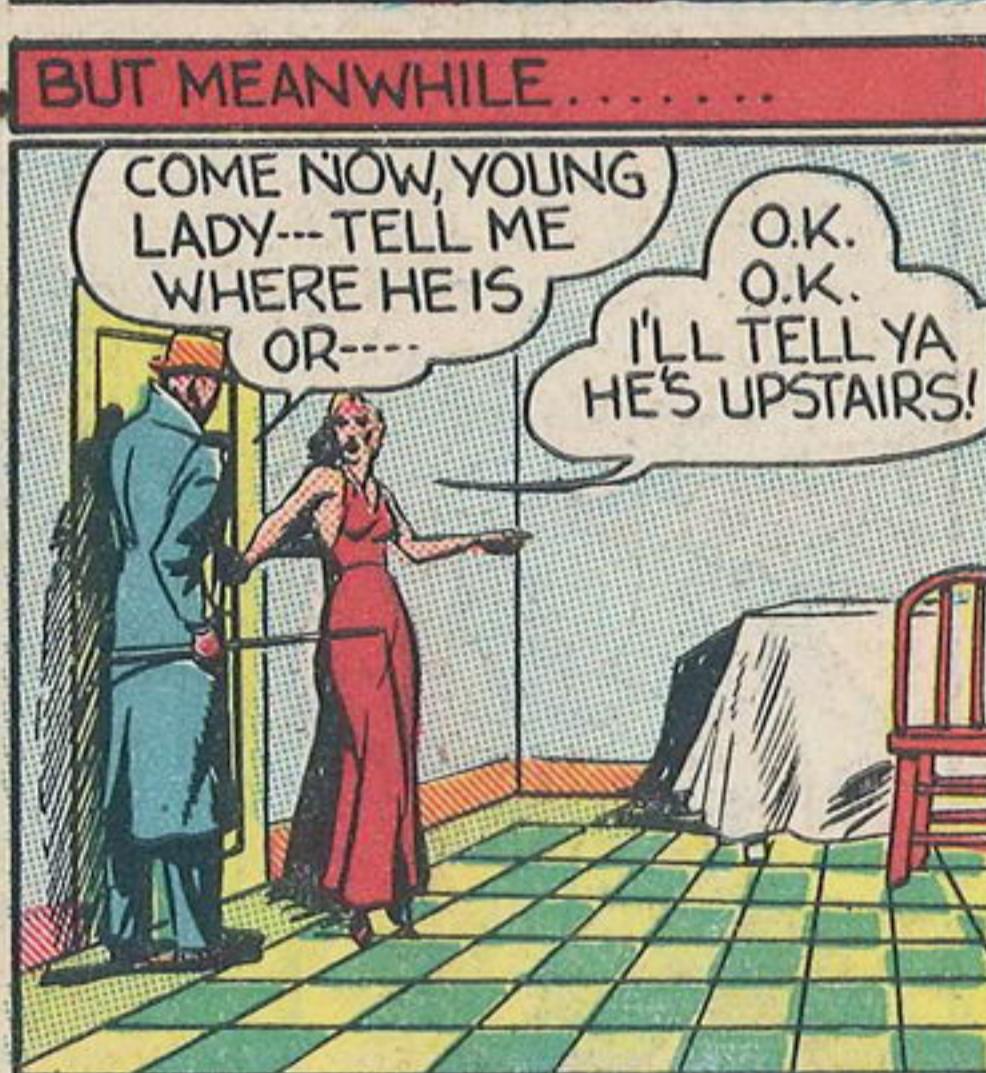
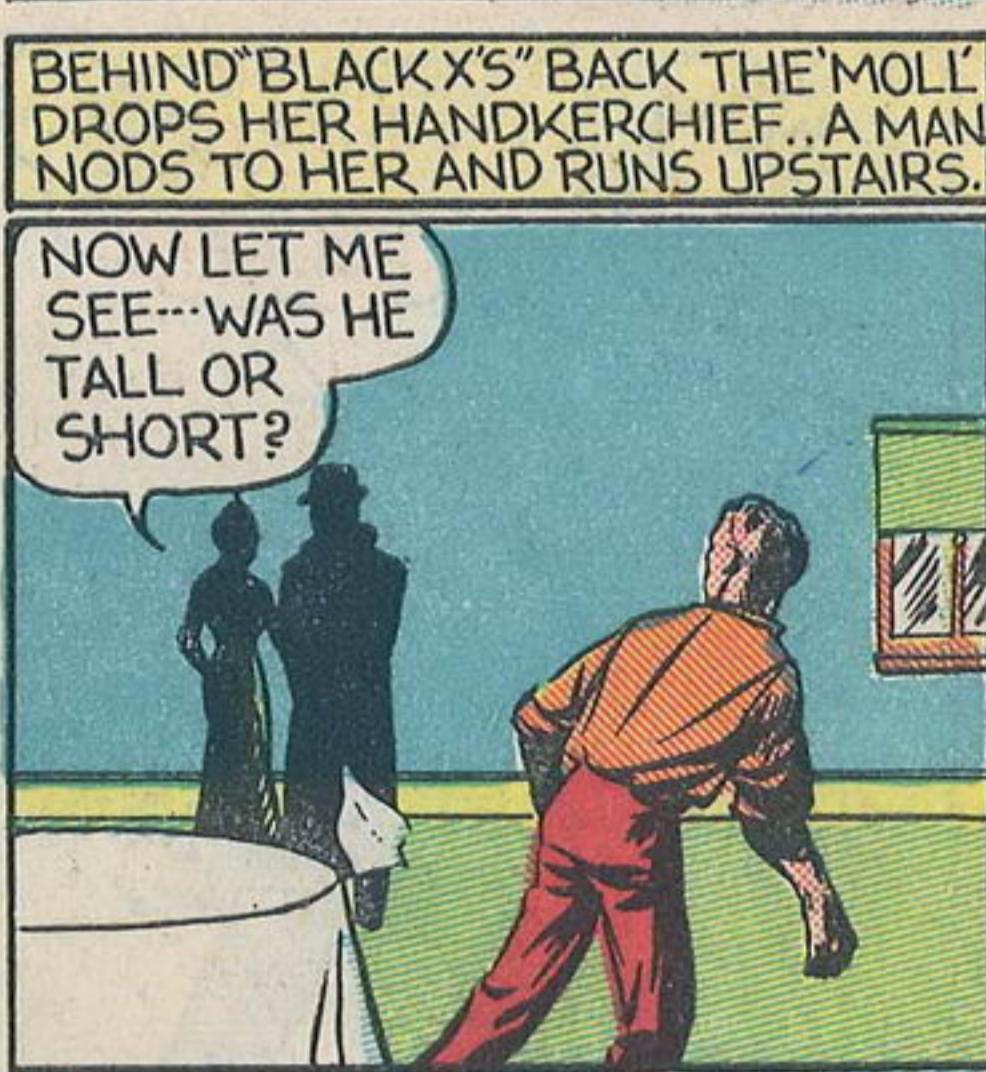
I-I-I CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON MY NEWSPAPER---IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO BATU--- HE'LL GET THROUGH TO ME--HE'S A MASTER OF THE OCCULT SCIENCES--



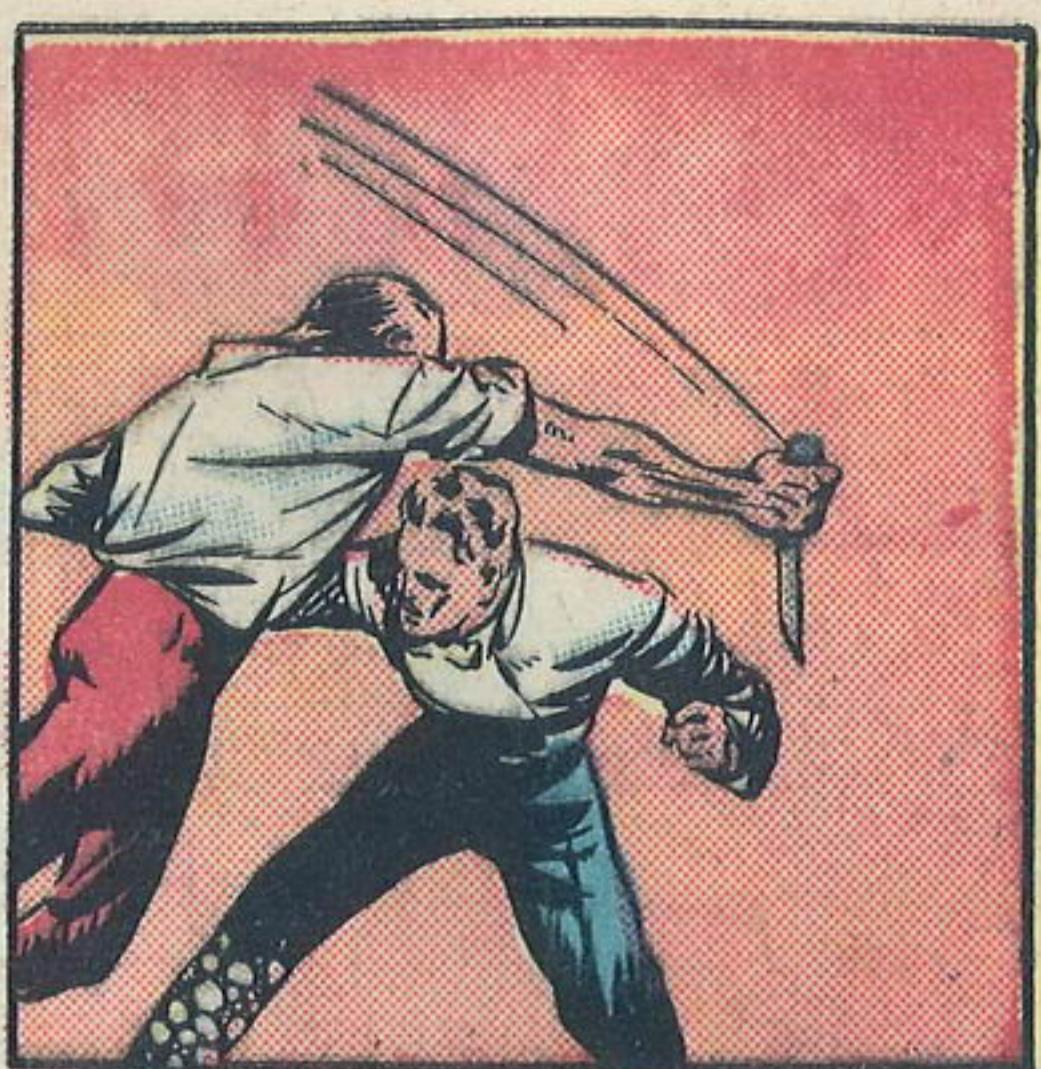
SUDDENLY, A GHOST-LIKE FORM APPEARS THROUGH THE FLAMES IN THE FIREPLACE.....



THROUGH A GRATED DOOR, A
REMNANT OF THE PROHIBITION ERA,
"BLACK X" ENTERS A SMOKY DIVE....

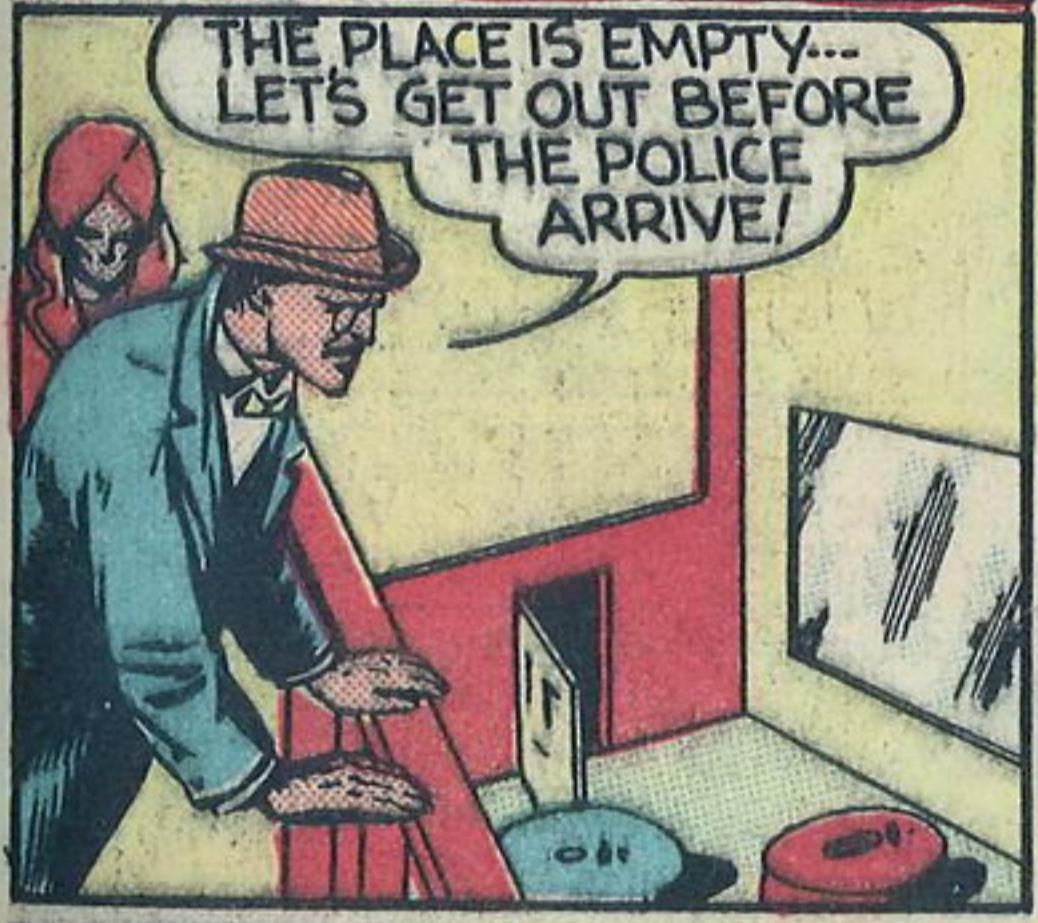






DRESSED, BLACK X" AND BATU
SLIP HASTILY OUT OF THE DEN...

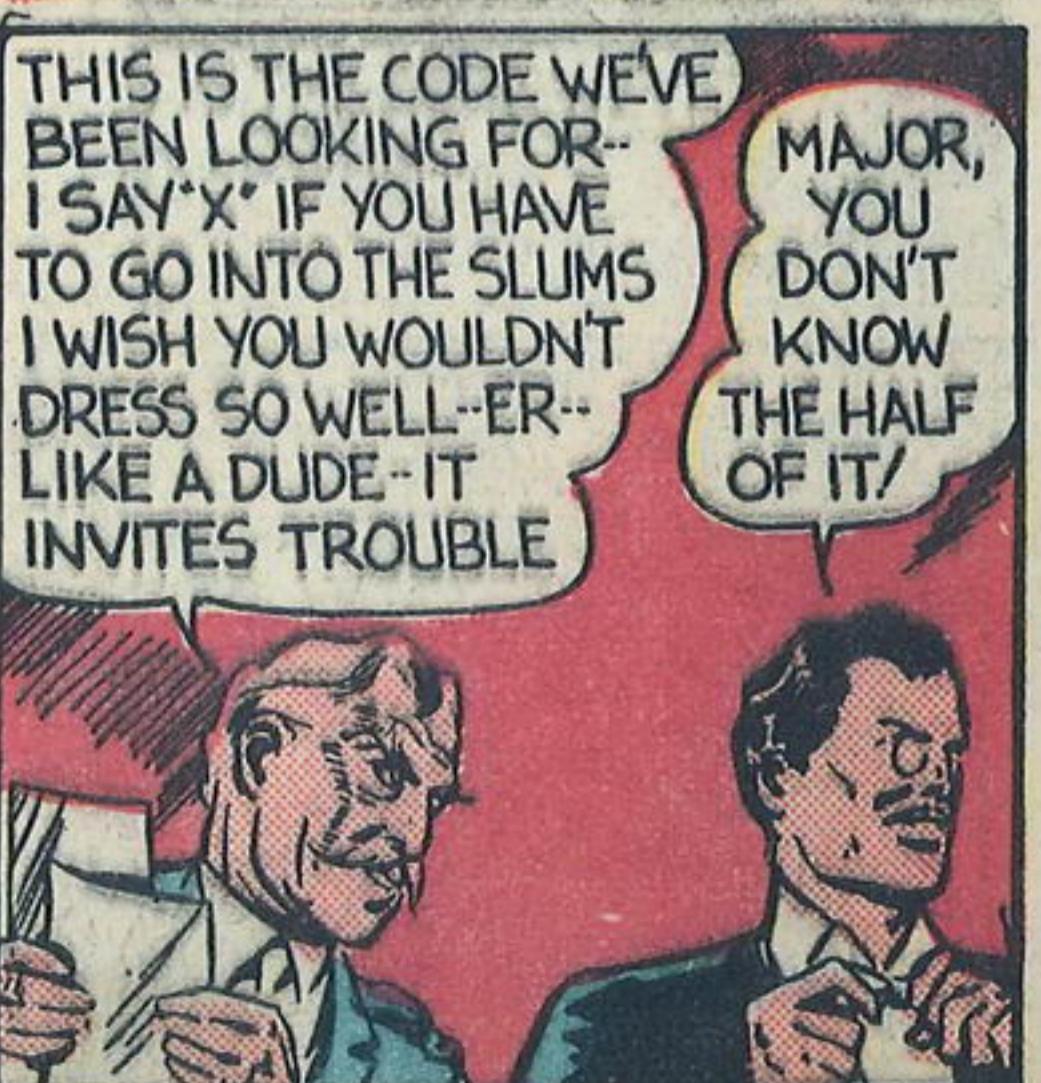
THE PLACE IS EMPTY...
LET'S GET OUT BEFORE
THE POLICE
ARRIVE!



I'M GOING TO WASHINGTON TO
CHECK ON THESE PAPERS, AND
YOU, BATU, ARE GOING TO THE
HOSPITAL TO HAVE THOSE
WOUNDS TREATED !



CONCEALED IN A DARK DOORWAY,
"BLACK X" WATCHES THE POLICE
ROUND UP THE ENEMY THUGS...



BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

MR. STOCKTON, THE BANKER, PUTS ON HIS CLOWN ACT WITH THE HELP OF "FLIP" AND "RED" --



HEY, MISTER!! LOOK OUT--YOU'LL CATCH ON FIRE!



I'LL FIX YA HAW! FOR THAT!



AND RIGHT UP AMONG THE BANKERS OWN FRIENDS



WHEN THE SHOW IS OVER THE BANKER IS PRAISED FOR HIS WORK



YEP--YER A REAL TROUPER, SIR!

AND AT DINNER IN THE COOK TENT



MEANWHILE, WITH SILK FOWLER--



SILK SOON MEETS ONE OF HIS CROOKED CO-WORKERS--

OKAY, BOSS--I LOOSENERED THE STAKES THAT HOLD HAL THOMPSON'S SLIDE WIRE!!

FINE, "CLIP" I'LL SEE YOU LATER !!

MEANWHILE, THE BOSS TENT RIGGER LOOKS AT THE SKY--

WE'D BETTER START T'BOLSTER UP THE "BIG TOP"--WE'RE GONNA SOON HAVE A STORM!!

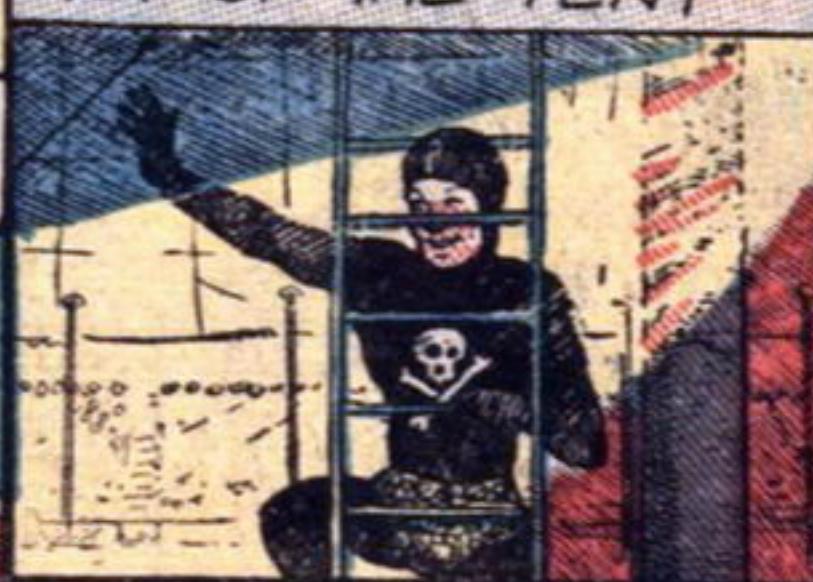
BUT THE STORM HOLDS OFF--AND WITH A BIG CROWD AT THE EVENING SHOW, HAL THOMPSON'S GREAT WIRE-SLIDE ACT IS TO BE ANNOUNCED BY SILK

AND NOW, FOLKS--WE PRESENT THE MOST DARING ACT SEEN IN ANY CIRCUS---

KNOWING THAT HAL'S WIRE STAKES ARE LOOSE, SILK HAPPILY ANNOUNCES THE DANGEROUS ACT---

NINETY FEET TO THE GROUND--ON HIS HEAD --WATCH HIM !!

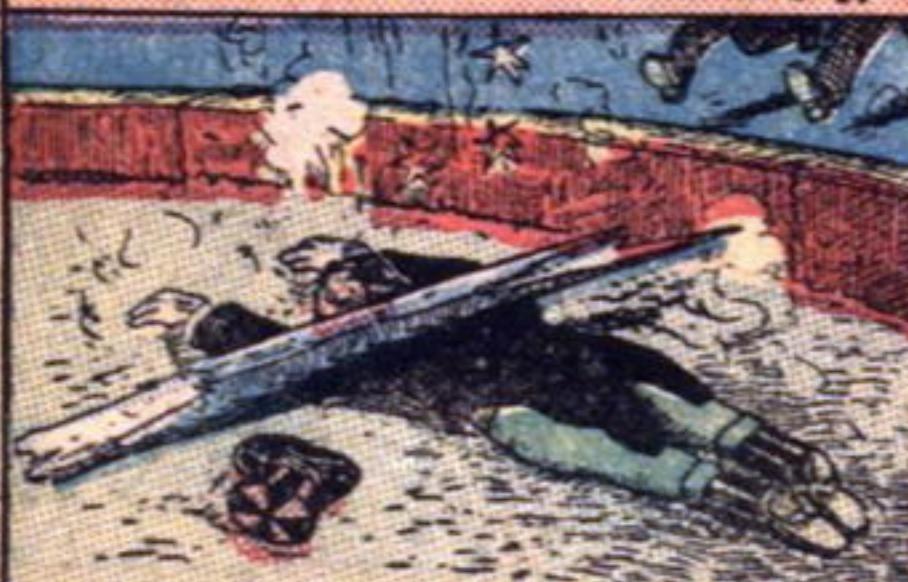
AND UNAWARE OF HIS DANGER, HAL SMILES AS HE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE TENT--



SUDDENLY, THE STORM WHICH THREATENED NOW BROKE IN ALL ITS FURY!! A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES ONE OF THE MAIN "BIG TOP" POLES---



A SECTION OF THE BIG SPLINTERED POLE FALLS ON SILK AS HE FLEES!!



THE CROWD IS IN AN UPROAR, AND MANY BEGIN A RUSH FROM THEIR SEATS!

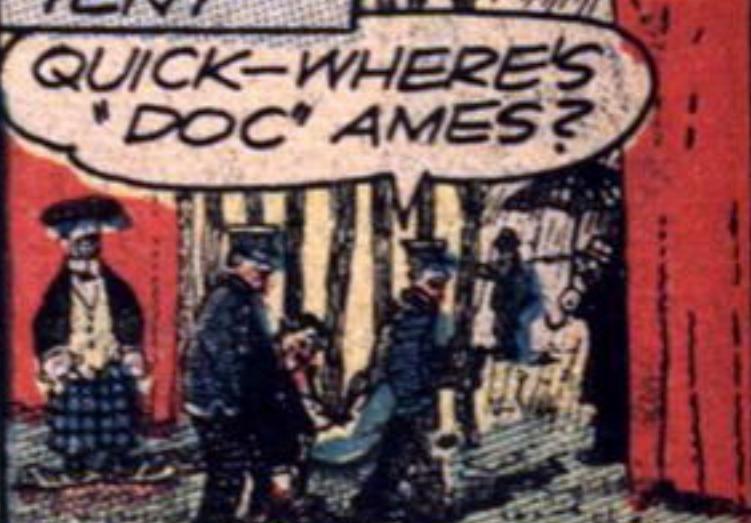


JEFF BANGS TRIES TO RESTORE ORDER--

PLEASE STAY IN YOUR SEATS! THE TENT IS WELL SUPPORTED-- IT WILL NOT FALL !!

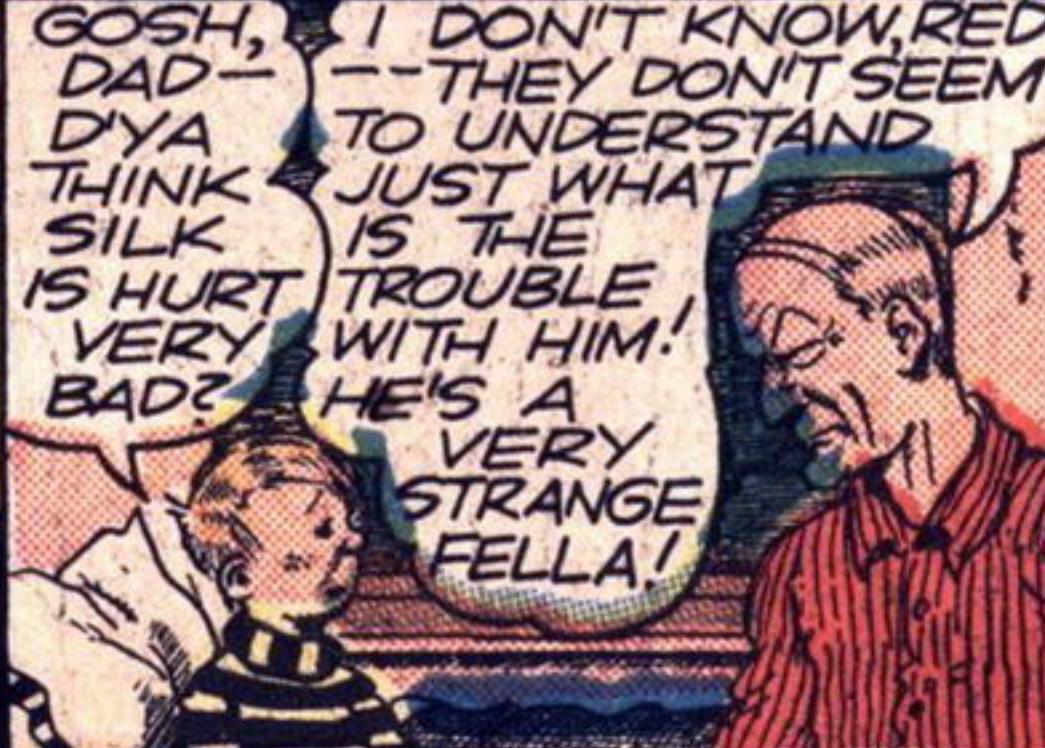
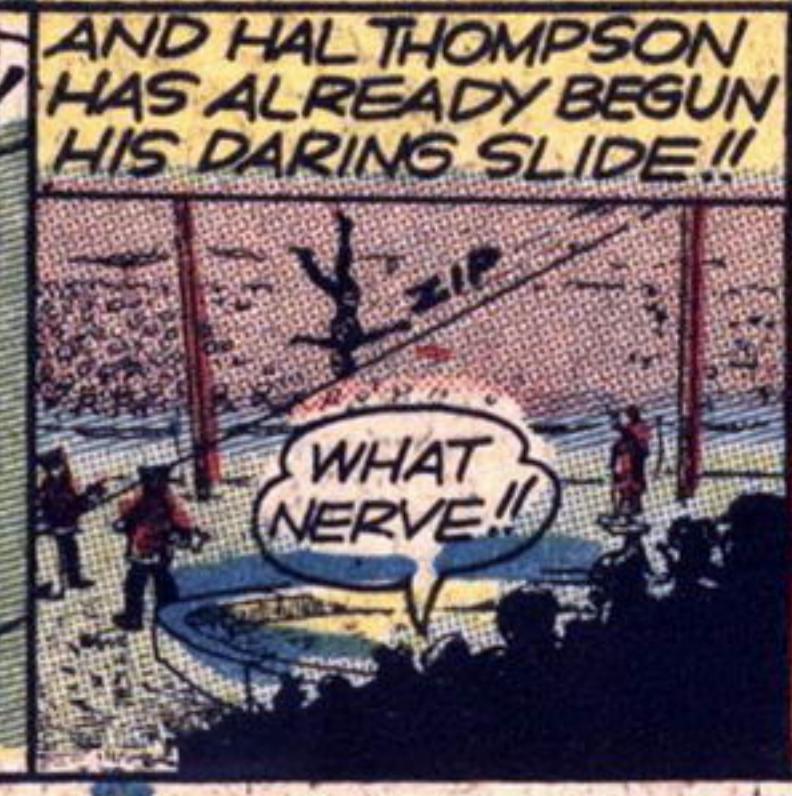
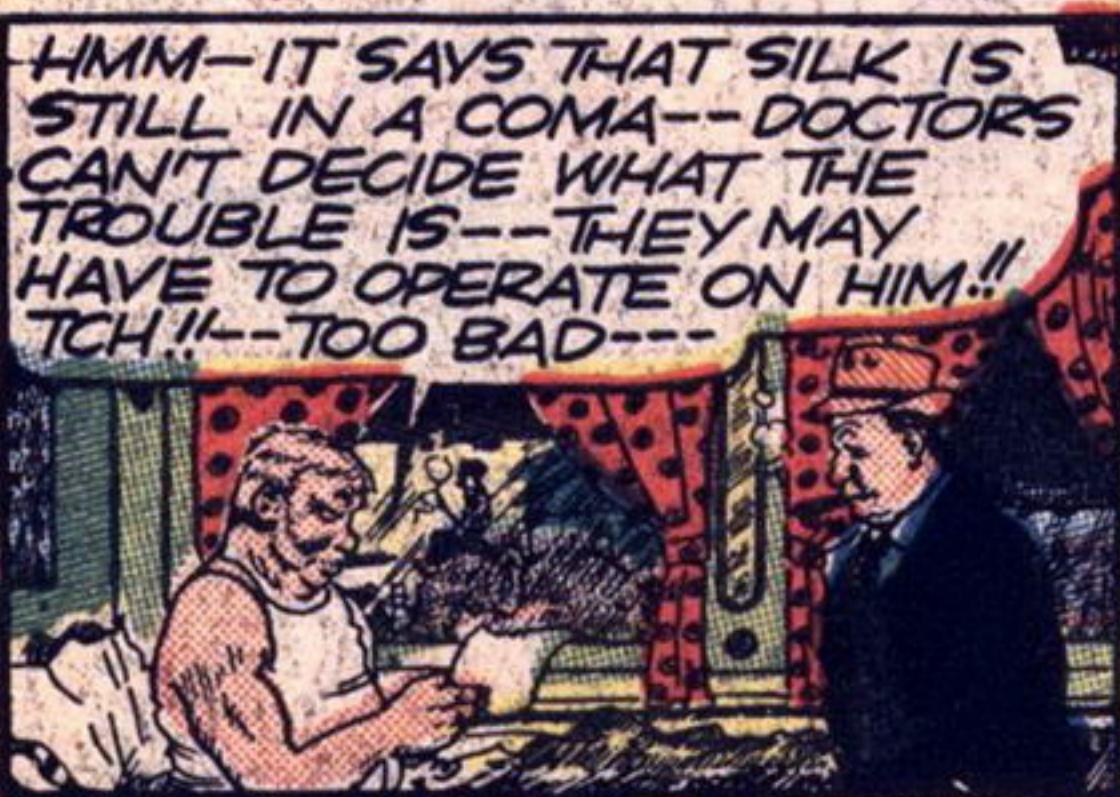
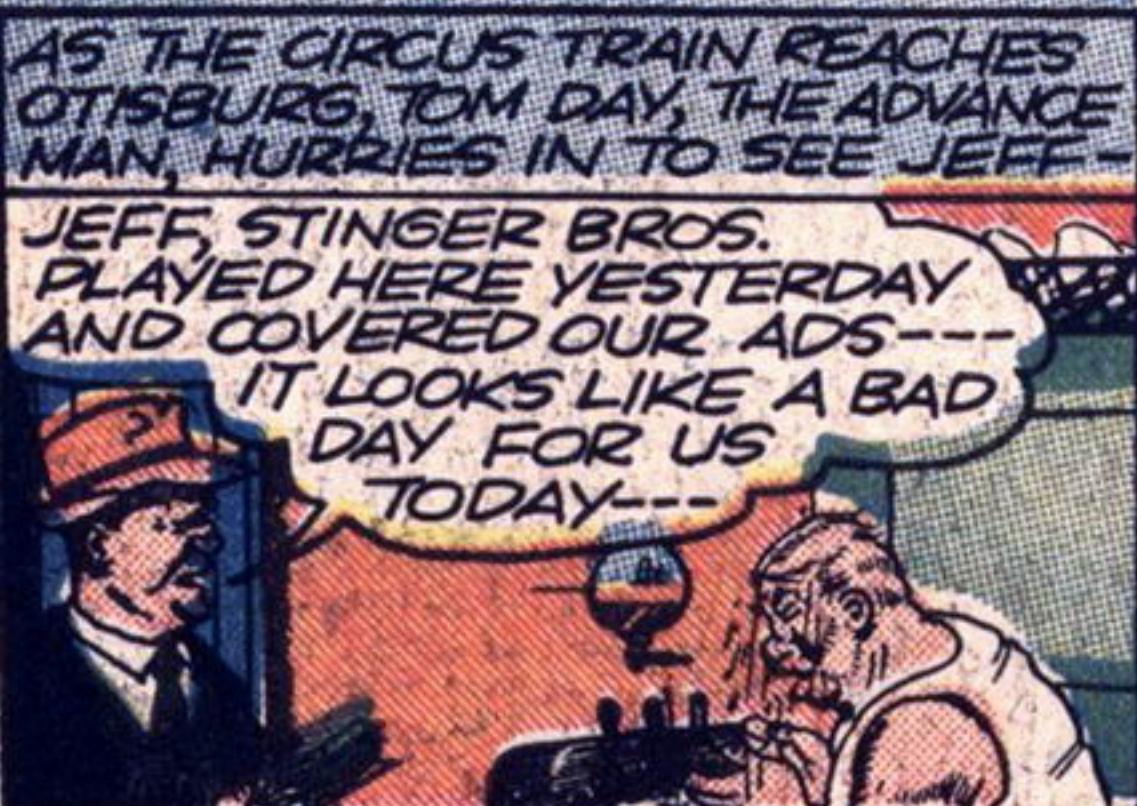


MEANWHILE, SILK FOWLER IS CARRIED TO THE REAR OF THE TENT--



BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN



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CONTINUED

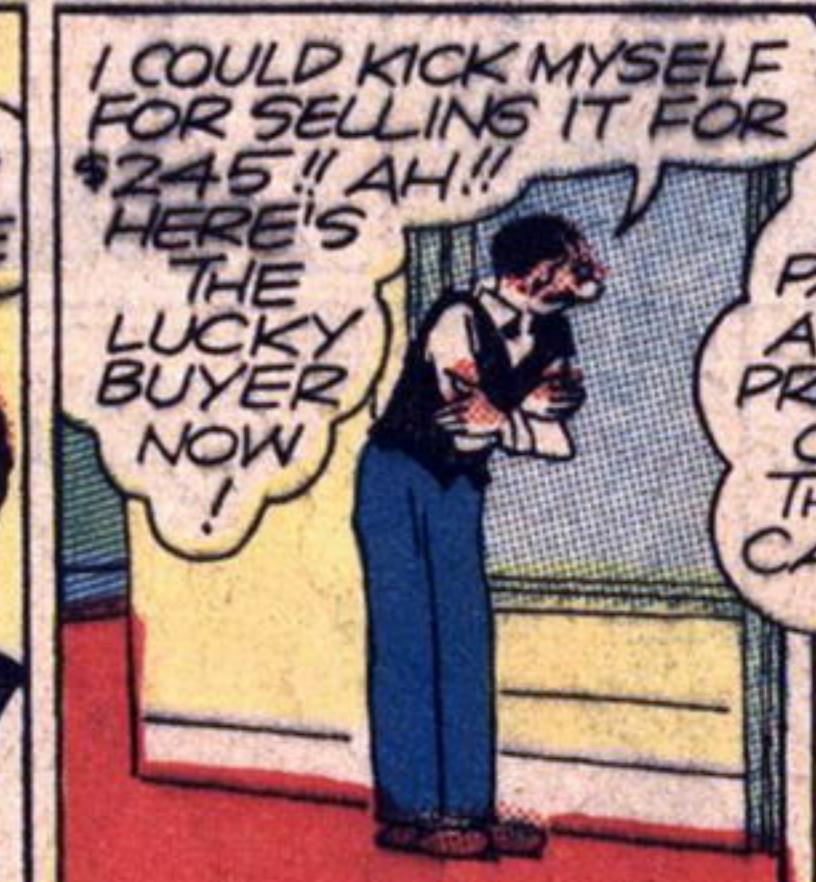
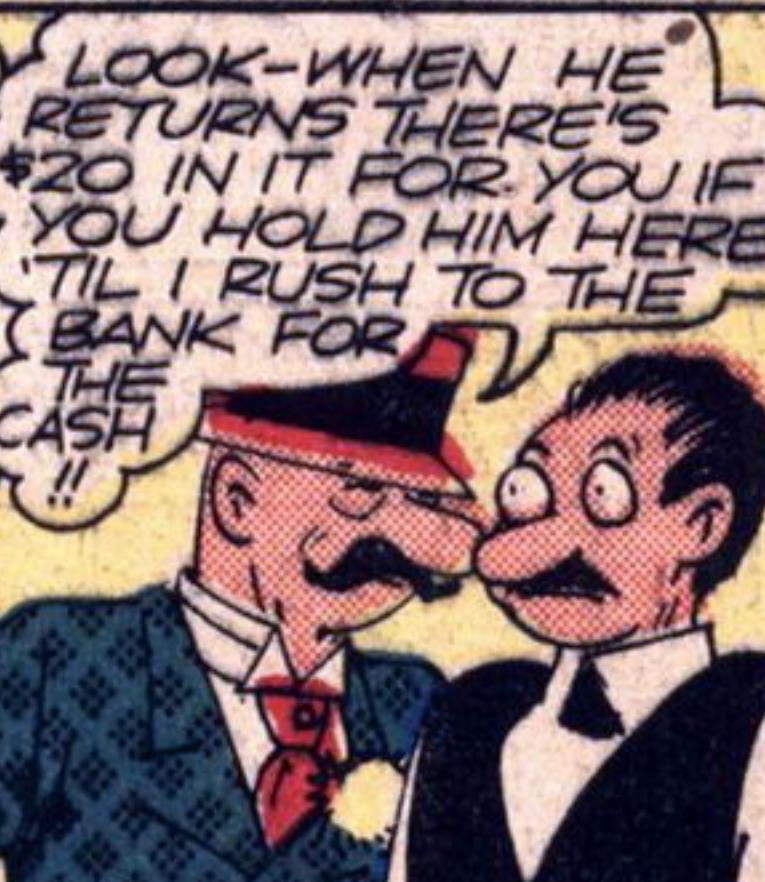
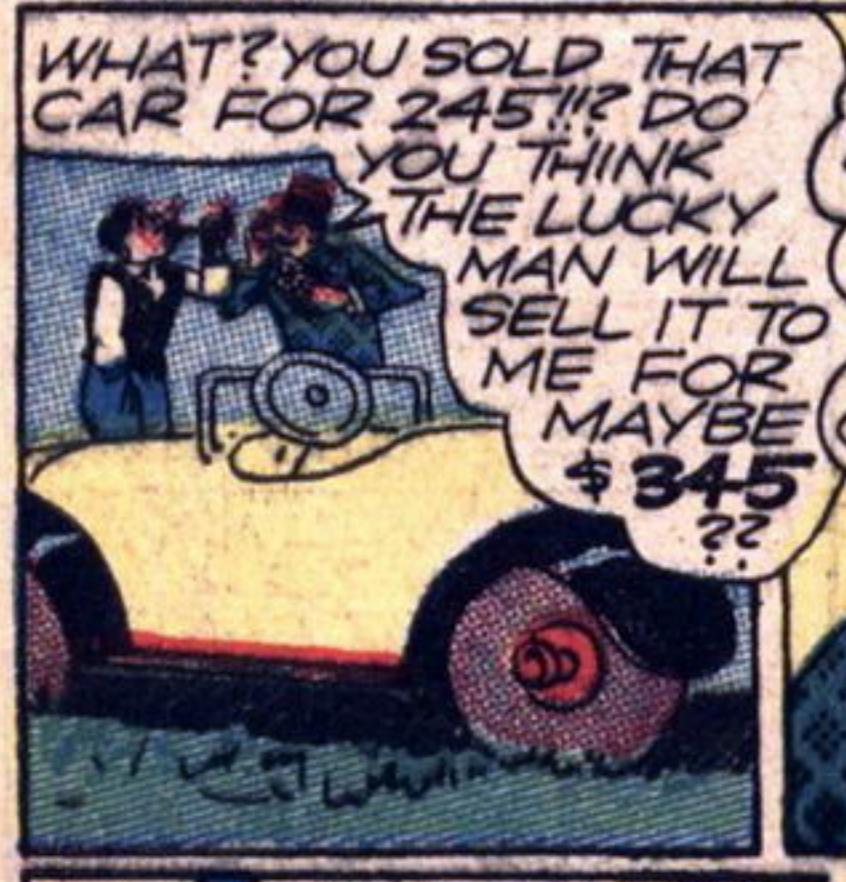
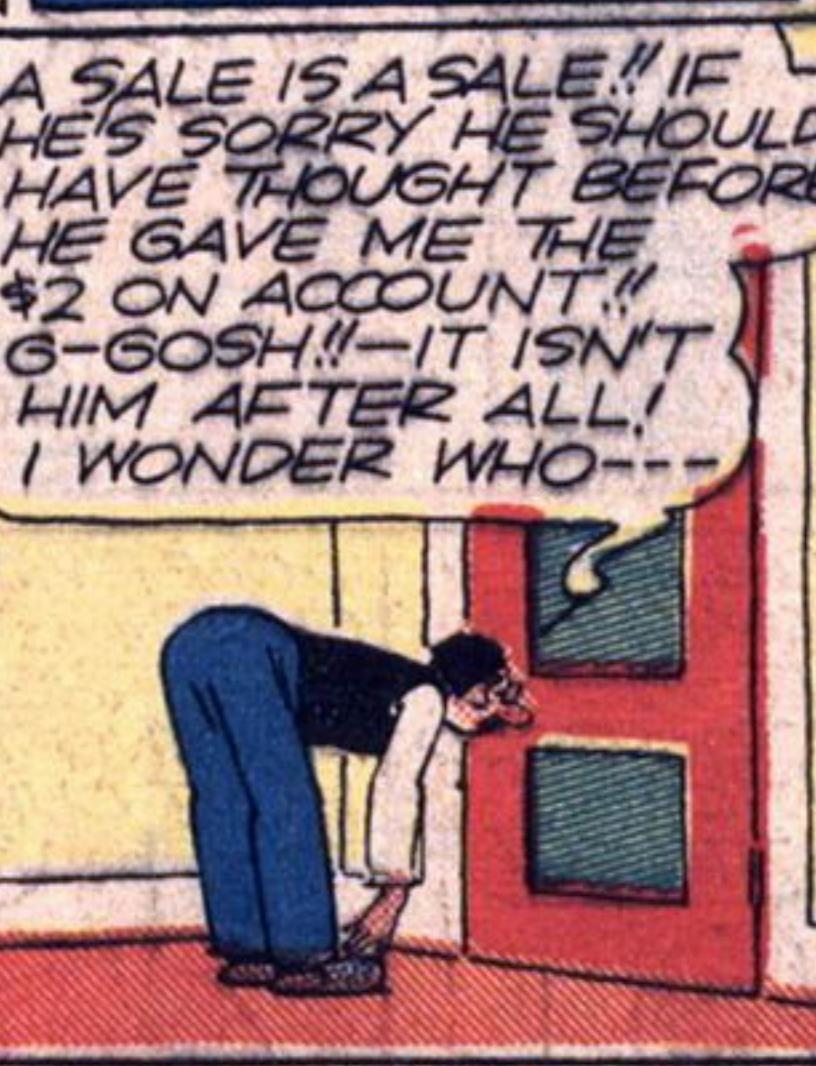
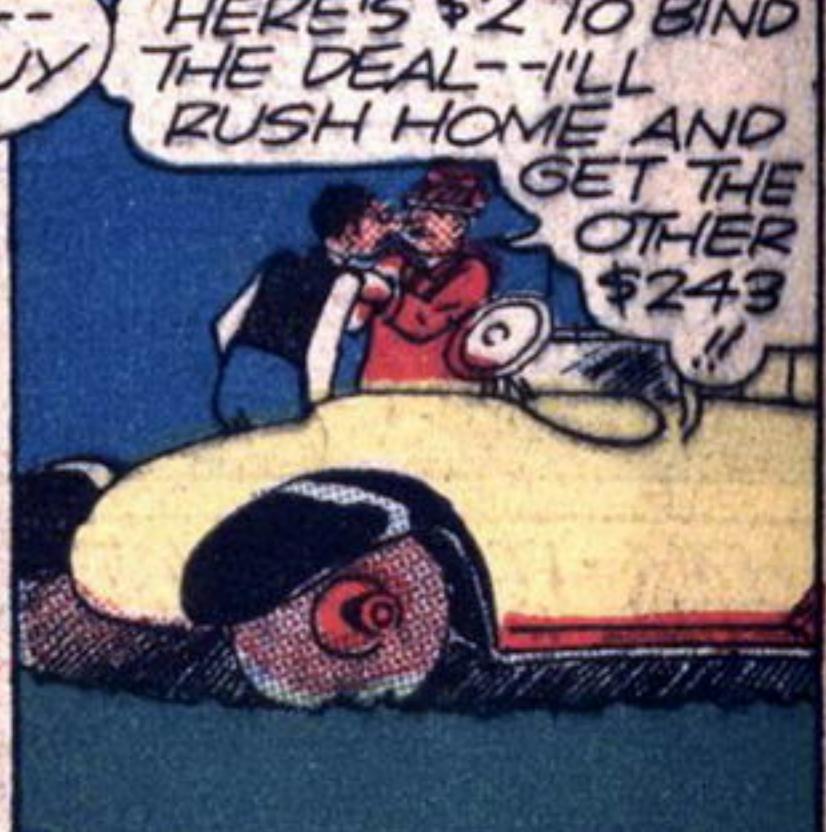
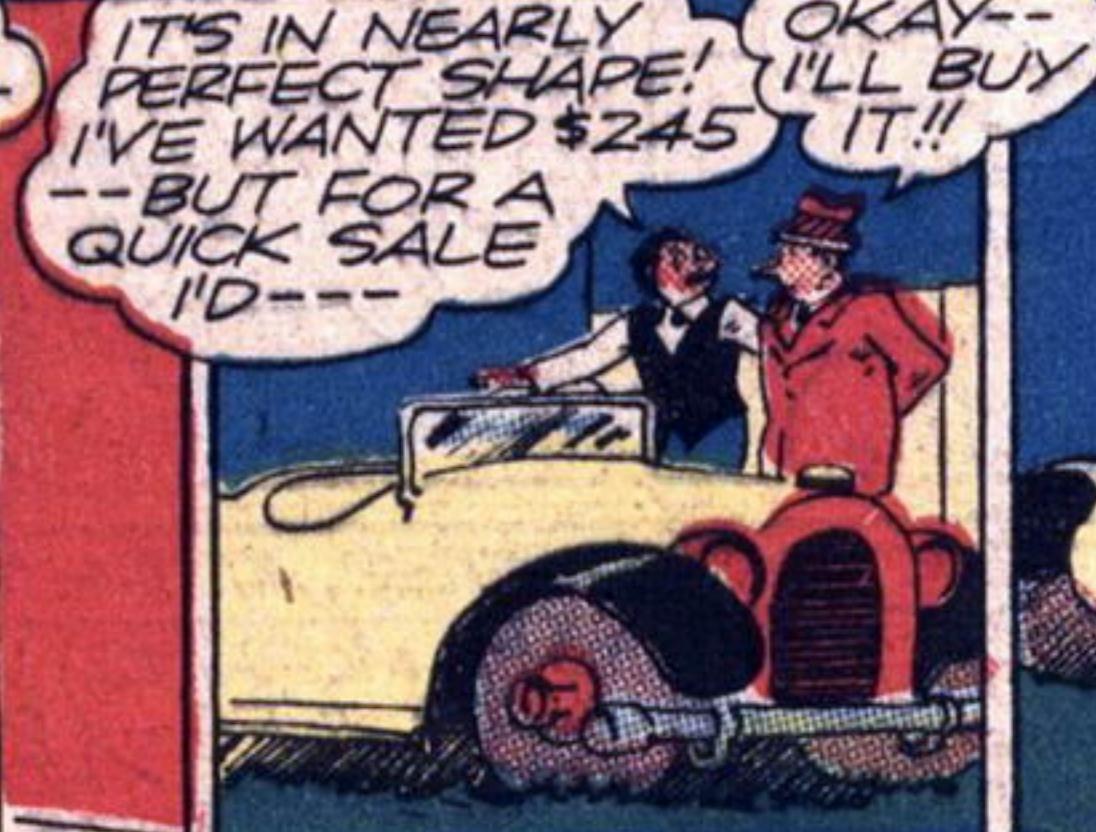
Big Top is continued in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th.



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

SOLD!

By H. J. TUTHILL
McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.

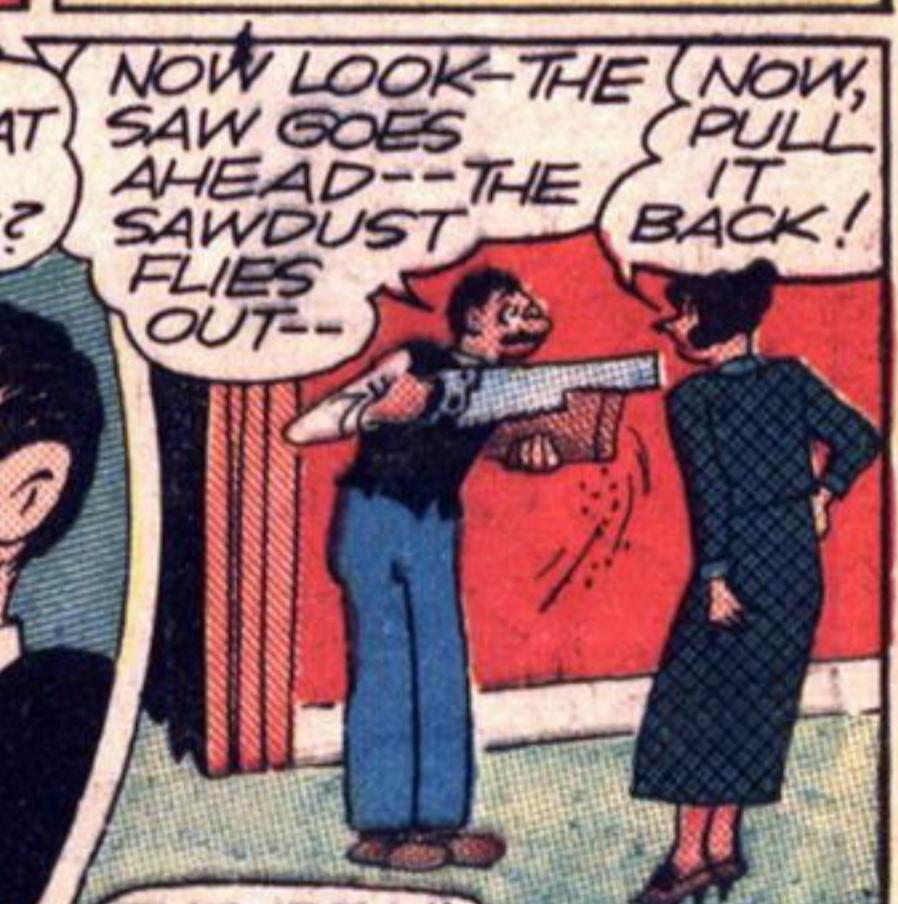
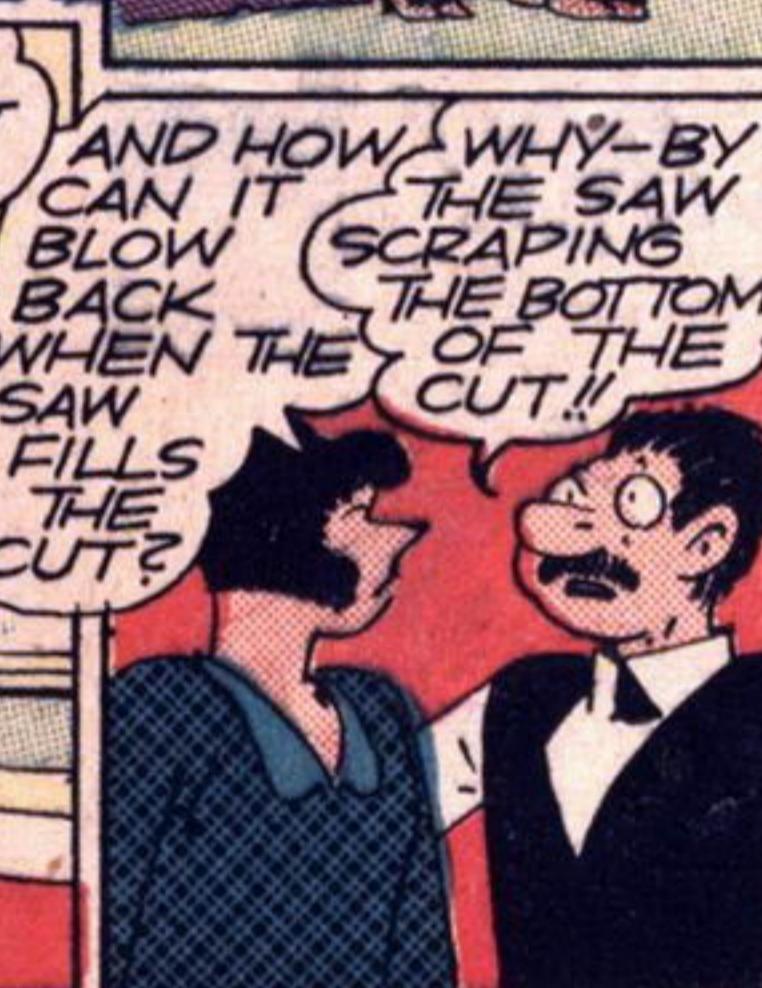


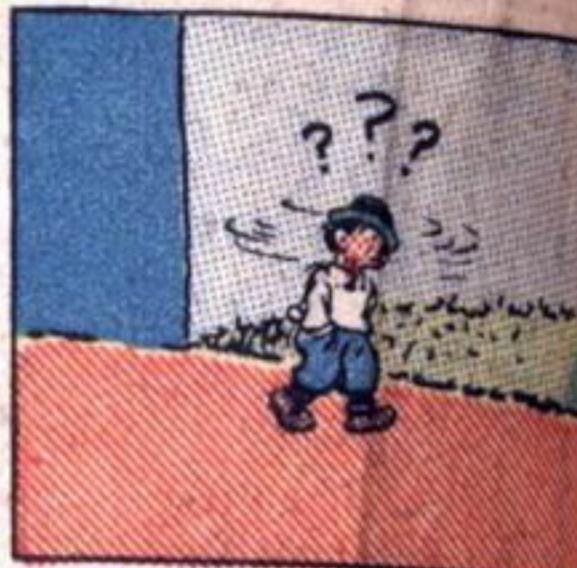
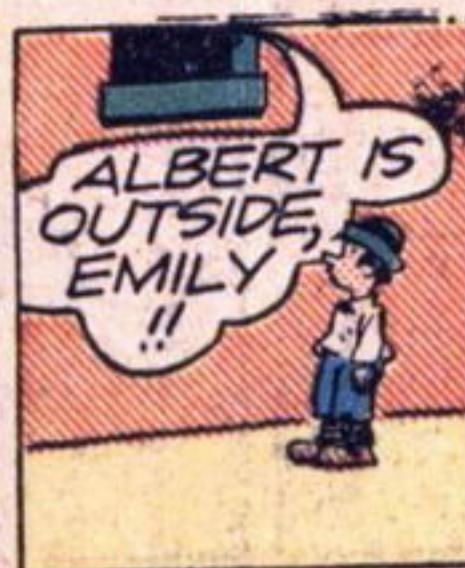
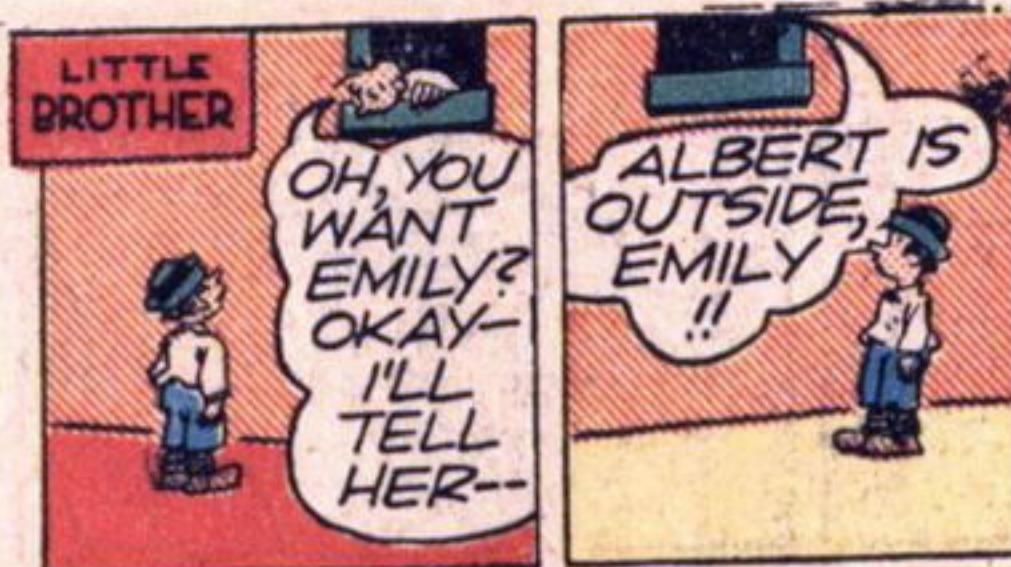


THE BUNGLE FAMILY

EDUCATION

By H. J. TUTHILL
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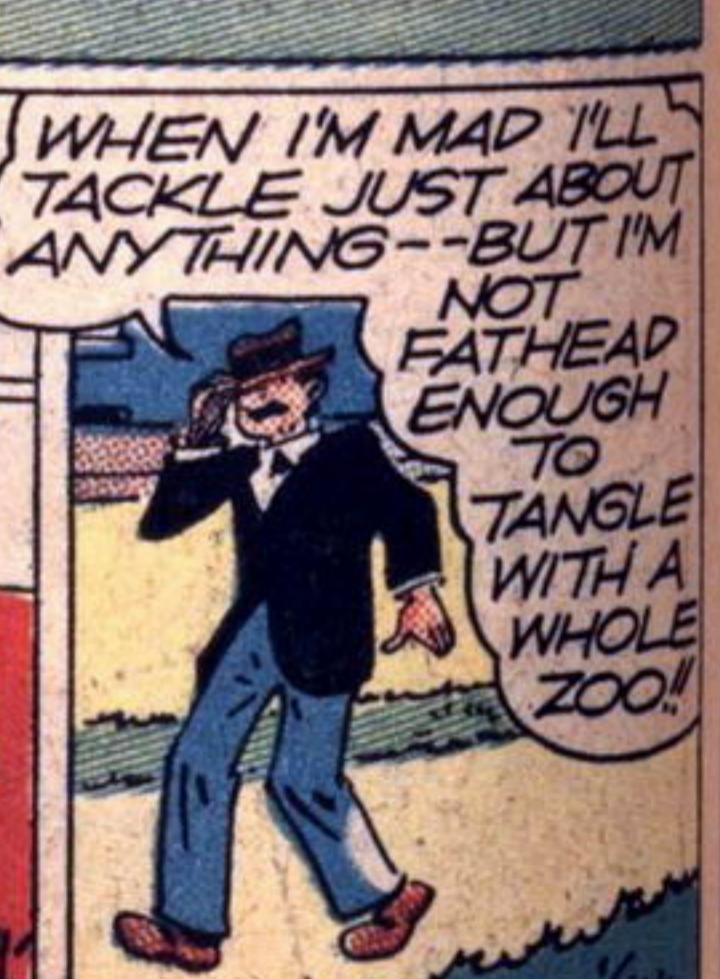
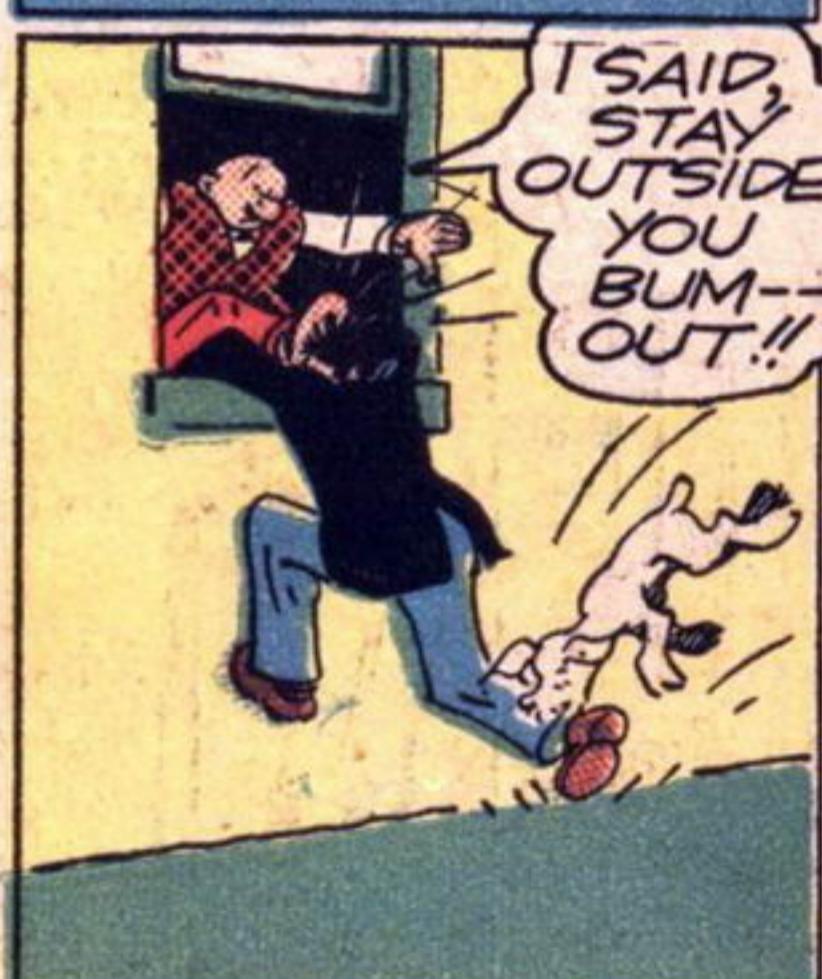
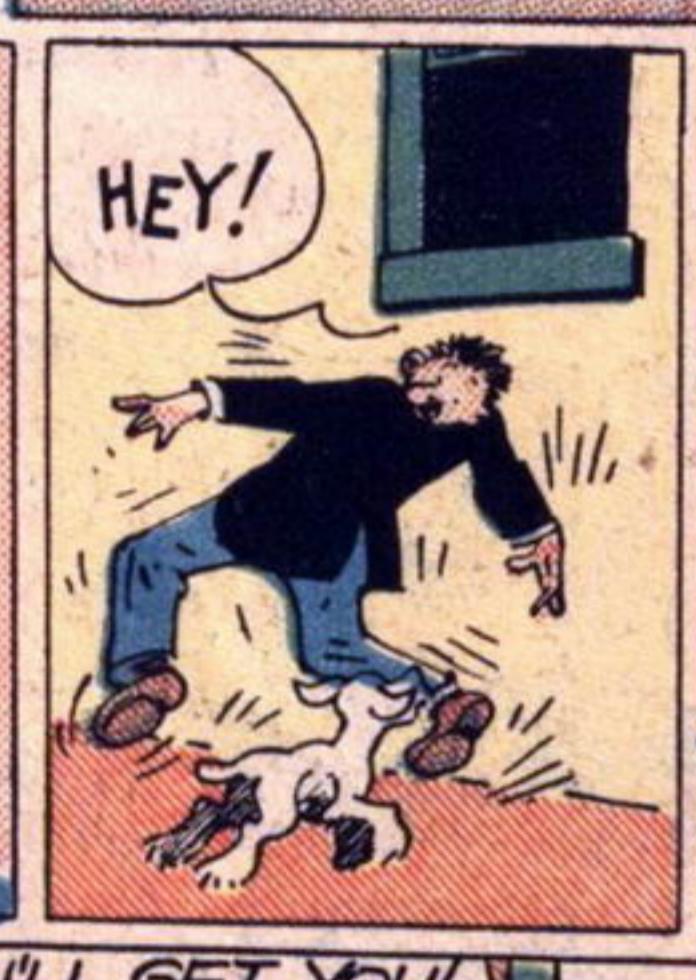




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

GEORGE KNOWS WHEN TO QUIT.

By H. J. TUTHILL
McNaugh Studios, Inc., N. Y.



Follow The Bungles in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th.

CLOCK STRIKES

THE

A
COMPLETE
STORY

GEO.
E.
BRENNER

BY



WITH THE
POLICEMENS
BALL IN
FULL
SWING, WE
FIND CAPTAIN
KANE
MAKING HIS WAY
TO THE
SMOKING
ROOM -

IF I CAN MAKE THE SMOKING
ROOM BEFORE ANY MORE SOCIETY
WOMEN INSIST THAT I GO THROUGH
ANOTHER RHUMBA, I MAY BE ABLE
TO SAVE THESE POOR FEET OF MINE
FROM POSITIVE DESTRUCTION - SAY,
THAT LOOKS LIKE BRIAN O'BRIEN -
SAY, BRIAN!



WHAT BRINGS
YOU TO THIS SHIN-
DIG, MY
BOY?

HELLO, CAPTAIN -
WELL, IT'S A LONG
STORY -

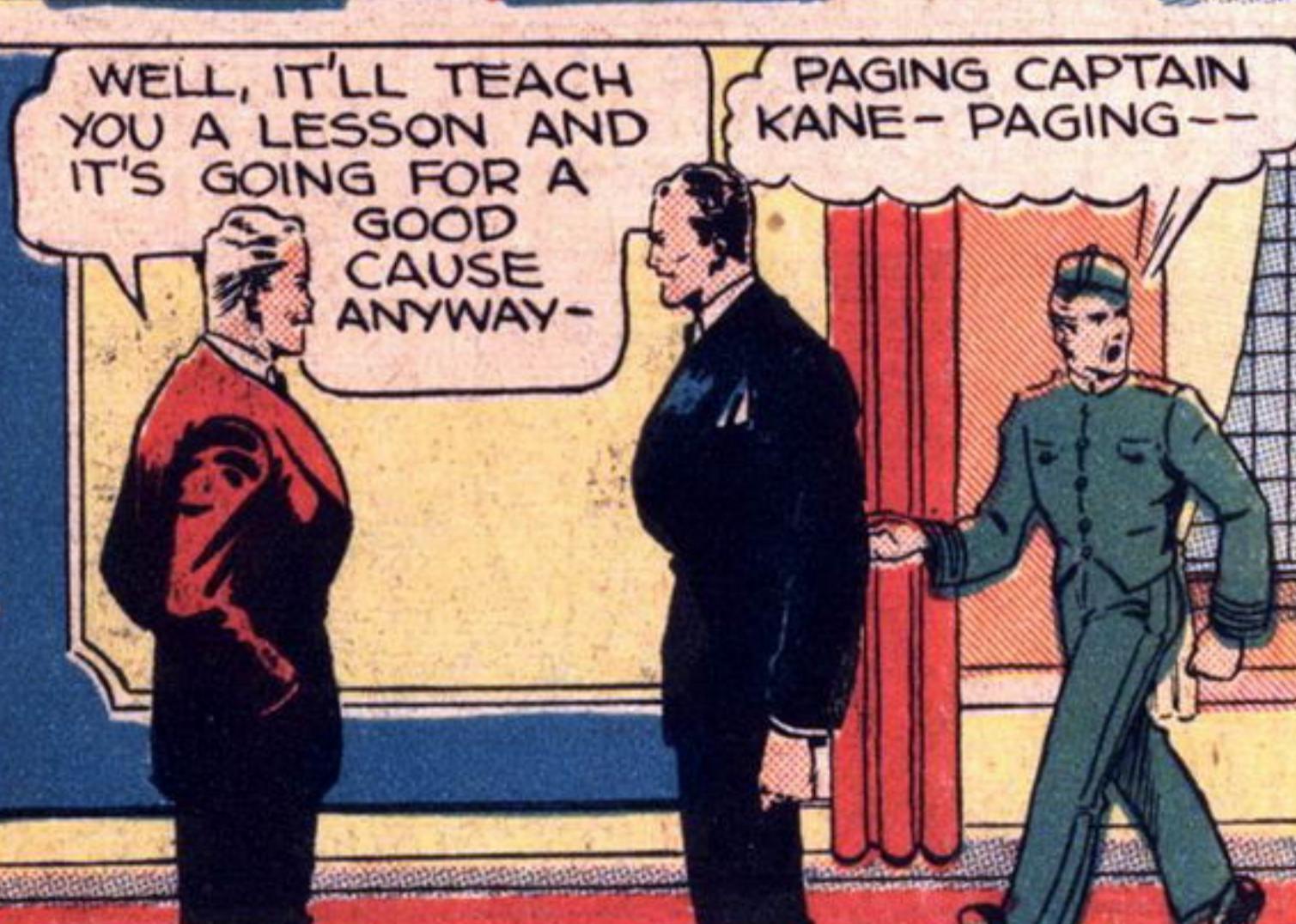


THE OTHER DAY ONE OF YOUR BOYS
CAUGHT ME SPEEDING AND IT WAS A
CASE OF GETTING ONE TICKET AND
PAYING TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, OR
BUYING TEN TICKETS FOR THIS BALL -
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR
QUESTION?



WELL, IT'LL TEACH
YOU A LESSON AND
IT'S GOING FOR A
GOOD
CAUSE
ANYWAY -

PAGING CAPTAIN
KANE - PAGING -



CAPTAIN KANE -
LIEUTENANT KYLE
WANTS TO SPEAK TO
YOU IMMEDIATELY -
HE SAYS IT'S
IMPORTANT!

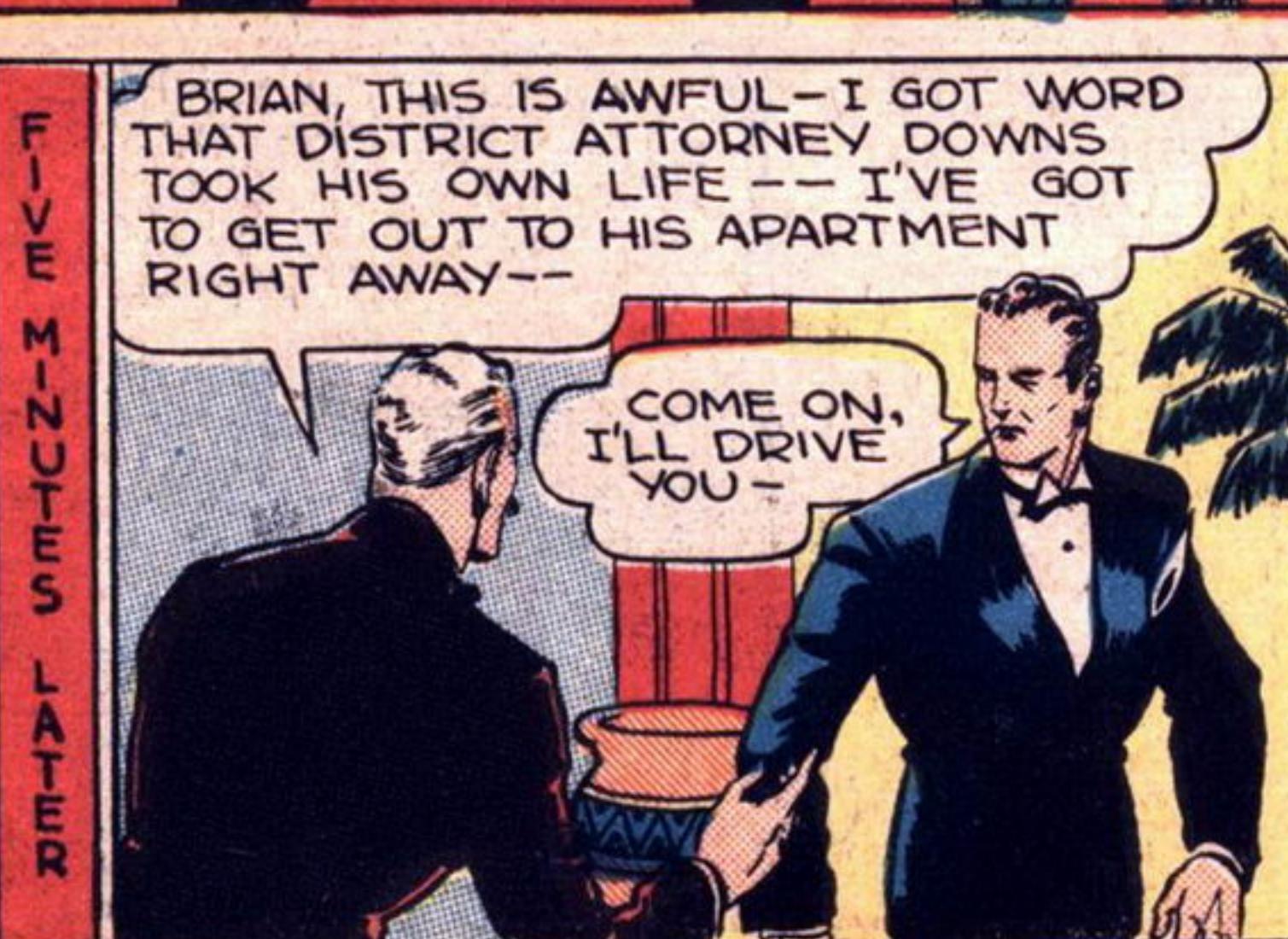
THANKS - EXCUSE
ME A MOMENT,
BRIAN -



FIVE
MINUTES
LATER

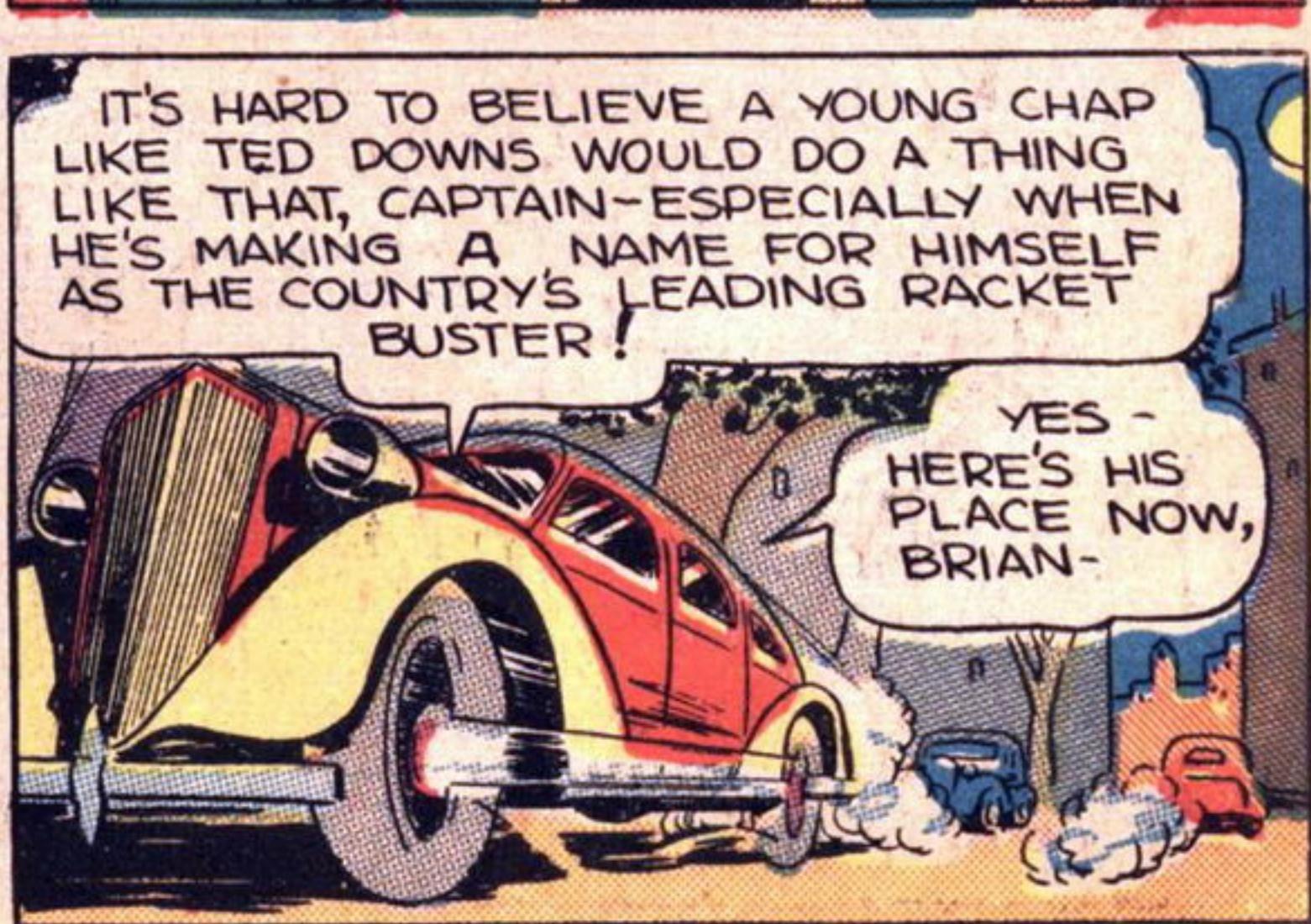
BRIAN, THIS IS AWFUL - I GOT WORD
THAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY DOWNS
TOOK HIS OWN LIFE -- I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT TO HIS APARTMENT
RIGHT AWAY --

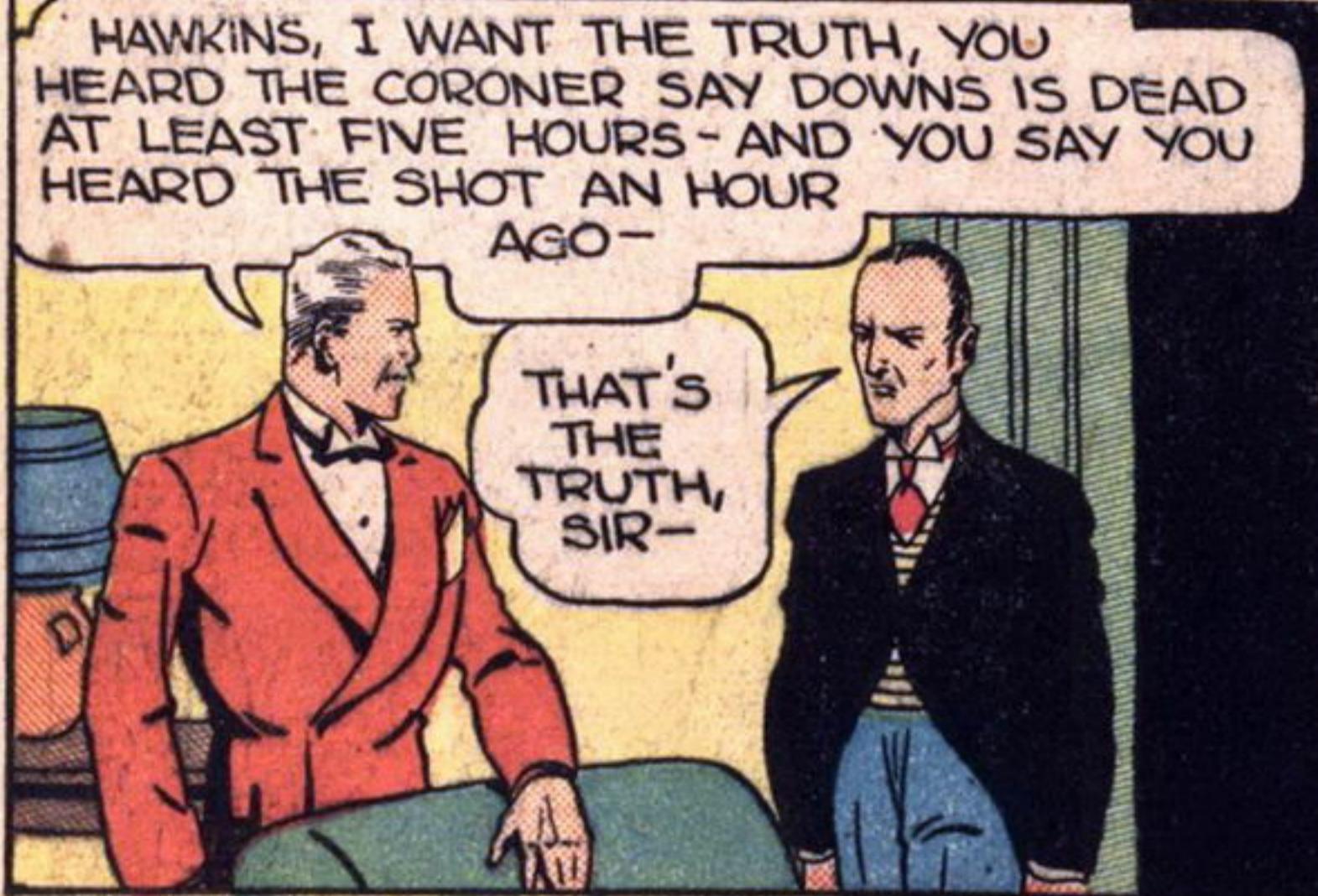
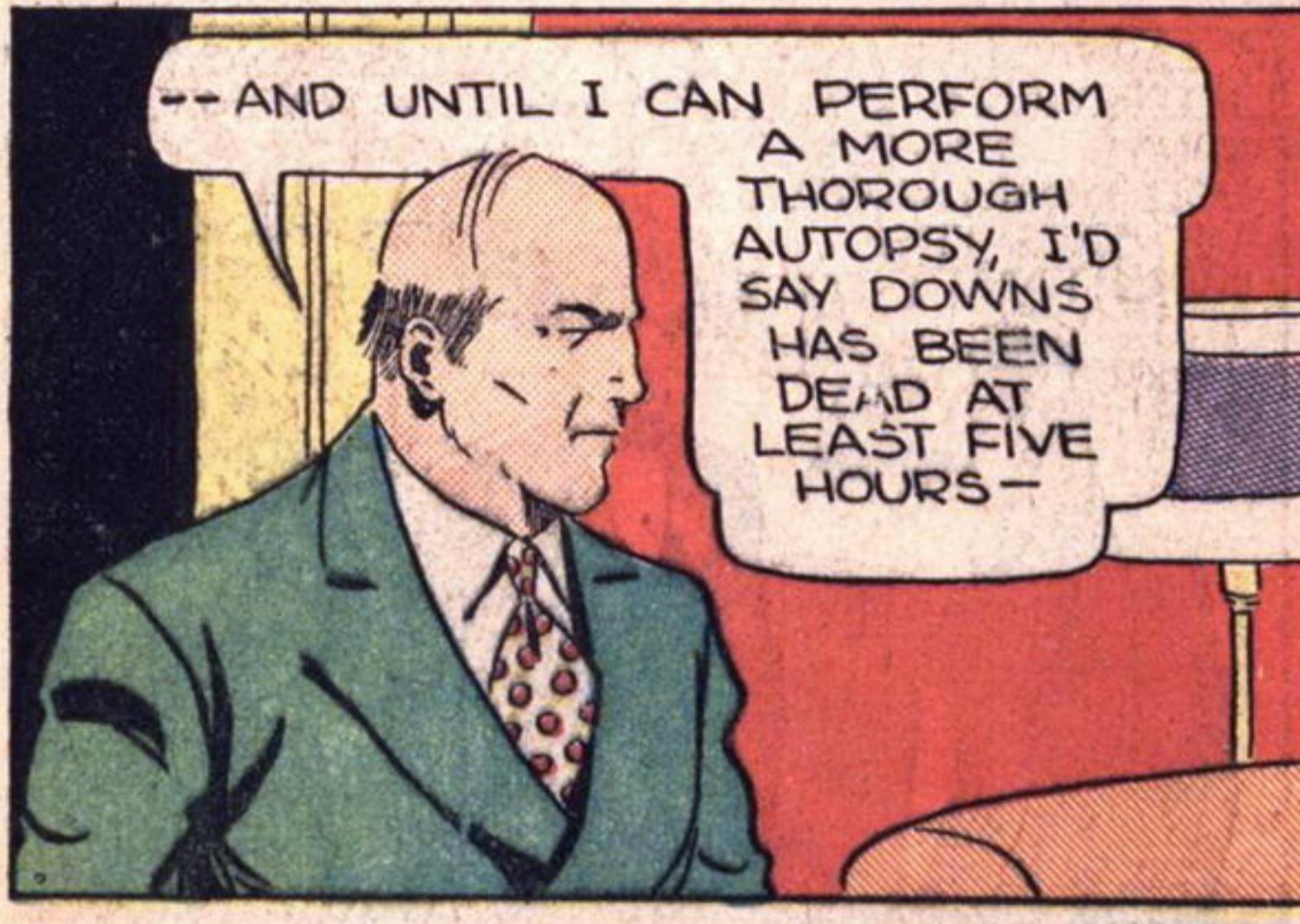
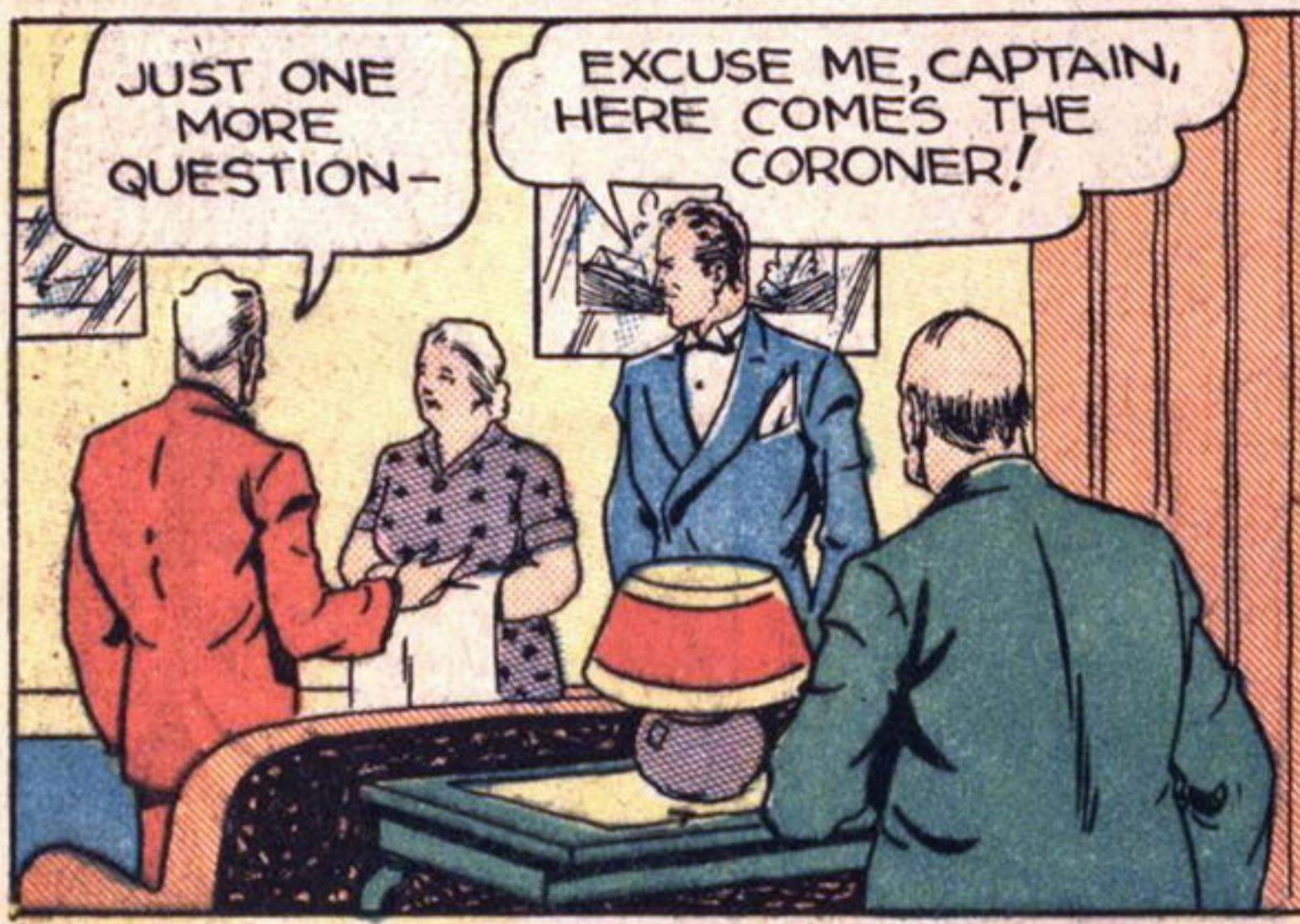
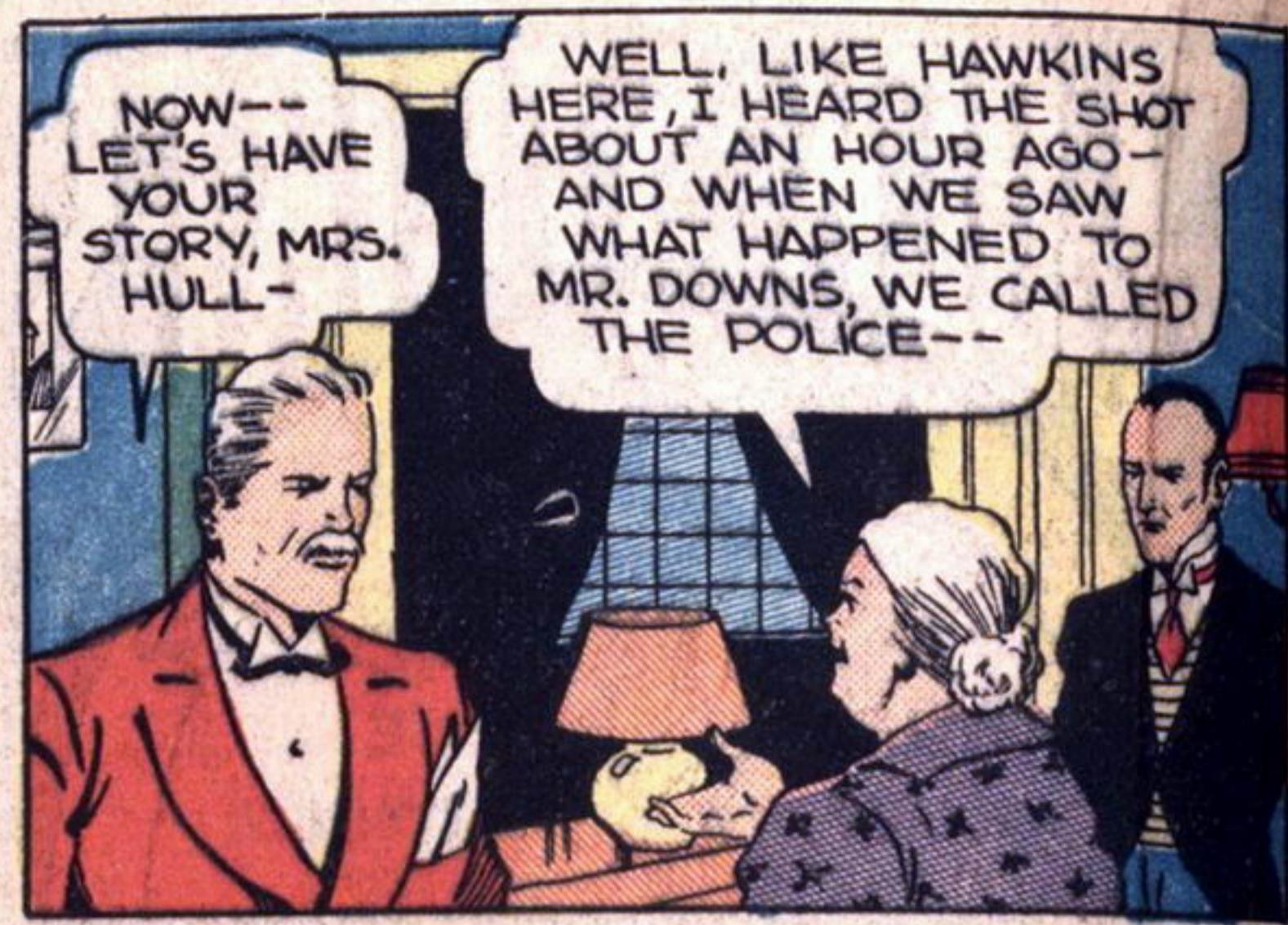
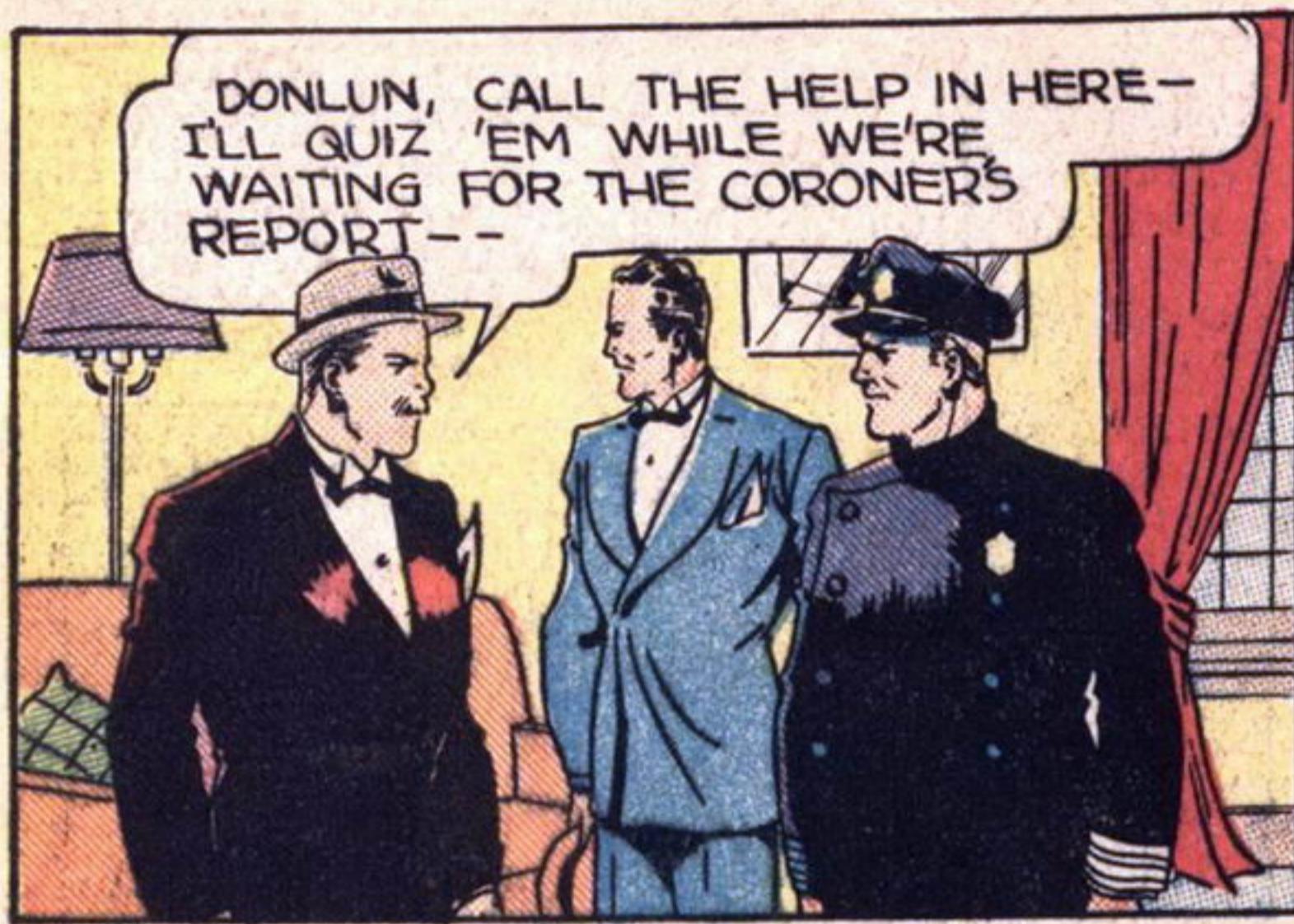
COME ON,
I'LL DRIVE
YOU -

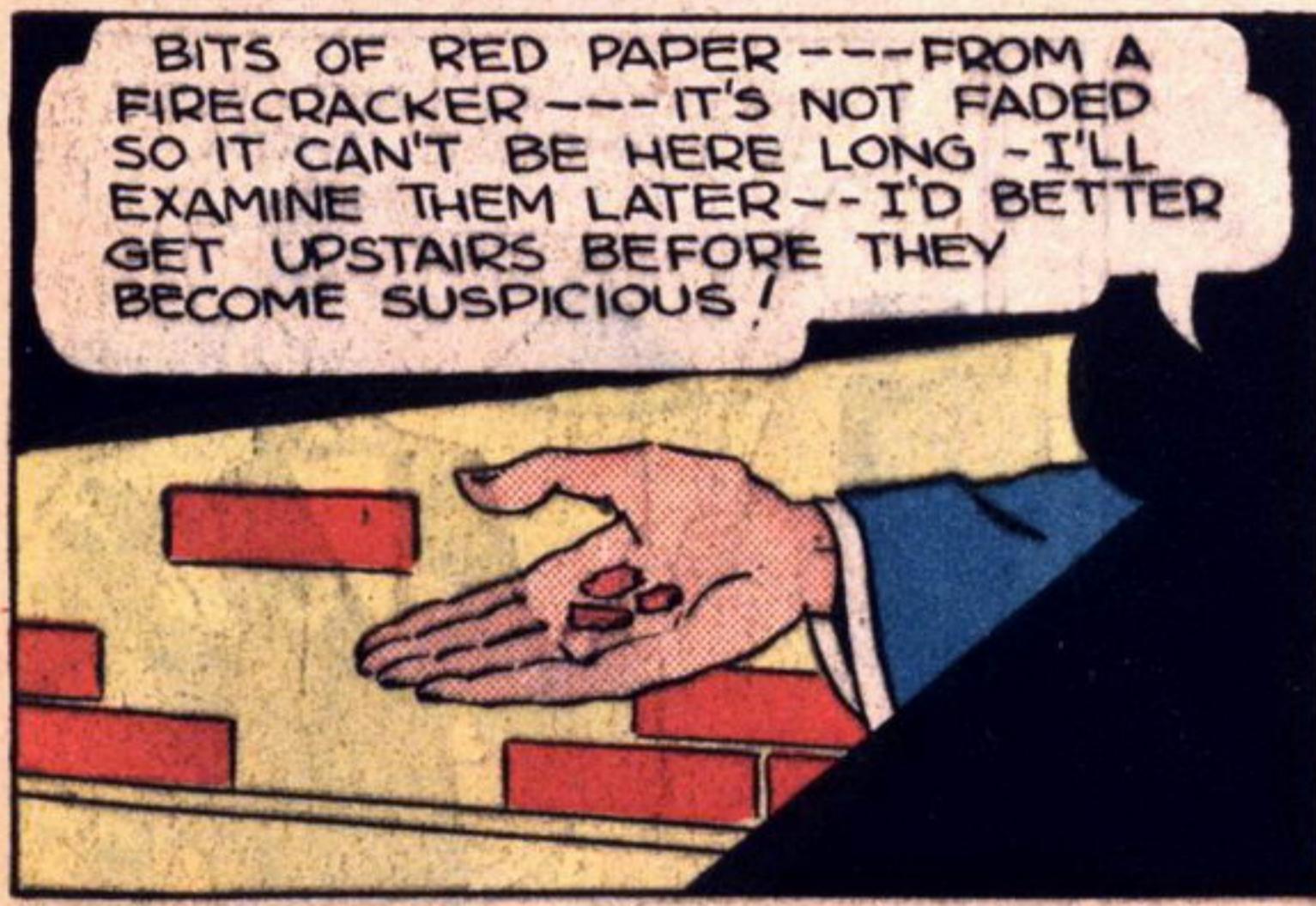
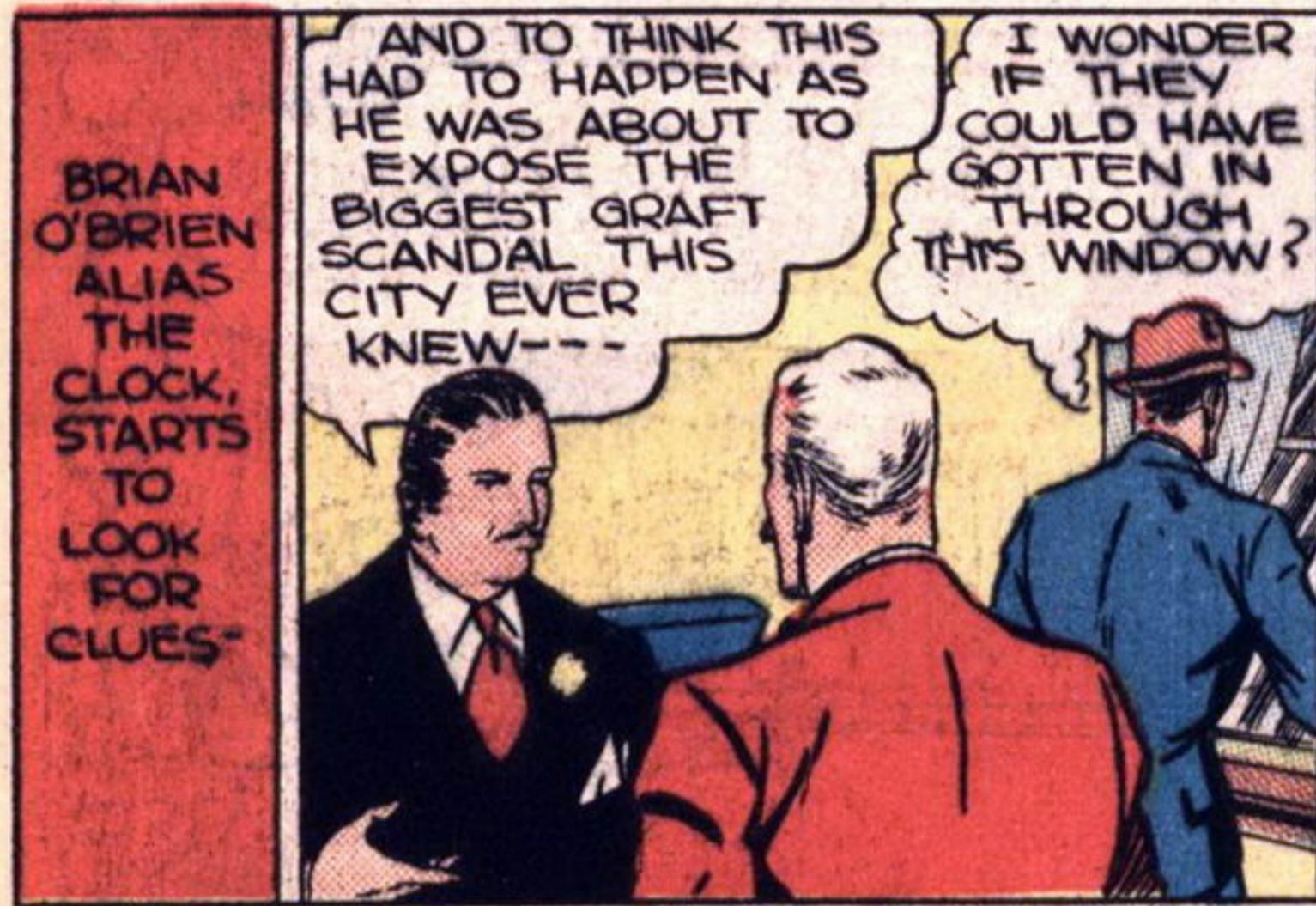
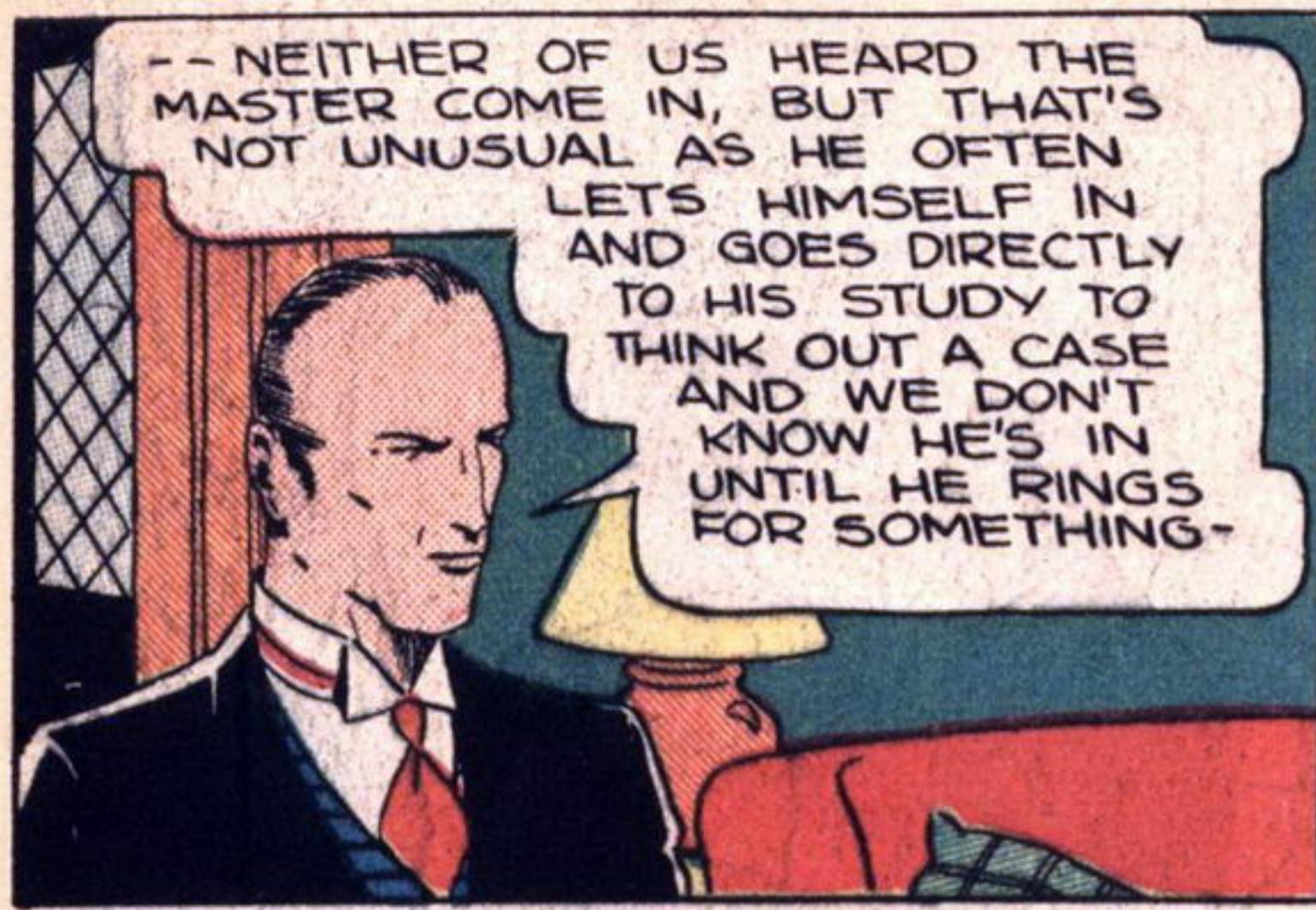


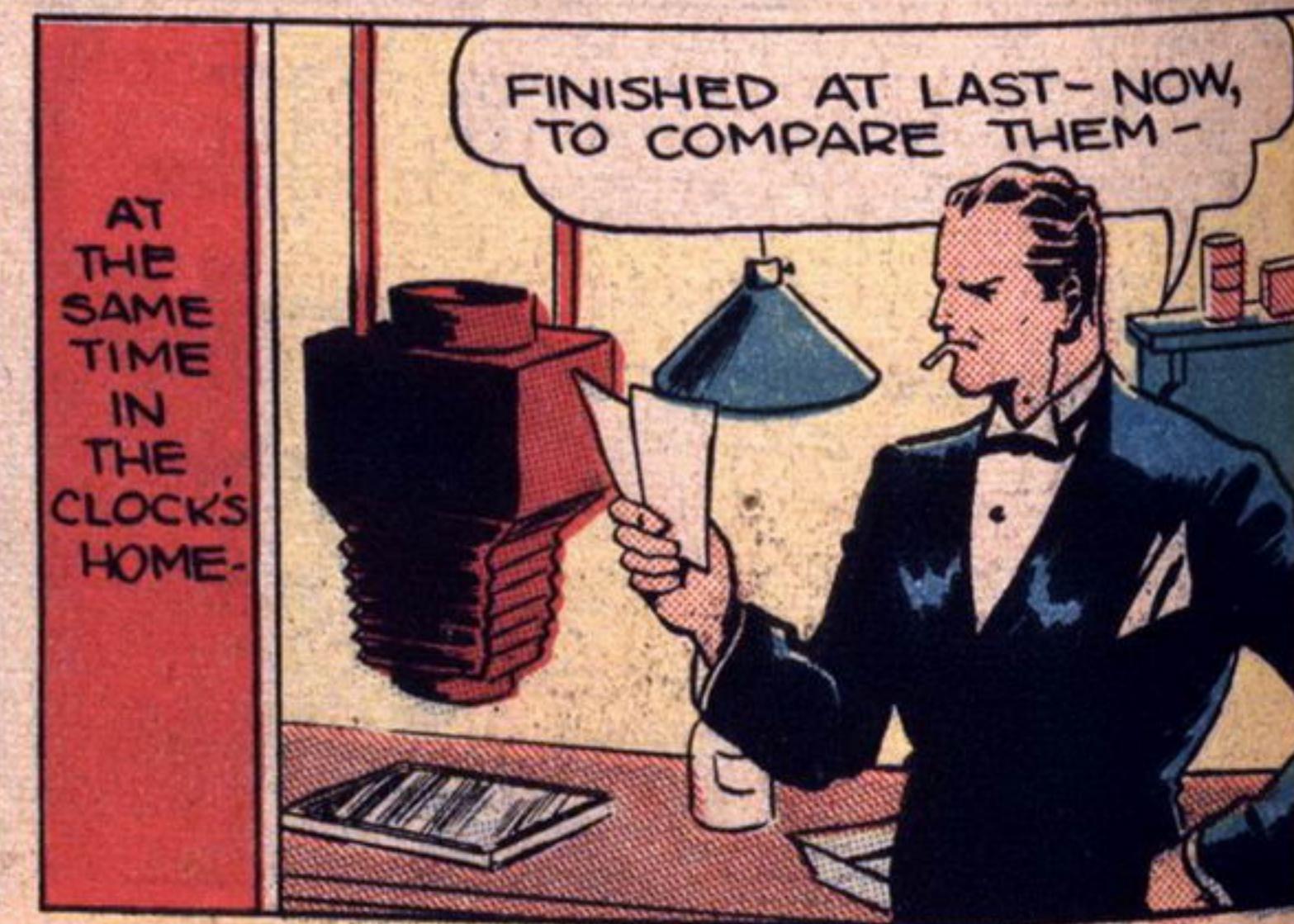
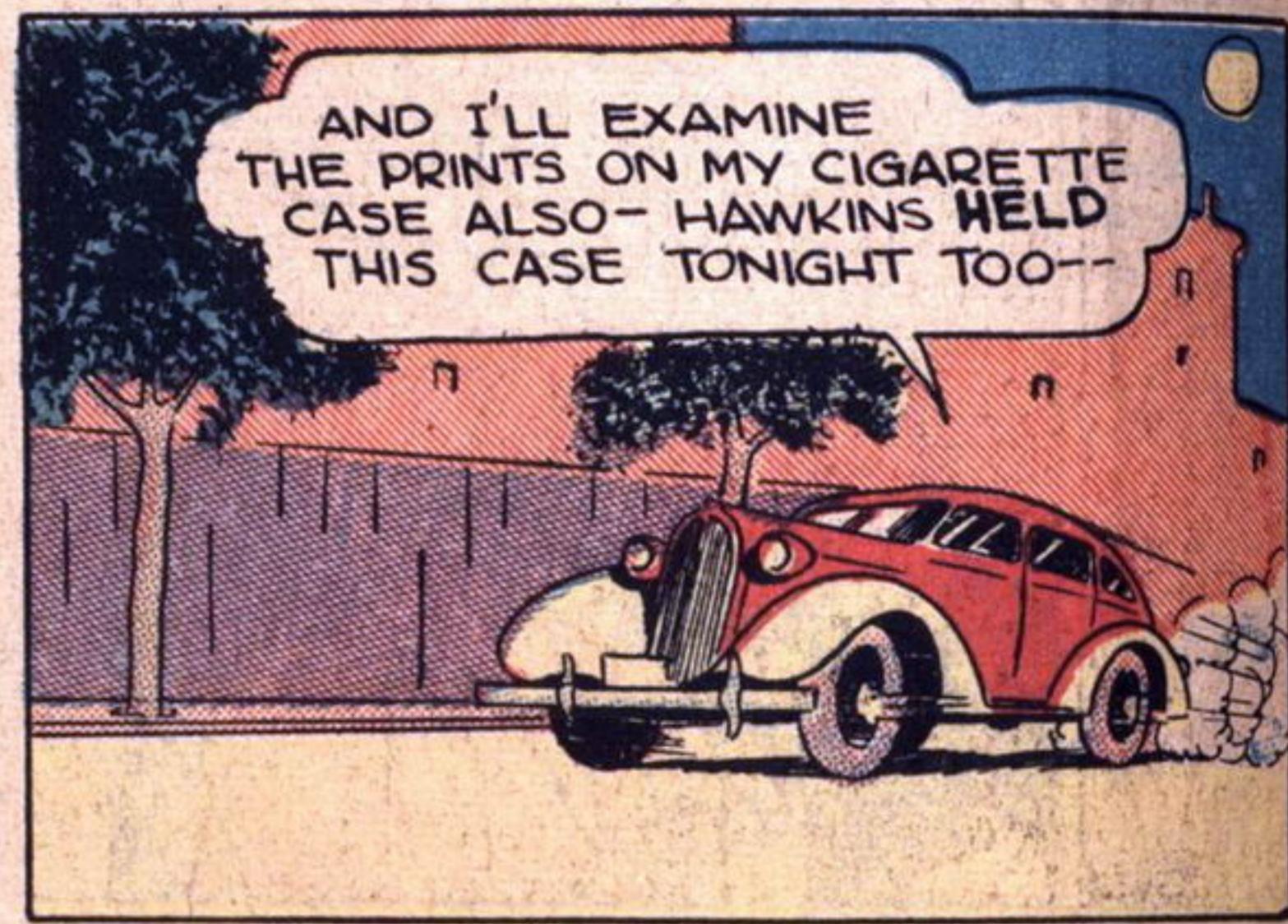
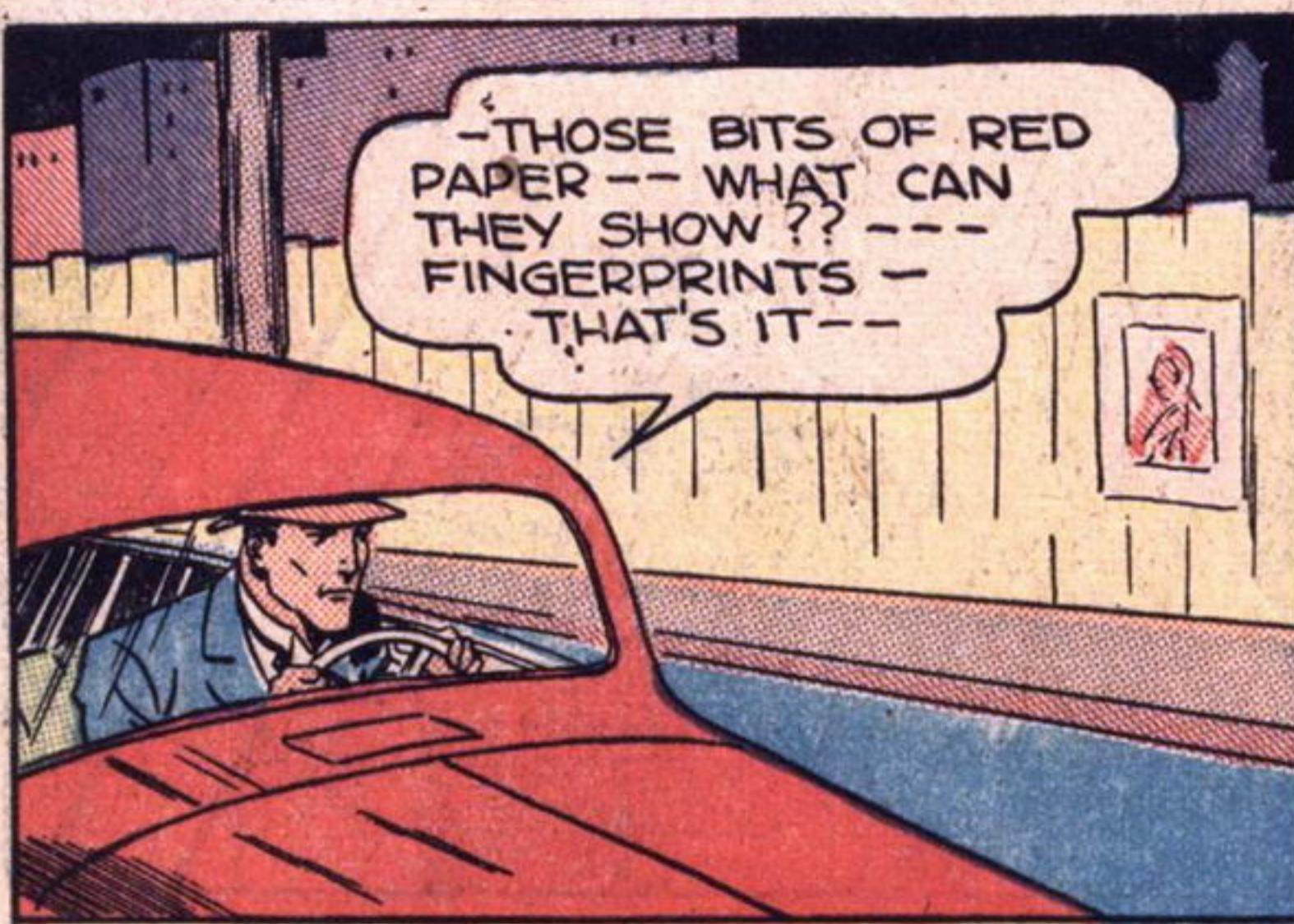
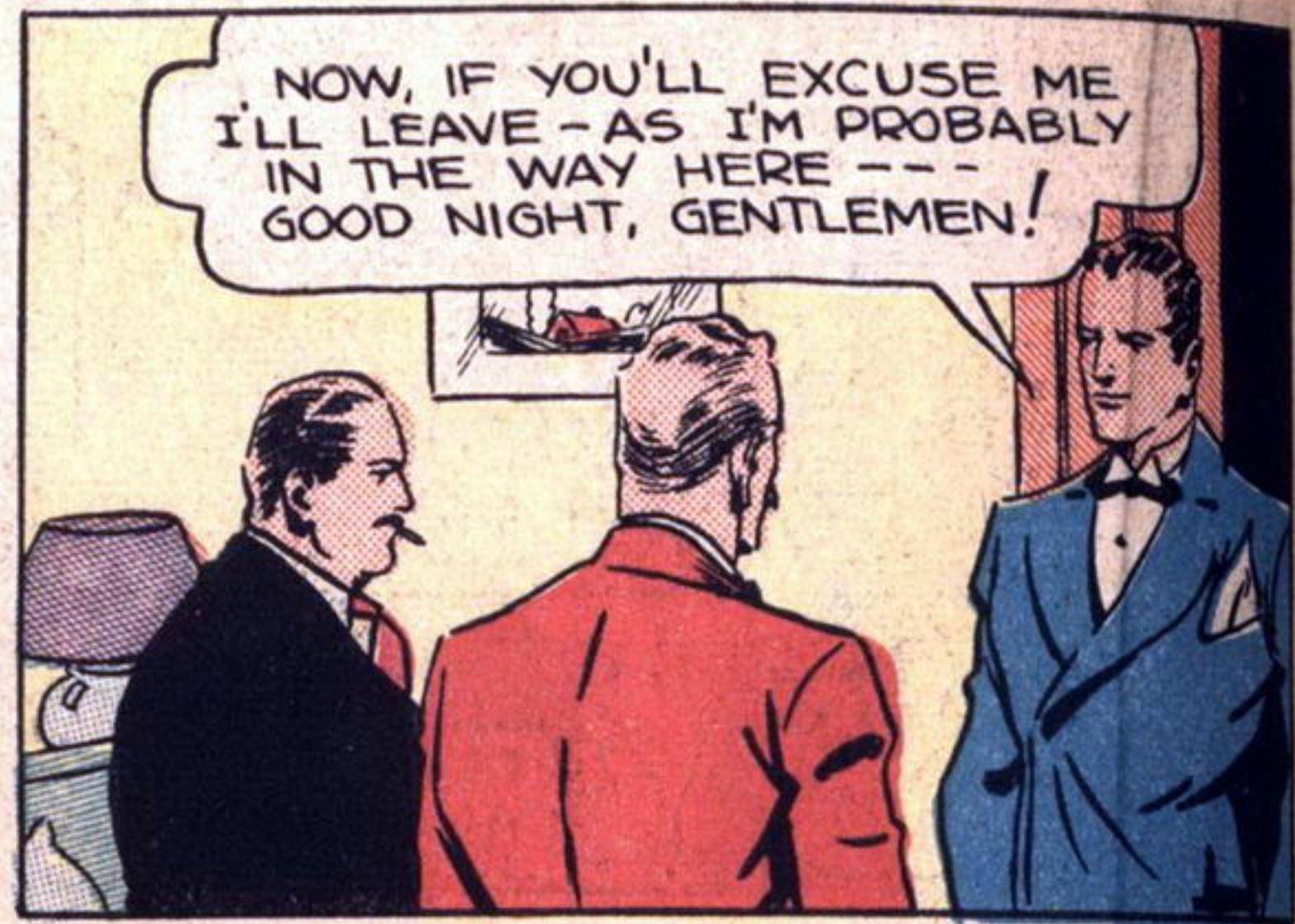
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE A YOUNG CHAP
LIKE TED DOWNS WOULD DO A THING
LIKE THAT, CAPTAIN - ESPECIALLY WHEN
HE'S MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF
AS THE COUNTRY'S LEADING RACKET
BUSTER!

YES -
HERE'S HIS
PLACE NOW,
BRIAN -









THIS TELLS THE WHOLE STORY,
I THINK I'LL PAY DOWNS'
MURDERER A VISIT---

PRINT FOUND
ON RED PAPER-

PRINTS
ON CASE

IT PROBABLY HAPPENED THIS WAY,
DOWNS AND HIS KILLER ENTERED
THE APARTMENT AND WENT TO HIS
STUDY UNKNOWN TO THE SERVANTS
---- AND WITH A SILENCED GUN,
THE KILLER SHOT DOWNS AT CLOSE
RANGE, REMOVED THE SILENCER,
AND PUT THE GUN IN DOWNS' HAND-
THEN TOOK QUITE SOME
TIME TO OPEN THE SAFE
OR FIND THE COMBINATION
TO IT--

-- HE SECURED THE EVIDENCE - THEN
LIT A FIRECRACKER AND TOSSED
IT INTO THE COURTYARD SO IT
SOUNDED LIKE A GUN-SHOT, AND
THEN SLIPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE
BEFORE THE SERVANTS
CAME - HERE
WE ARE - -

THE
CLOCK
ENTERS
THE
MURDERER'S
HOME
AND
HAS
LITTLE
TROUBLE
OPENING
THE
SAFE-

-JUST AS I THOUGHT--
DOWNS' REPORT ON THE
GRAFT SCANDAL--

I'LL LEAVE MY
CARD AND SCARE
THIS RAT INTO
CATCHING
HIMSELF IN
HIS OWN
TRAP-

THE NEXT MORNING

GOOD MORNING, CAPTAIN-- THIS
IS THE CLOCK -- I'M SENDING
THE MISSING DOWNS REPORT
TO YOU BY
MESSENGER!
IN IT YOU'LL
FIND THE NAME
OF THE CROOK
HE WAS GOING
TO EXPOSE--
OH YES --

THE MURDERER WILL WALK INTO
YOUR OFFICE WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS,
YOU CAN CHECK THIS BY AN "L" SHAPED
SCAR ON HIS THUMB- AND HE'LL TELL
YOU HE WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT BY
THE CLOCK-

JUST A MOMENT,
MR. CLOCK--
SOMEONE'S
COMING IN
NOW--

KANE, I WANT
A DRAGNET PUT
OUT FOR THE
CLOCK
IMMEDIATELY-
HE --

MAYOR TULL, I
ARREST YOU FOR
THE MURDER OF
TED DOWNS!

THAT'S YOUR
MAN,
CAPTAIN!

CLICK!

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About
Ted Lyons'
Terrible
Disappoint-
ment

The youthful Chi-
cago White Sox
pitcher is standing
the Washington
Senators on their
eyebrows.

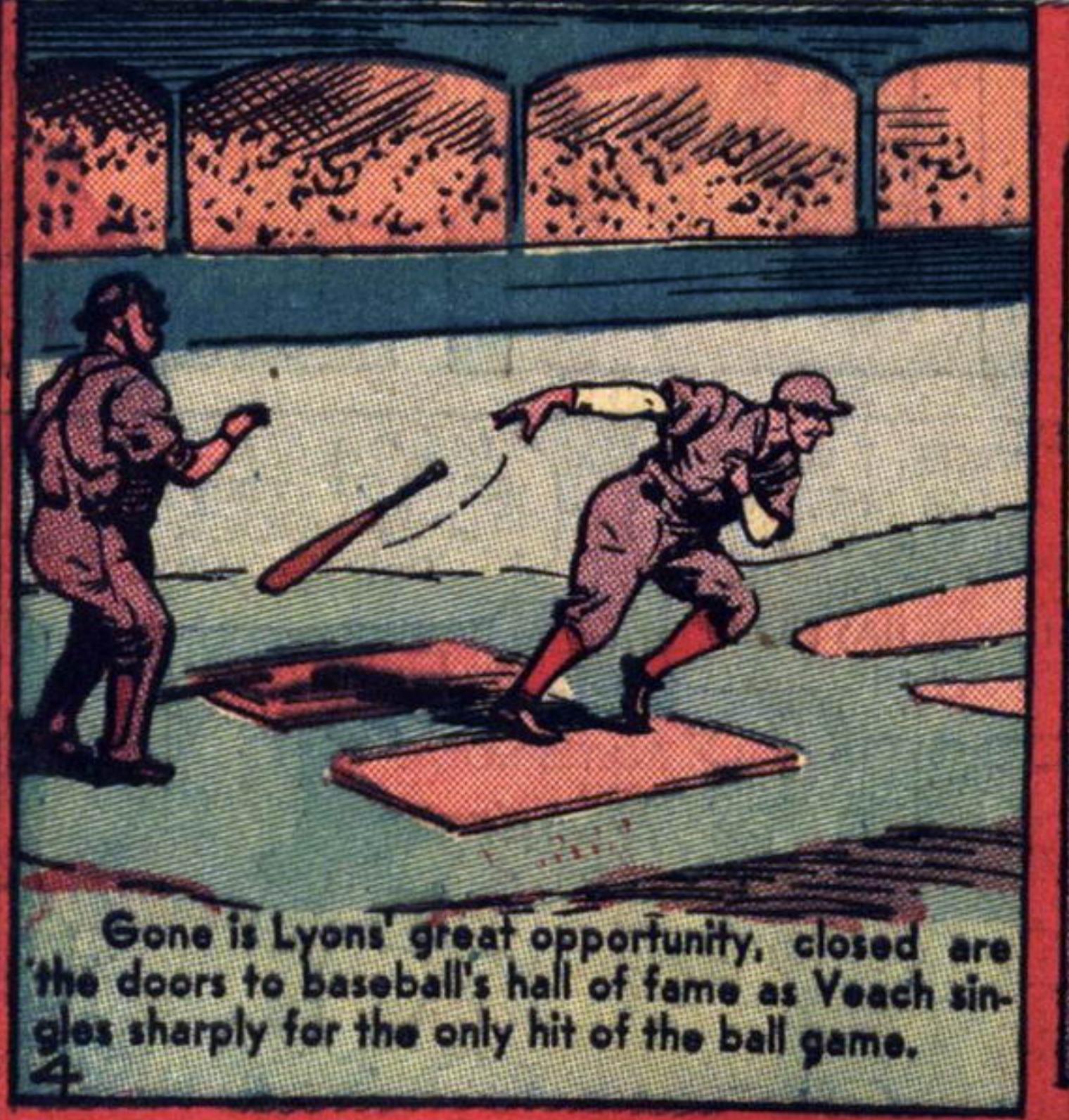


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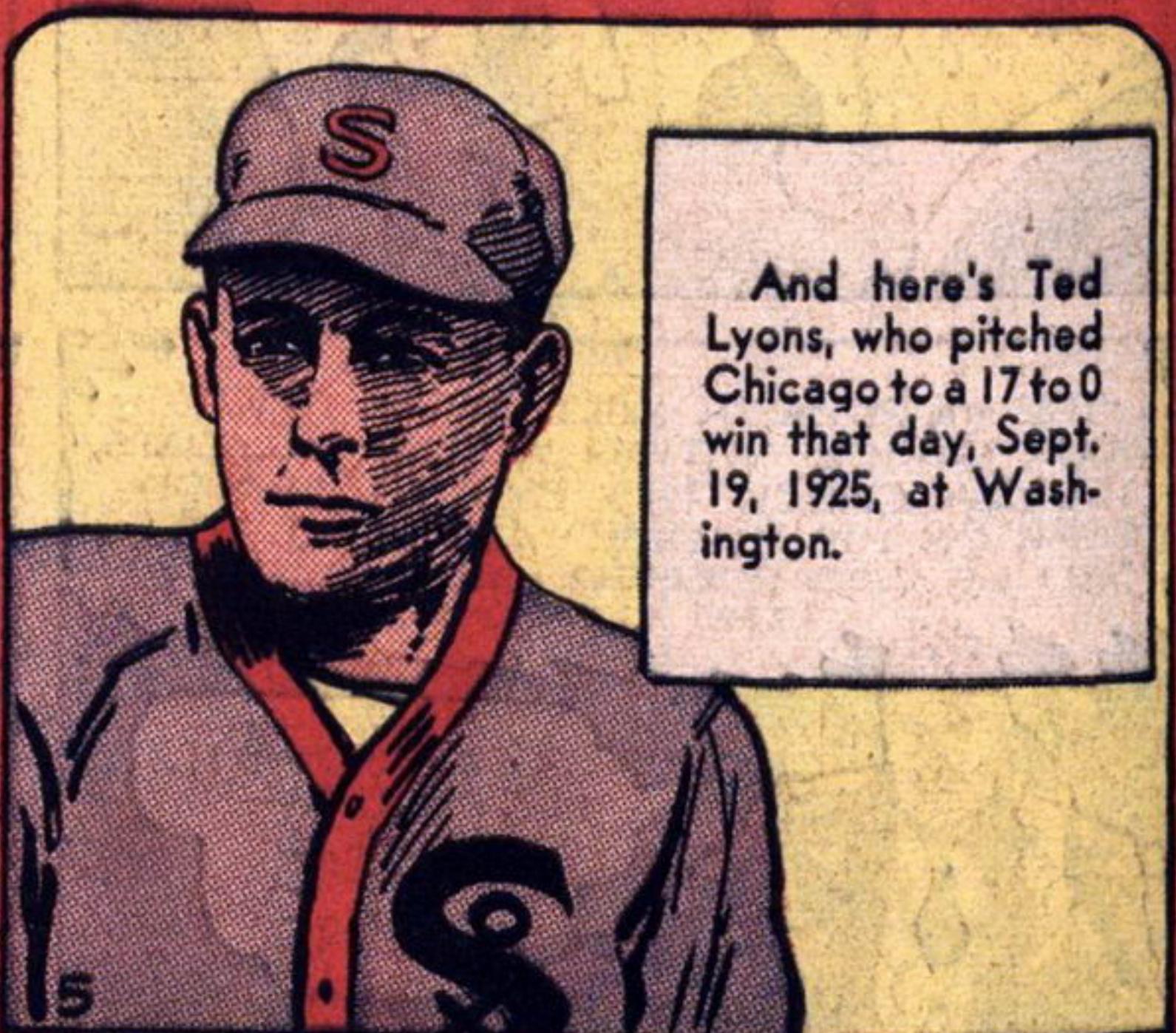


3

Ninth inning: One out. Two out. Fans are holding
their breaths at each pitch. Bob Veach, Wash-
ington right fielder, comes to bat.



2



5

Gone is Lyons' great opportunity, closed are
the doors to baseball's hall of fame as Veach sin-
gles sharply for the only hit of the ball game.

La La Parooza

By RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHEN I PARK NEXT TO A FIRE HYDRANT I PLACE THIS SPECIAL DUMMY OVER IT, SO THAT THE COPS WILL THINK IT'S MY DRIVER WAITING FOR ME —

A vintage comic strip panel. On the left, a woman with curly red hair, wearing a red dress with a yellow collar, sits at a dark wooden desk. She is looking towards the right. On the right, a man with a mustache, wearing a blue suit and a patterned tie, stands and speaks. A large speech bubble originates from the man, containing two lines of text. A second speech bubble originates from the woman, containing one line of text. The background features a window with a grid pattern and a blue and white checkered curtain.

PROFESSOR WIREHOFFER,
THE TIGHT-ROPE
WALKER HASN'T PAID
HIS RENT IN
THREE
WEEKS,
SO I'LL
JUST---

A vintage comic strip panel. A speech bubble at the top contains the text: "I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST-- I'LL SLAP A BILL ON LOLITA LA TUMBLE, THE ACROBATIC DANCER--". Below the speech bubble, a man in a blue suit and hat is shown from behind, looking out of a window. In the foreground, a man in a red suit and hat is sitting in a blue armchair, looking towards the window. To the left, a red and yellow striped pillar is visible. The background shows a room with a blue sofa and a window with a red and white striped curtain. A small figure in a red suit is visible through the window. The comic strip is signed "SCHMIDT" in the bottom right corner.

A vintage comic book panel. A man in a red suit and tie is shouting from a beach. A woman in a red dress is running away. The man's speech bubble reads: "HOLY MACKEREL!!) TOODLE-ANOTHER ONE DODGING A RENT BILL!" The woman's speech bubble reads: "OO!! I'LL BE SEEIN' YA, CUTIE--". The background shows a beach with a car and some people in the distance.

SIS, THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER AND ACROBATIC DANCER FLEW THE COOP WITH-OUT PAYIN'!!

WELL-AFTER THIS WE WILL ONLY RENT ROOMS TO BUSINESS MEN!

YES, I'M A BUSINESS MAN — I TRAVEL FOR THE "SLICKFIT" SHIRT, SOCK, AND UNDERWEAR CO. !!

FINE!! YOU'LL HAVE THE IMPERIAL SUITE!

SAMPLE SHIRT

A comic strip panel. On the left, a man with a mustache and a blue shirt is looking out of a window with a shocked expression, indicated by three black exclamation marks above his head. The window has a grid pattern. On the right, a large, muscular hand with a yellow sleeve and a red cuff is reaching down from above, holding a small white object. The background is a solid blue color.

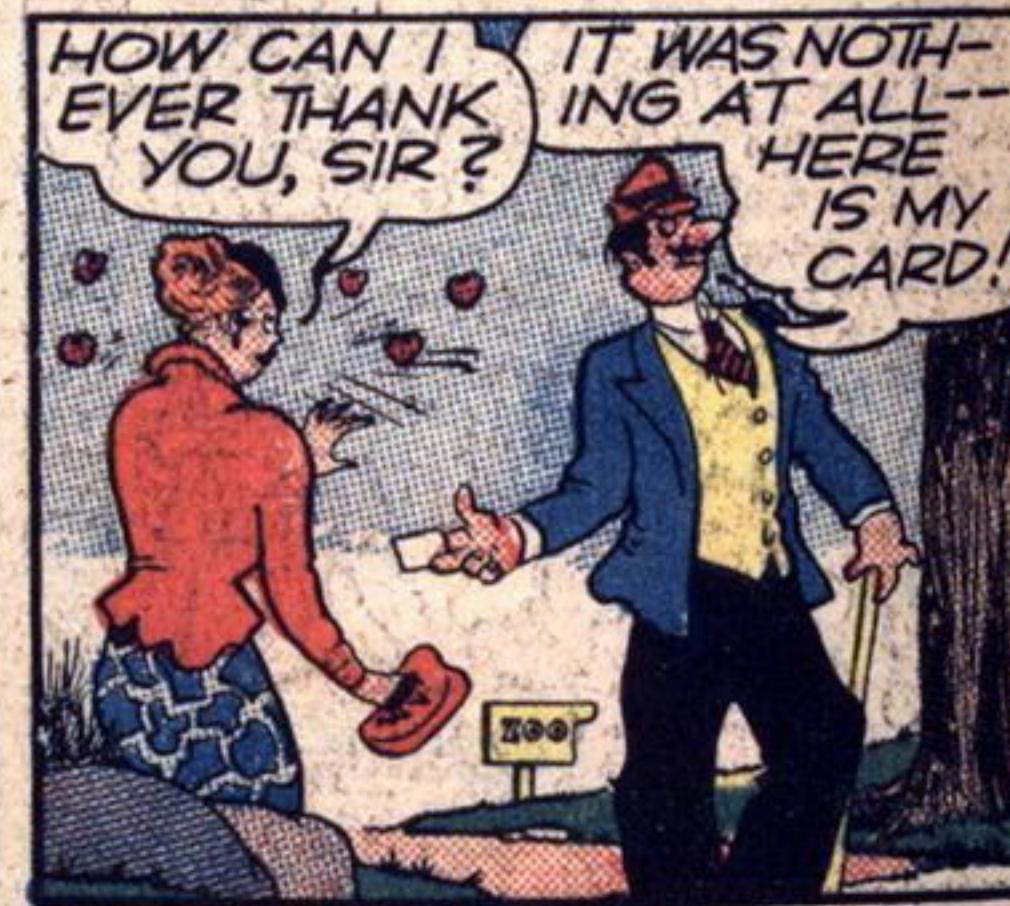
AND
TWO
WEEKS
HAVE
PASSED
SINCE
THE
BUSINESS
MAN
TOOK
THE
IMPERIAL
SUITE

VINCENT, COLLECT THIS BILL FROM THAT MAN IN THE IMPERIAL SUITE! OKAY, SIS-- HE'S A GOOD BUSINESS MAN AN' HE'LL PAY UP OKAY!!

La La Pocoza

By RUBE GOLDBERG

HERE WE HAVE VINCENT'S EGG-SHAPED, SELF-FINDING GOLF BALL!! WHEN BALL IS LOST, PHEASANT FINDS IT AND TRIES TO HATCH IT--DOGS FIND PHEASANT, THEN HUNTERS FIND BALLOWNERS!

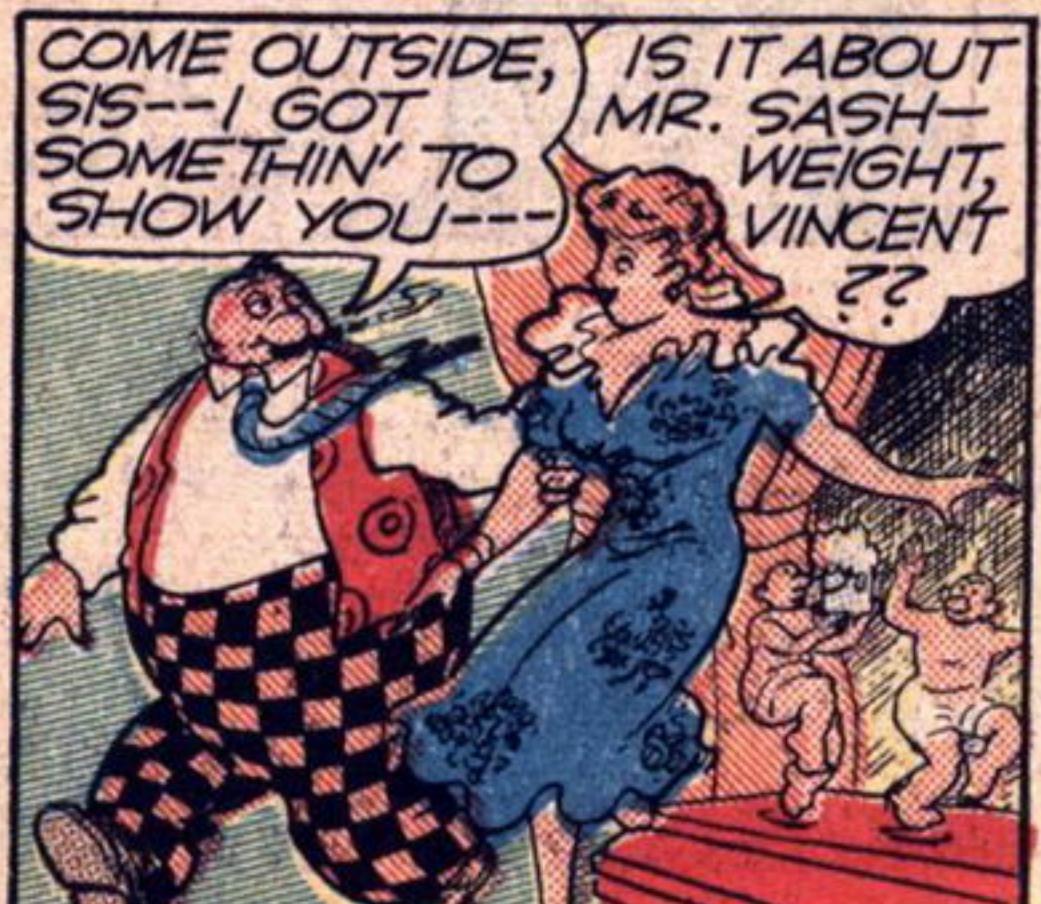
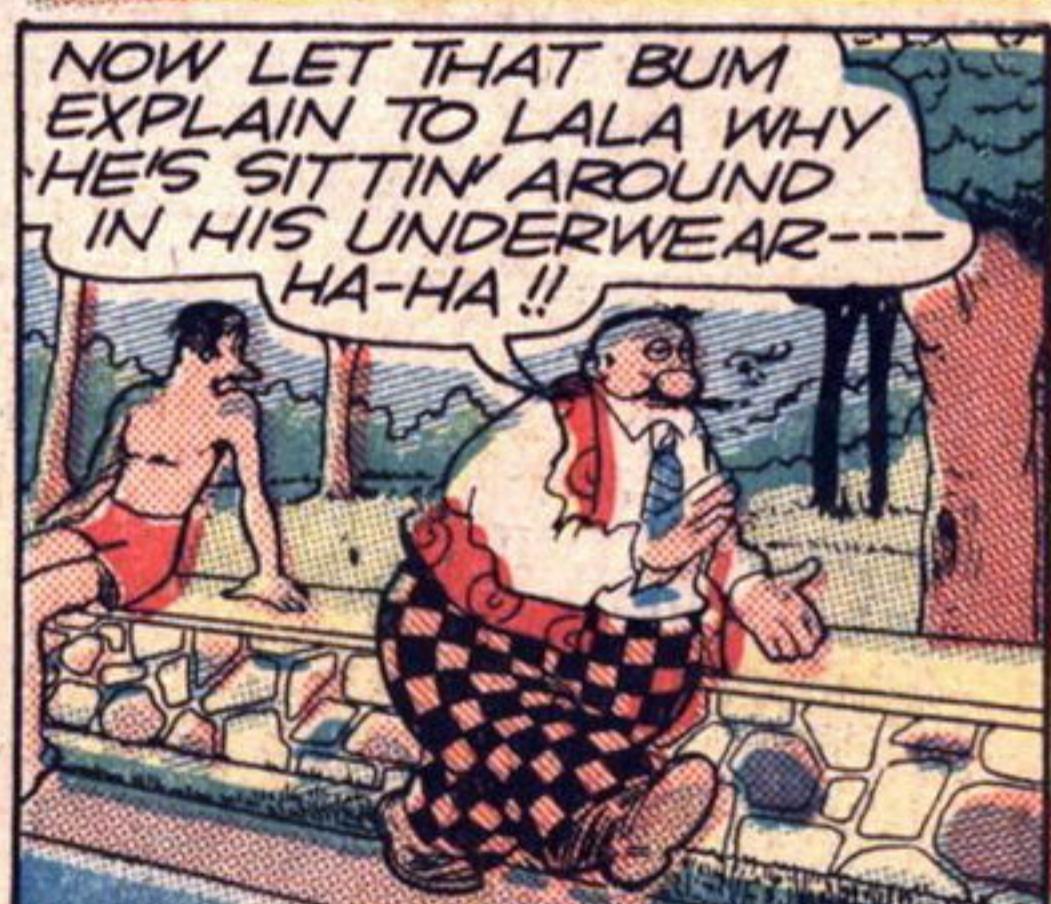
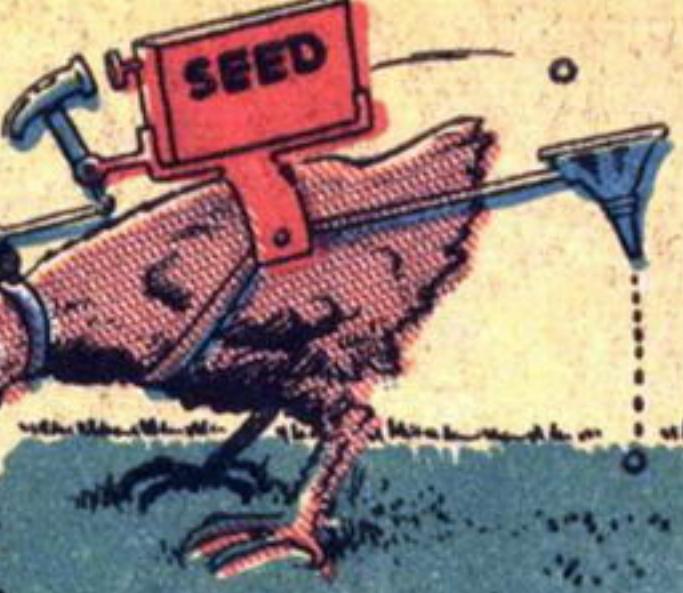


Lala Palooza

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

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VINCENT'S INVENTION
FOR CHICKENS THAT
STEAL NEWLY PLANTED
SEED ~ WHEN THE
CHICKEN DROPS
ITS
HEAD
HAMMER
TAPS OUT NEW
SEED TO REPLACE
STOLEN ONE ~

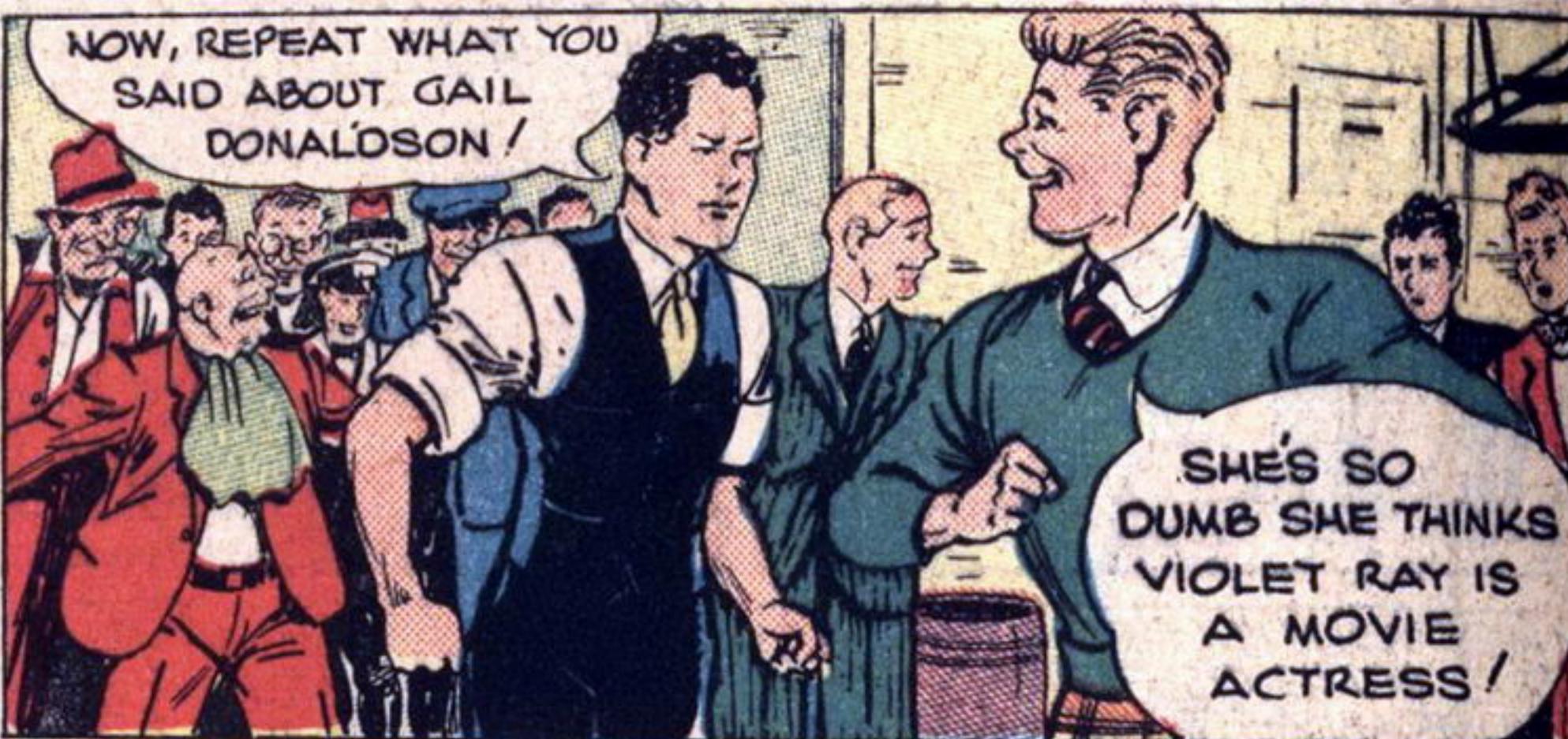
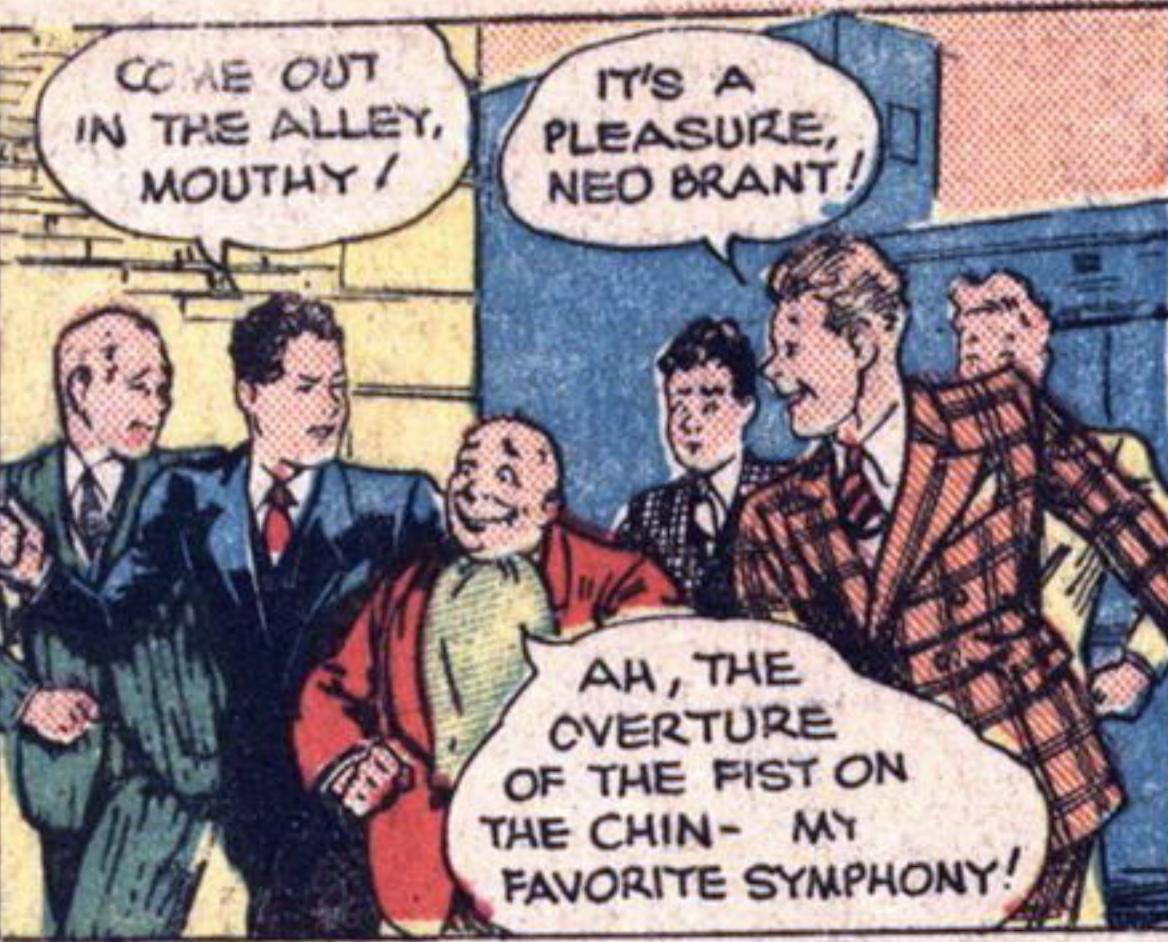


More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS.

NED BRANT

By BOB
ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



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NED BRANT

By BOB
ZUPPKE

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DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

DON'T LOOK
NOW, BUD,
BUT I THINK
WE'RE WHEELING
INTO A CITY!

Swaying Sarah, with
her collegiate cargo, is
on her way toward
laughs, mystery, treachery.

WE ARE -
AND YOU'D BETTER
STAY AWAY FROM
THE STRAY ANIMAL
COLLECTOR!

HERE THEY
COME!

I'VE WAITED A LONG
TIME FOR A LOOK AT
THESE CARTER
COLLEGE STARS!

WILL YOU TWO SAY SOMETHING
WHILE YOUR PALS ARE SIGNING
AUTOGRAPHS?

WELL SING
A SONG -
HOW'S THAT?

HEIGO GAZARIUM -
SHE'S IN A SANITARIUM -
FOR GIVING PEOPLE
PIECES OF HER MIND

I'D LIKE TO GET YOU BOYS ON A
RADIO PROGRAM MY COMPANY
WILL SPONSOR

WE'VE BEEN TOLD
WE HAVE TALENT,
BUT -

HEY, WE
CAN'T LEAVE
THIS
EXPEDITION!

LET'S FIND
OUT WHAT
HE'S GOT
TO OFFER,
ANYWAY -

MAY I ASK YOU
WHAT MAMMOTH
FIRM YOU
REPRESENT?

YES,
YOU
MAY -

WE'RE THE WORLD'S LARGEST
MANUFACTURERS OF
HEADACHE
POWDERS!

B. W. DEPEW



Here's real FUN! Greatest variety of fireworks to be found anywhere. 1939 catalog, printed in four colors, sent FREE. Ask for catalog and get FREE Gift Coupon good for 100 extra loud salutes when returned with fireworks order.

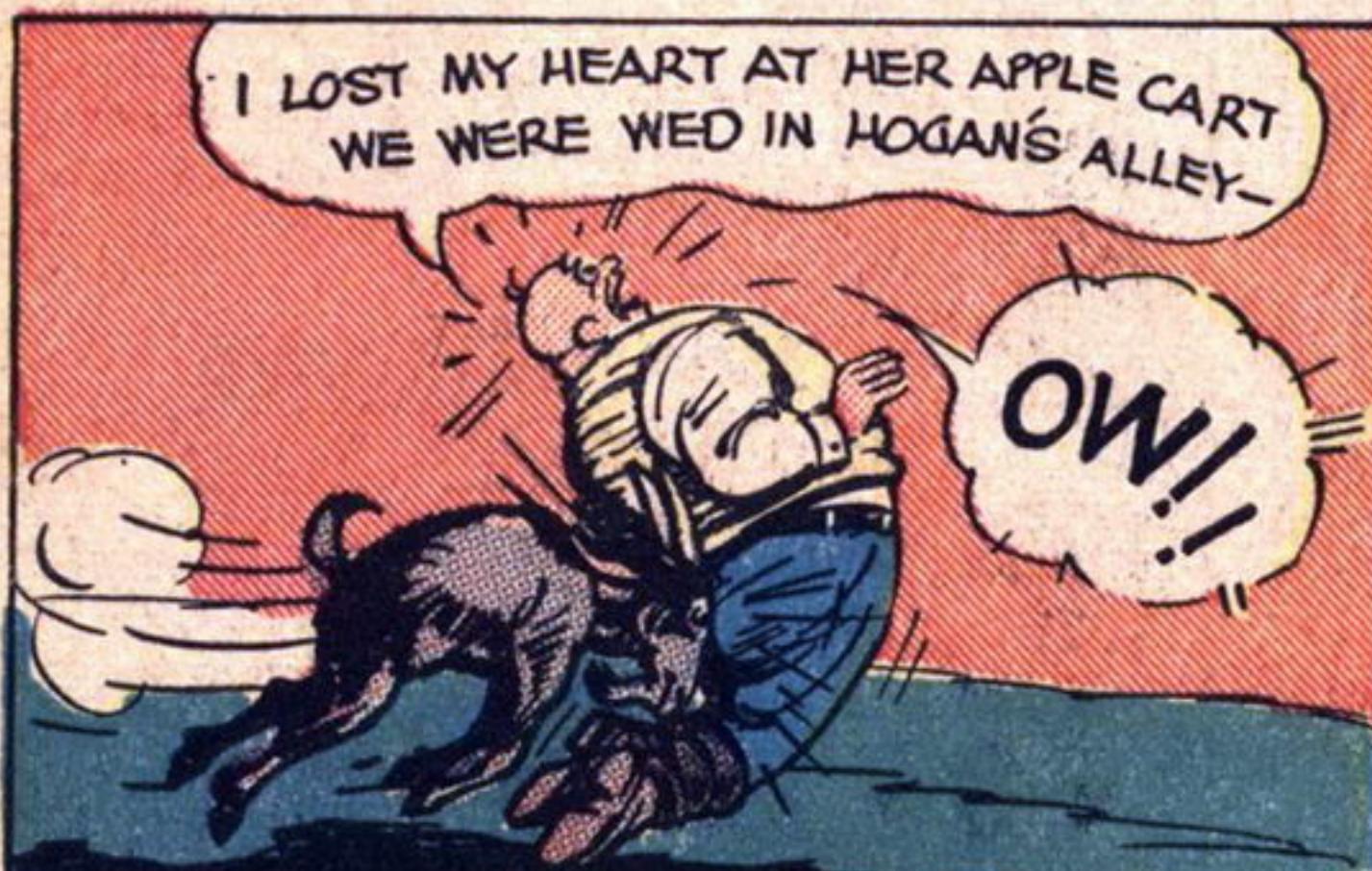
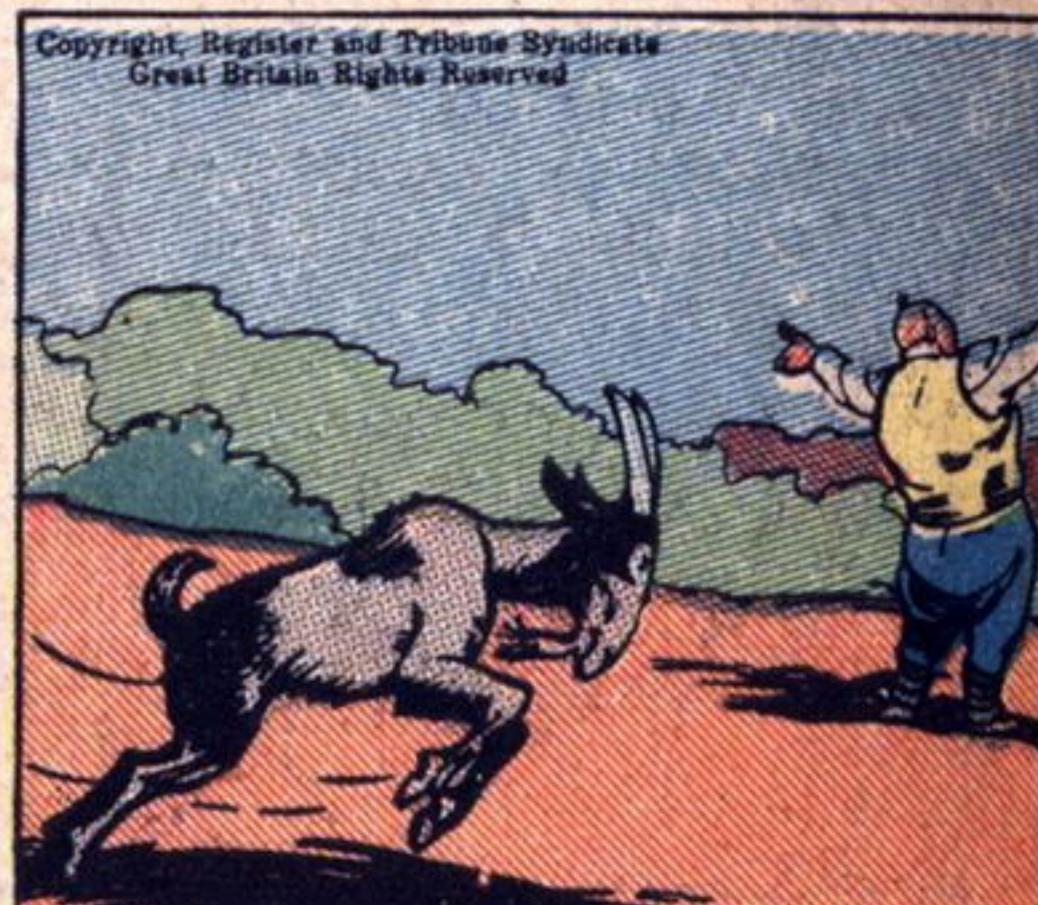
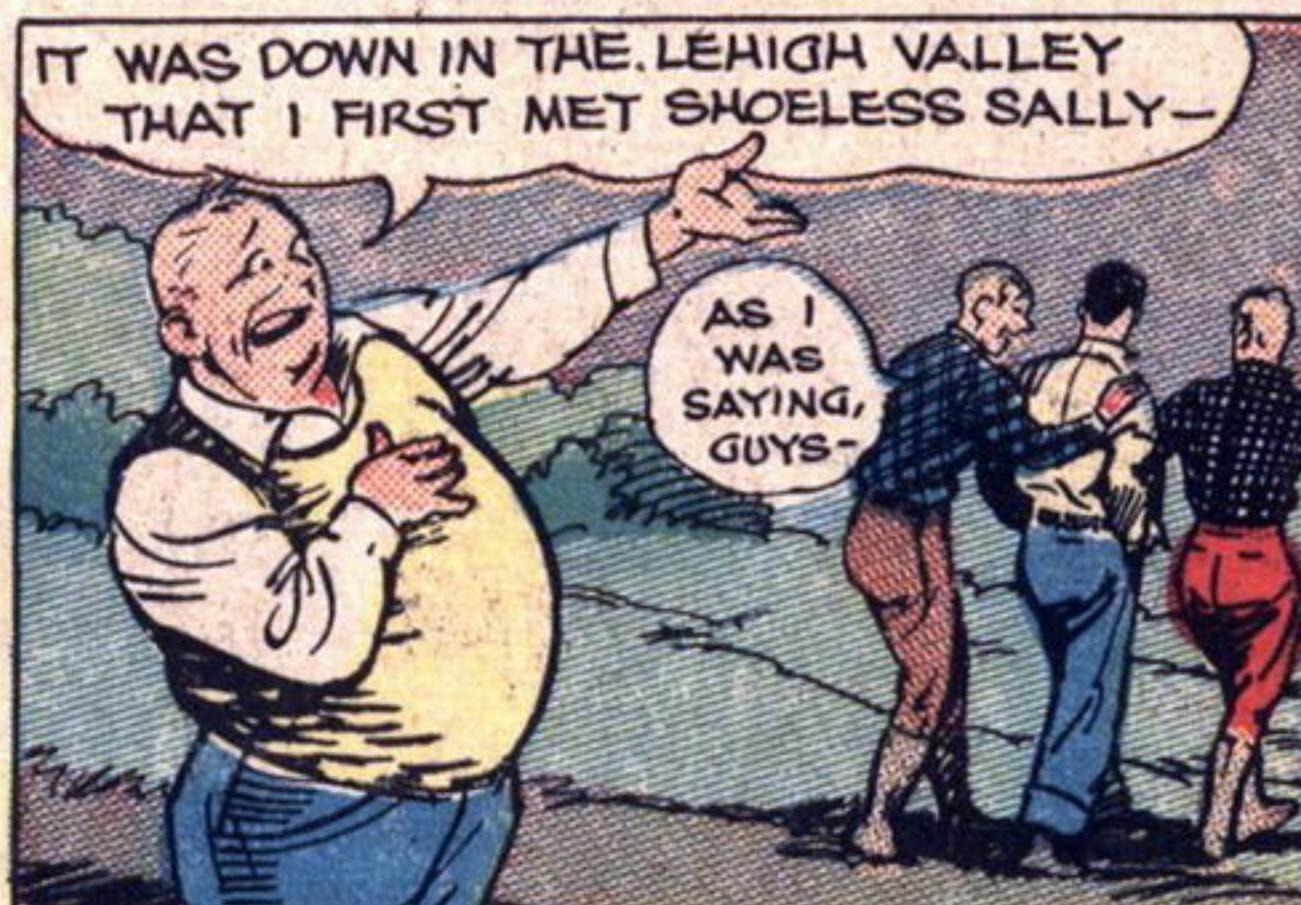
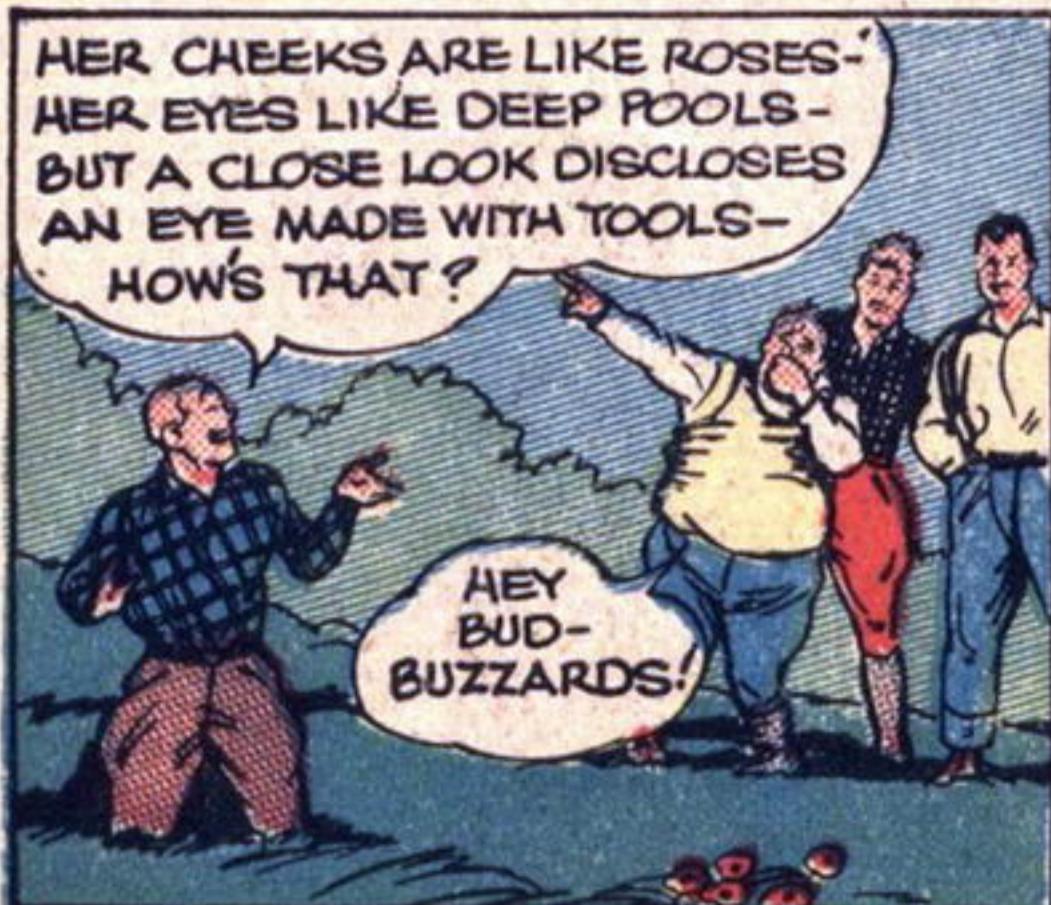
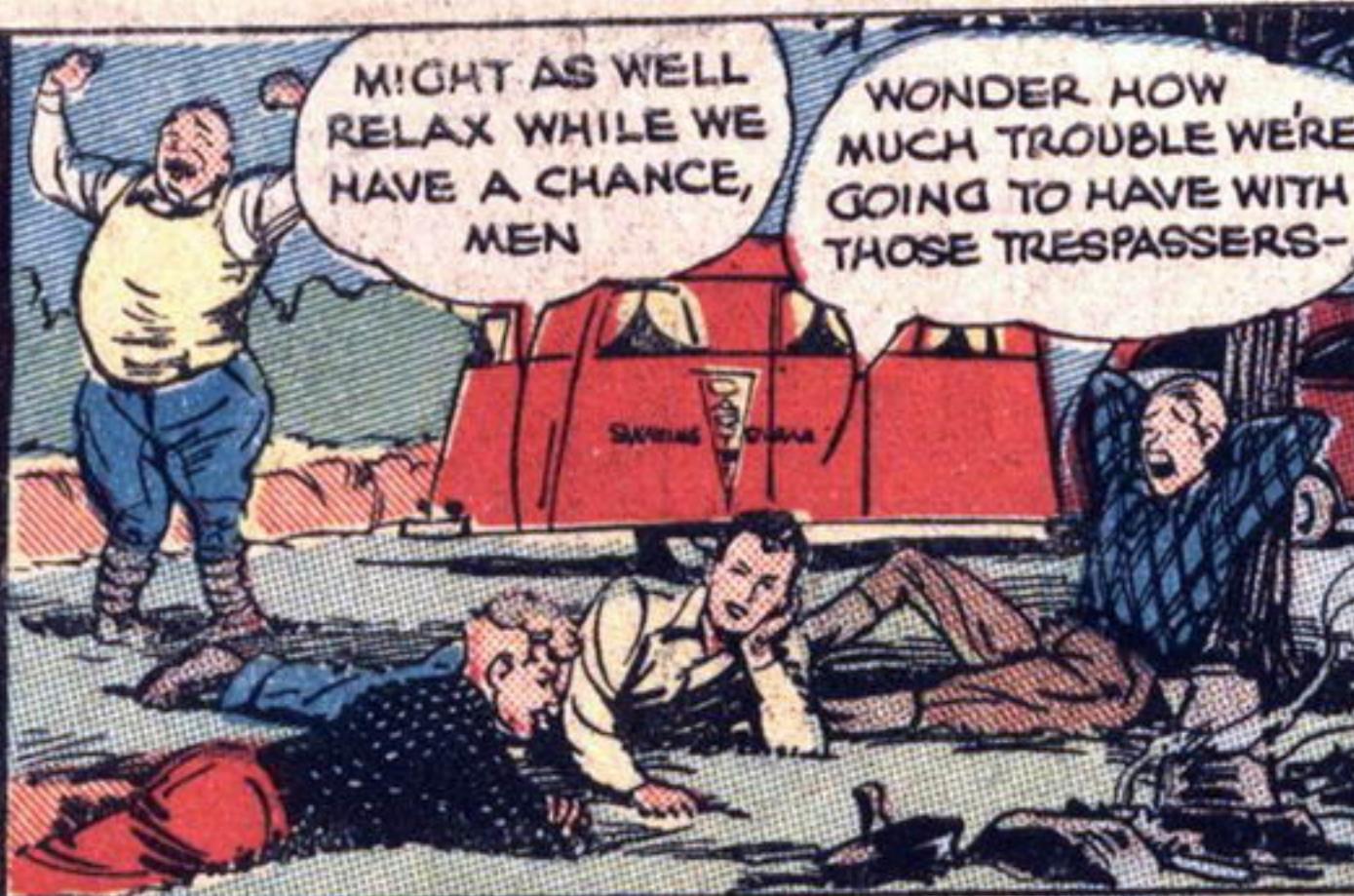
SPENCER FIREWORKS CO.
5 Main St. POLK, OHIO



NED BRANT

By BOB
ZUPPKE

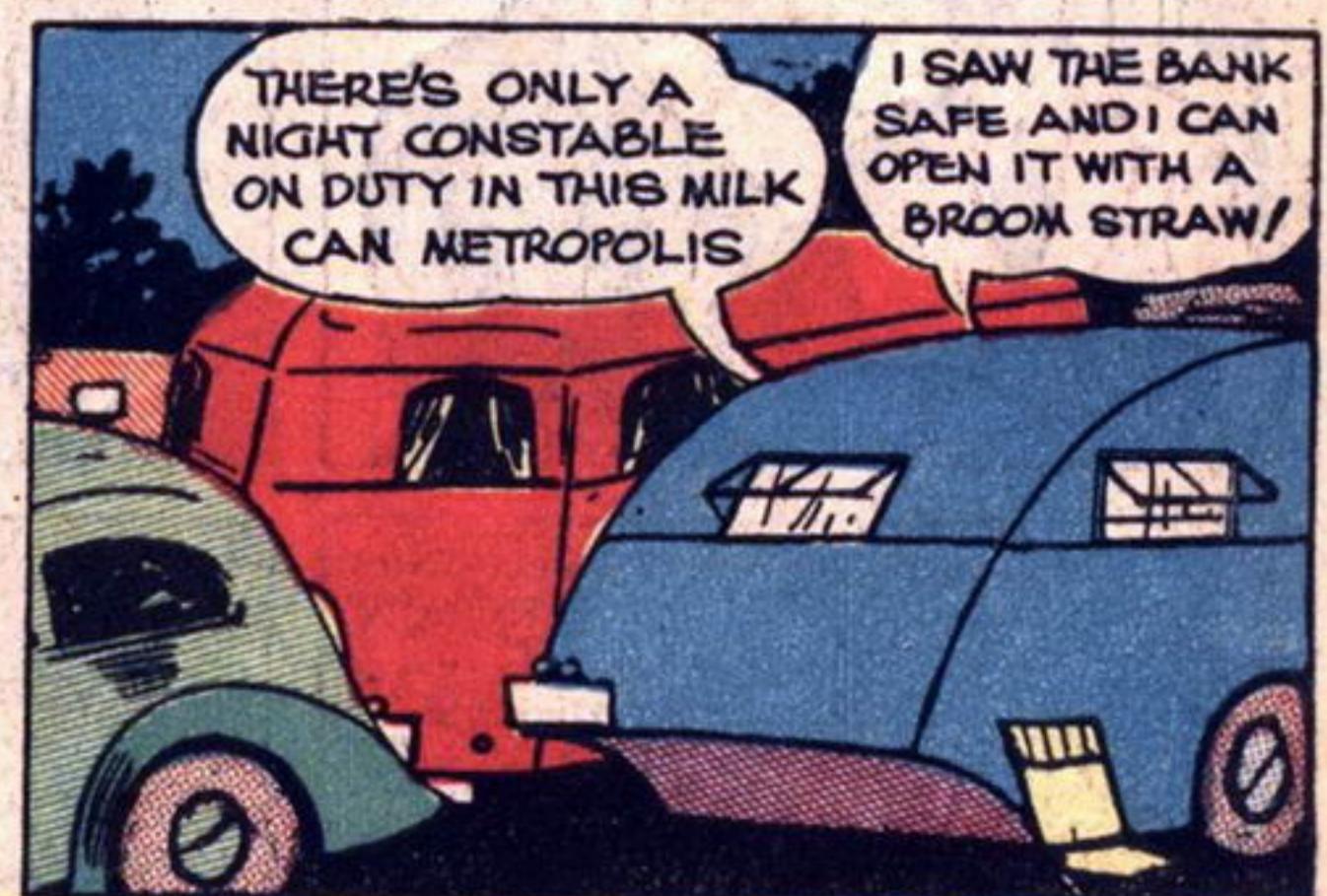
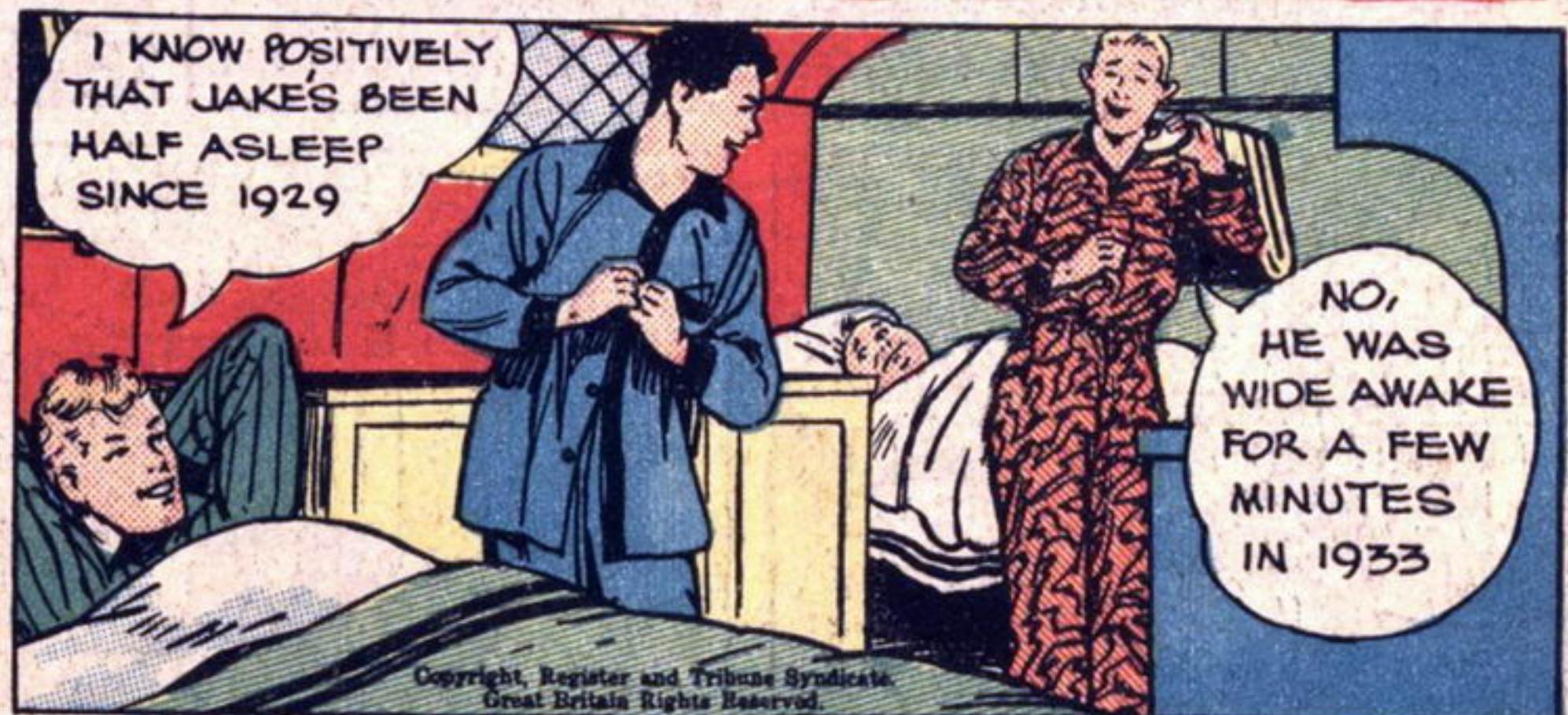
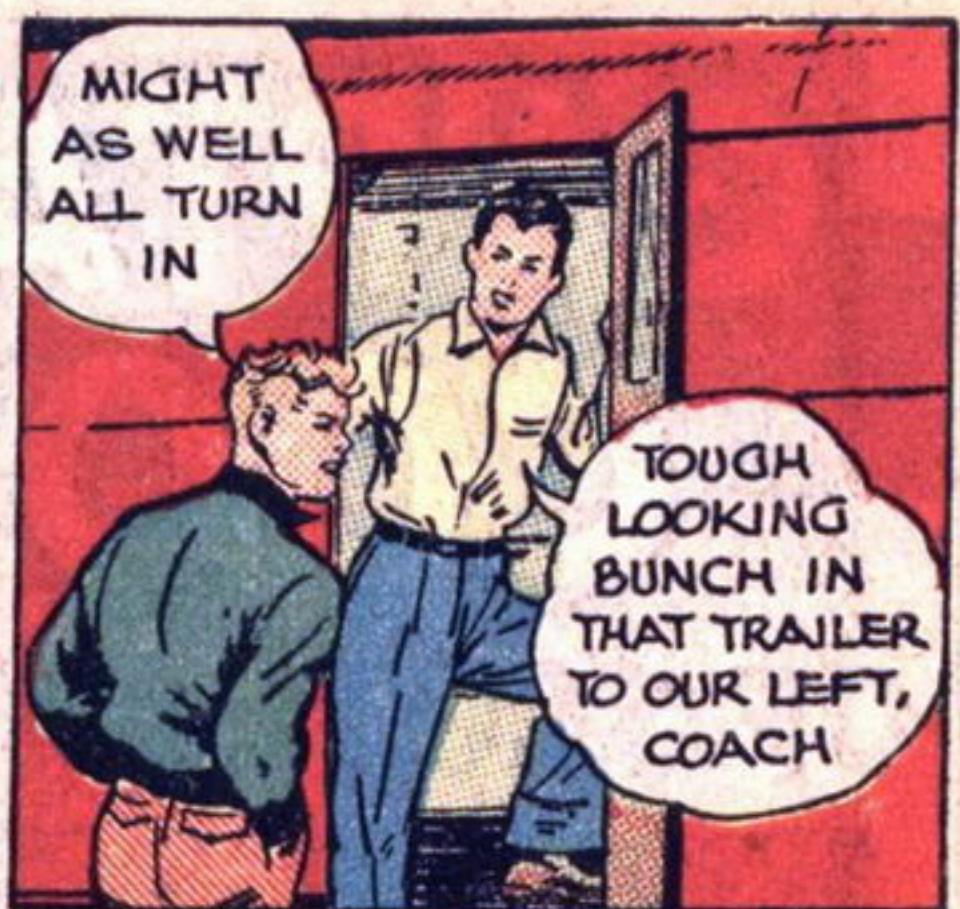
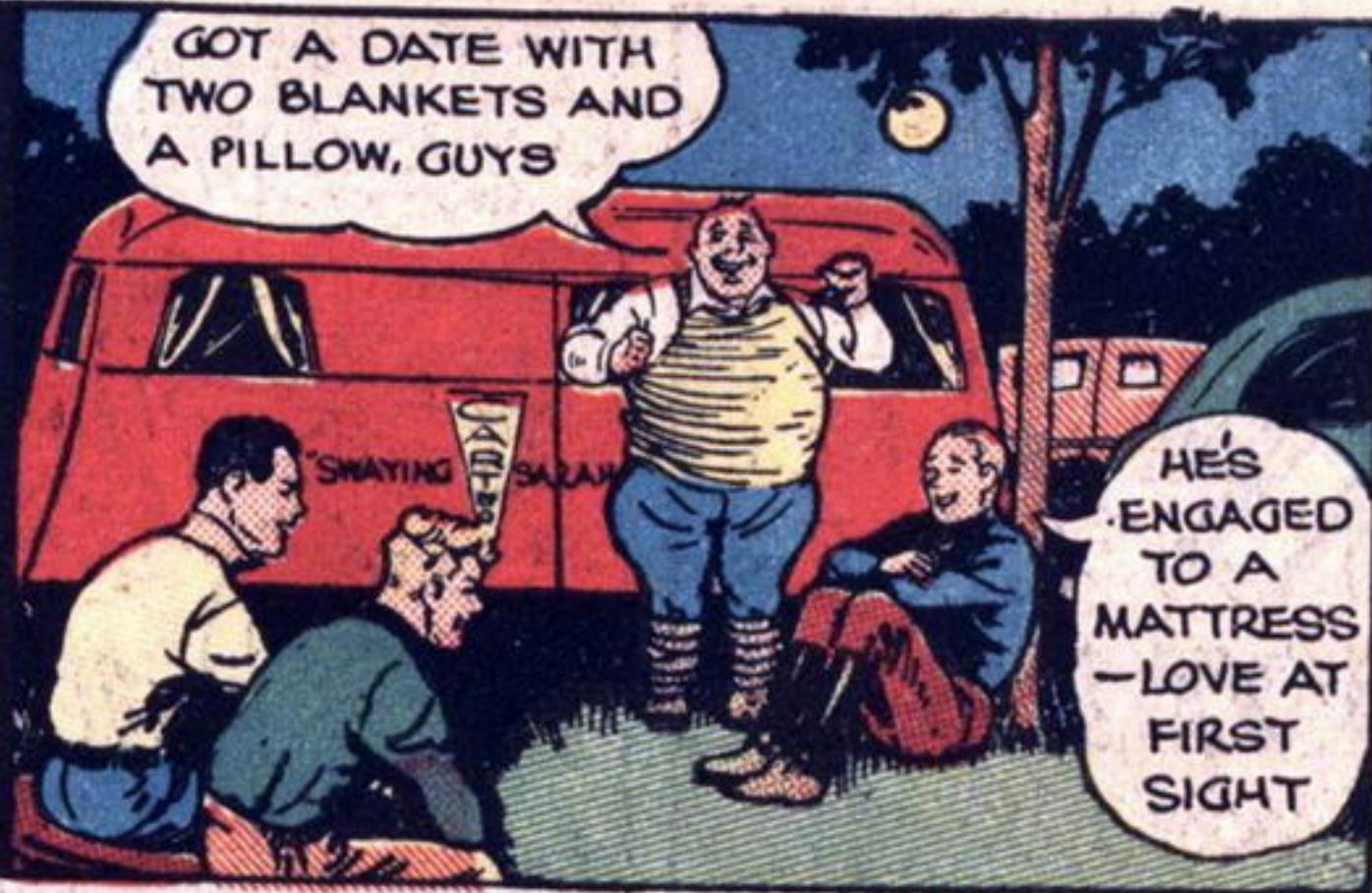
DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



NED BRANT

By BOB
ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



CHARLIE CHAN needs no introduction. The lovable Honolulu Inspector is known throughout the entire country. In FEATURE COMICS, CHARLIE CHAN will solve many baffling problems in one city after another all over the world.

The mysteries which CHARLIE CHAN will solve in FEATURE COMICS will be gripping and dramatic, packed with thrills and action, but they will be altogether lacking in bloodthirsty horror.



Ned Brant is continued in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 30th.

CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

*a
complete
Story*

SCOTLAND YARD HAS A RECORD OF ABOUT 2000 GEMS, WITH THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE OWNERS... ON A CERTAIN NIGHT-A THIEF COMES TO TAKE THE RECORD, BUT COOK AND HIS NEW ASSISTANT, SERGEANT CASPER KELLY, ARE WAITING FOR HIM.



THE IRON-NERVED THIEF ESCAPES BUT WITHOUT THE RECORD!

SURE AN' BIGORRY, COOK-LOOK! TH' FELLOW SENT TWO BULLETS THROUGH ME HAT! WHY DIDN'T WE FOLLOW HIM?

-LUCKY YOU WERE WEARING THE HAT, EH KELLY?



-WE SHOT IT OUT WITH THE FELLOW, CHIEF-BUT I LET HIM ESCAPE! I'M POSITIVE IT WAS "RUBY" WILLIS, AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

BETTER CHECK WITH HIS PHOTOGRAPH, FIRST!



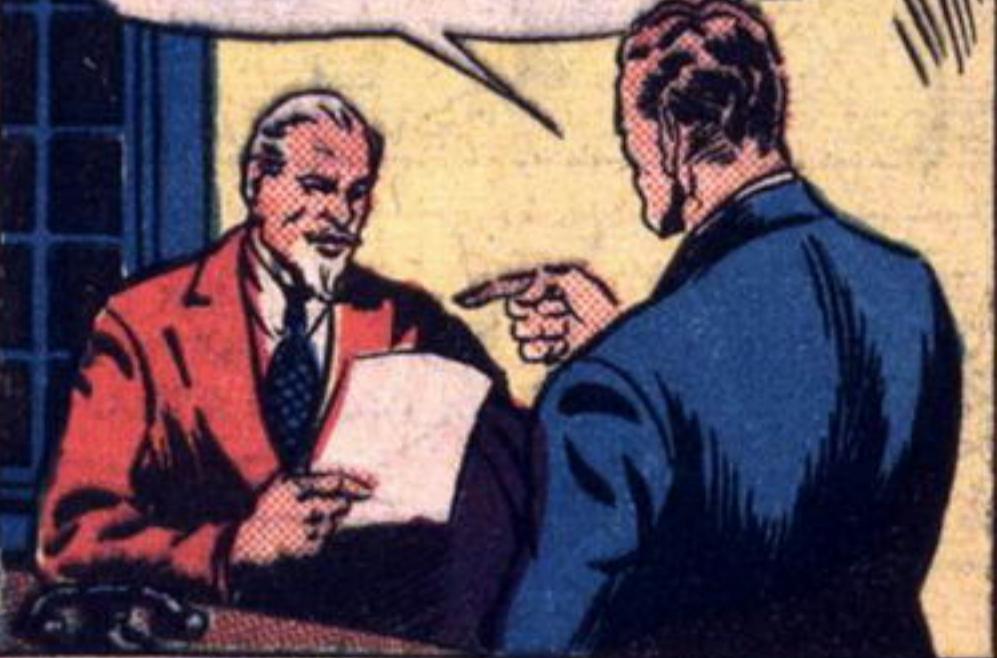
IN THE BERTILLON DEPT. (ROGUE'S GALLERY)

IT'S "RUBY" ALL RIGHT! RECOGNIZE HIM, KELLY?

SURE! I'LL BE DARNED IF I DON'T! -WILLIE CRANDALL ALIAS "RUBY" WILLIE!



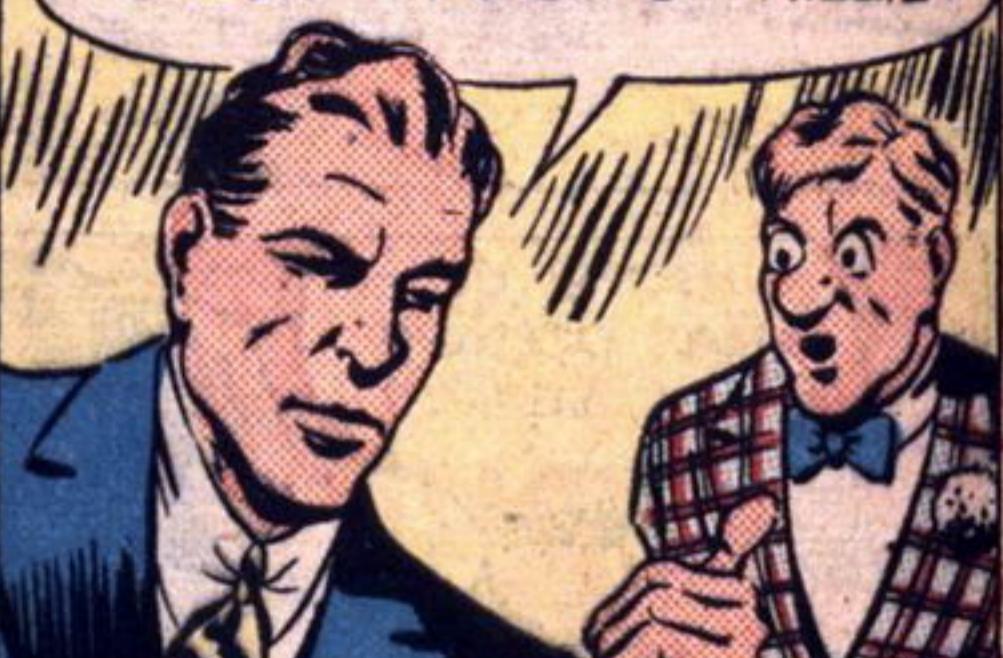
"RUBY" WILLIE IS THOUGHT TO BE AN AGENT FOR FERDINAND KOFFLER, THE GEM THIEF WE'VE BEEN AFTER FOR TEN YEARS! AND KOFFLER IS THE MAN WE WANT! HERE'S MY IDEA!



WILLIE EXCHANGED SHOTS WITH KELLY AND MYSELF-HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS BULLETS FAILED TO GET US-OR THAT WE PURPOSELY LET HIM ESCAPE! WE CAN ANNOUNCE THAT ONE OF US WAS KILLED-



KELLY CAN PLAY DEAD, AND IF NECESSARY, GO INTO HIDING-MEANTIME, WILLIE WILL PROBABLY CALL ON "RED" SMITH, A FORMER KOFFLER SUSPECT- SMITH WILL SEND HIM AWAY BECAUSE OF THE MURDER CHARGE ON WILLIE!



SMITH WON'T HIDE A MURDERER- IF HE SENDS WILLIE AWAY THEN WILLIE MAY HANG OUT AT SOME LONDON DIVE- HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO BACK TO KOFFLER'S LAIR BECAUSE OF THE MURDER CHARGE-BUT WE'LL DRIVE HIM THERE!

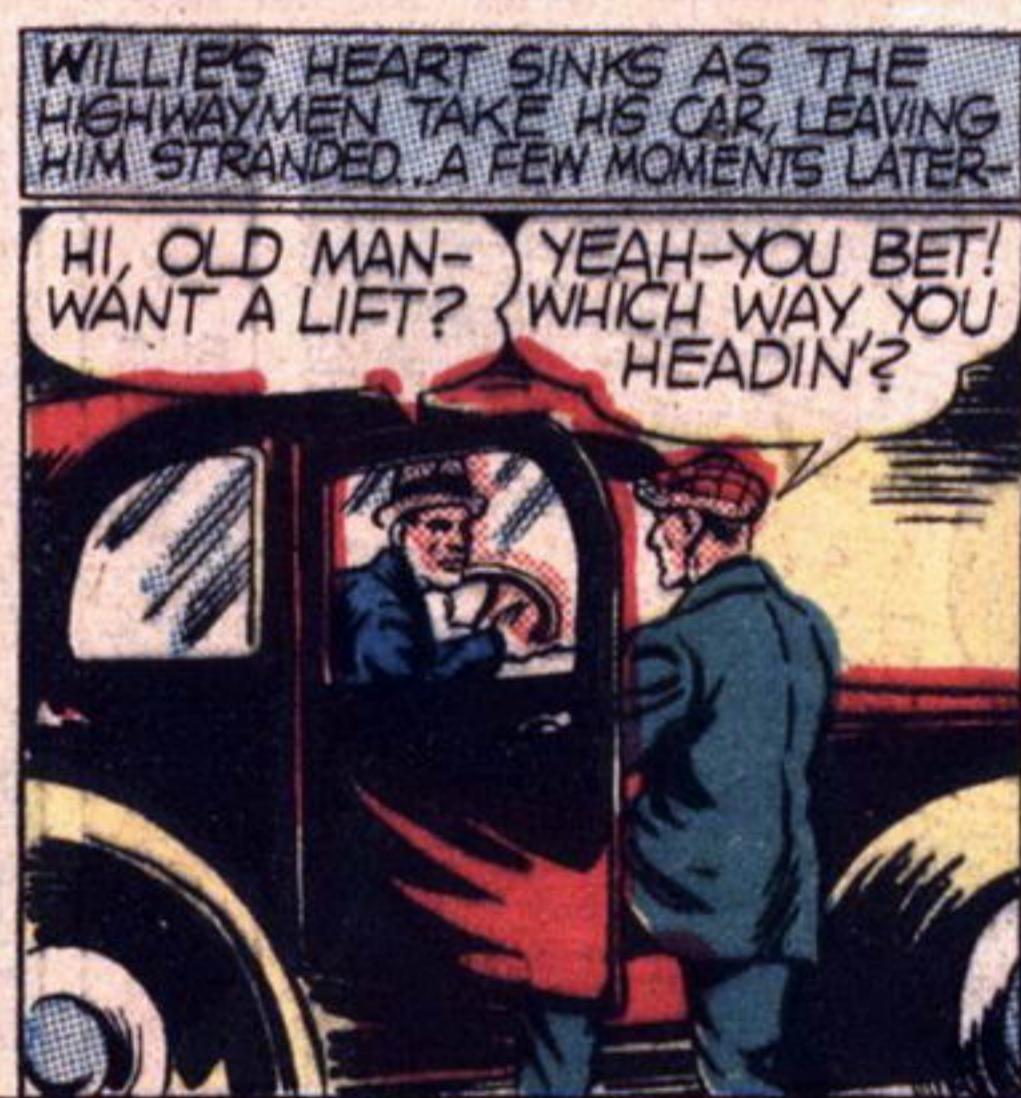


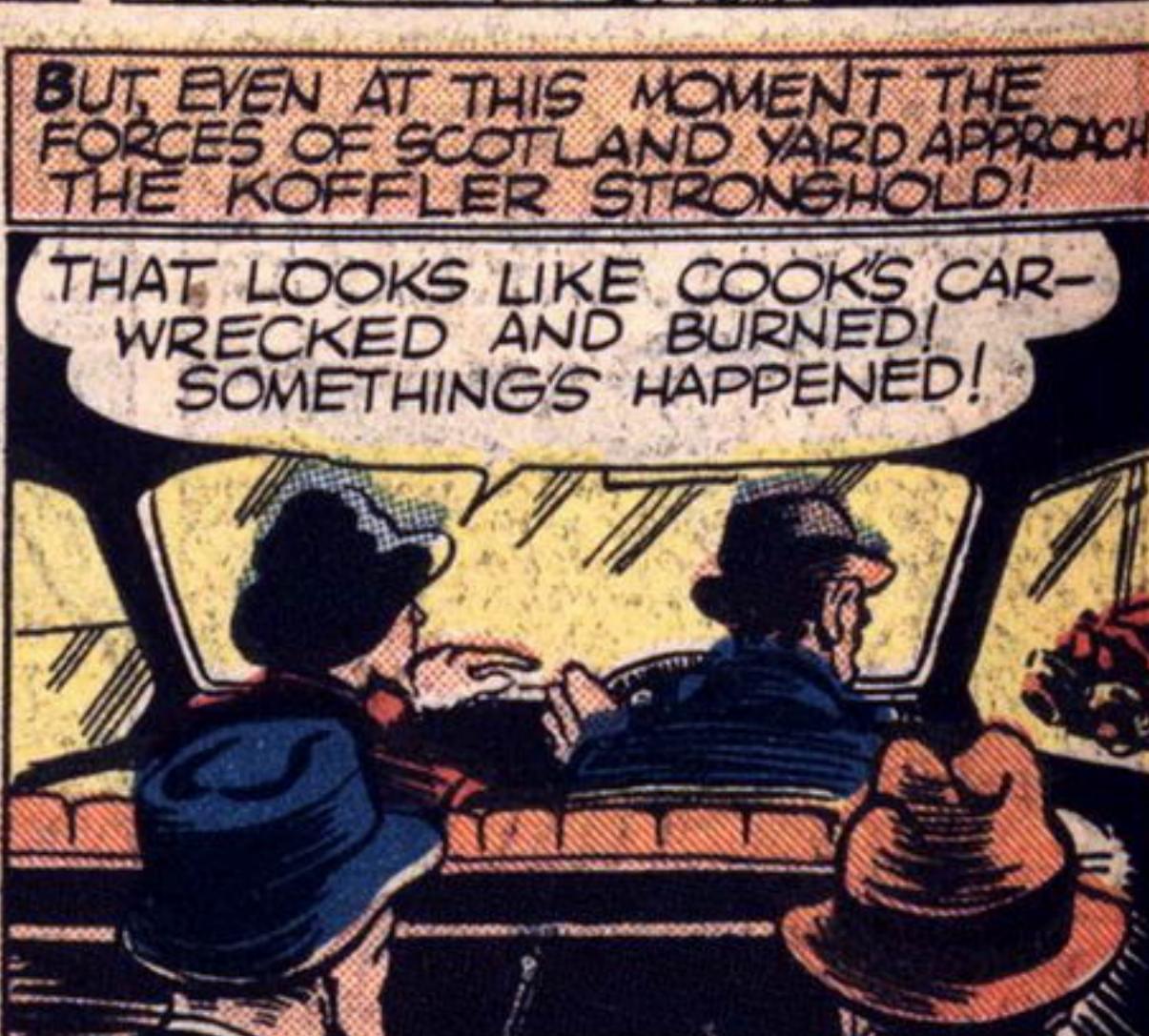
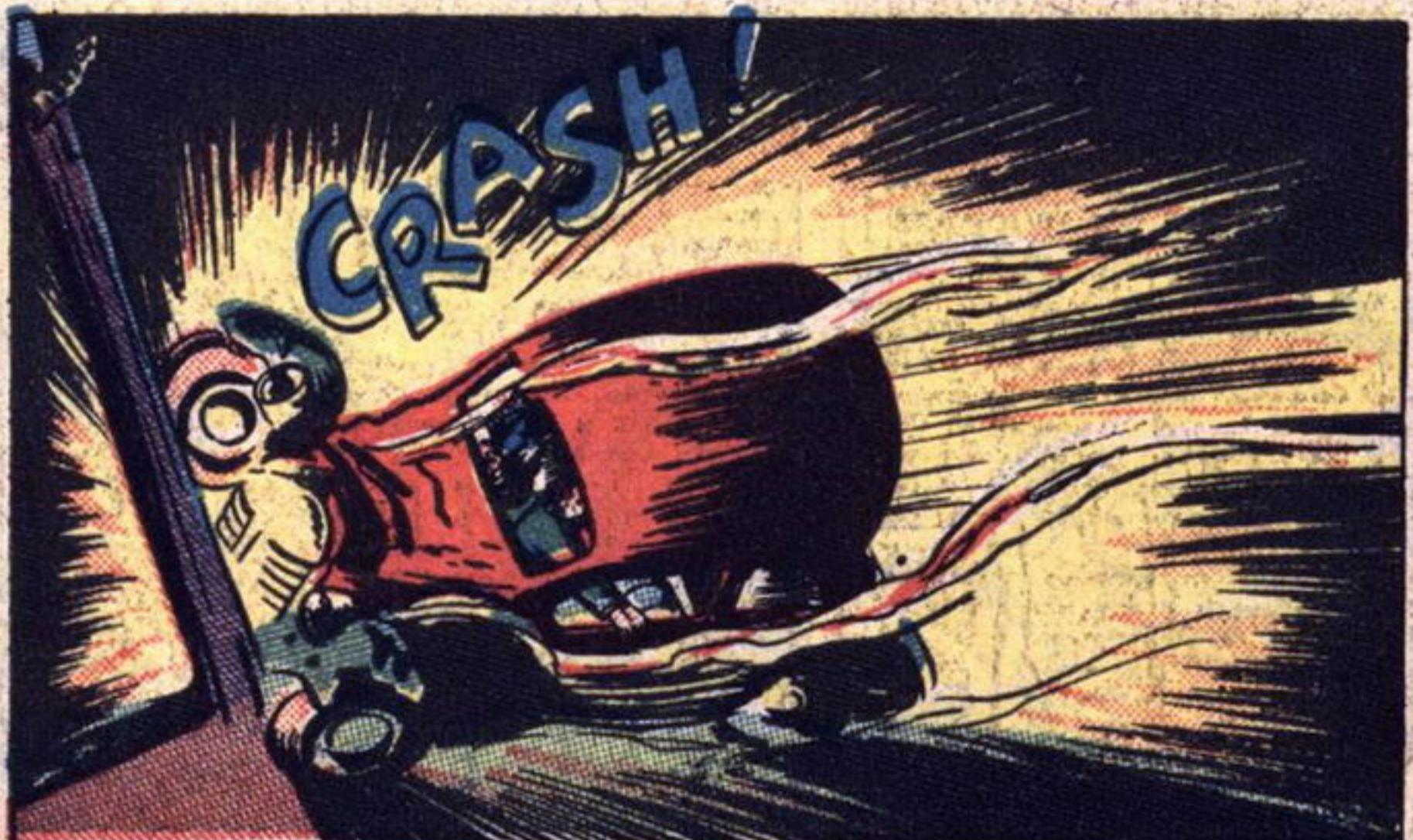
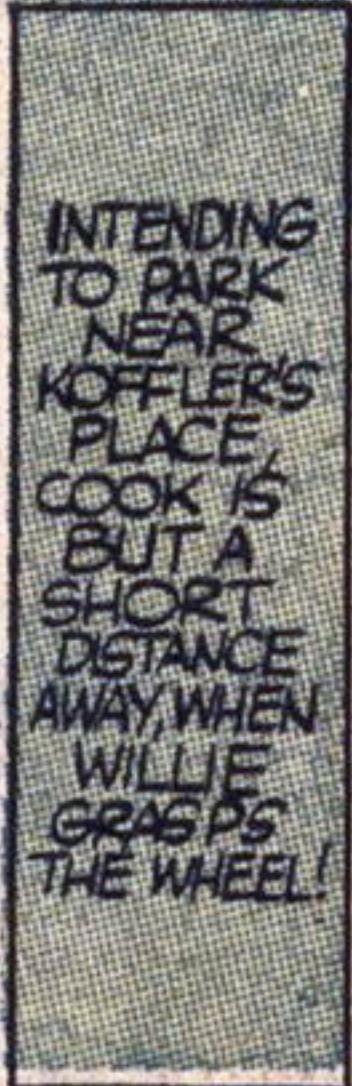
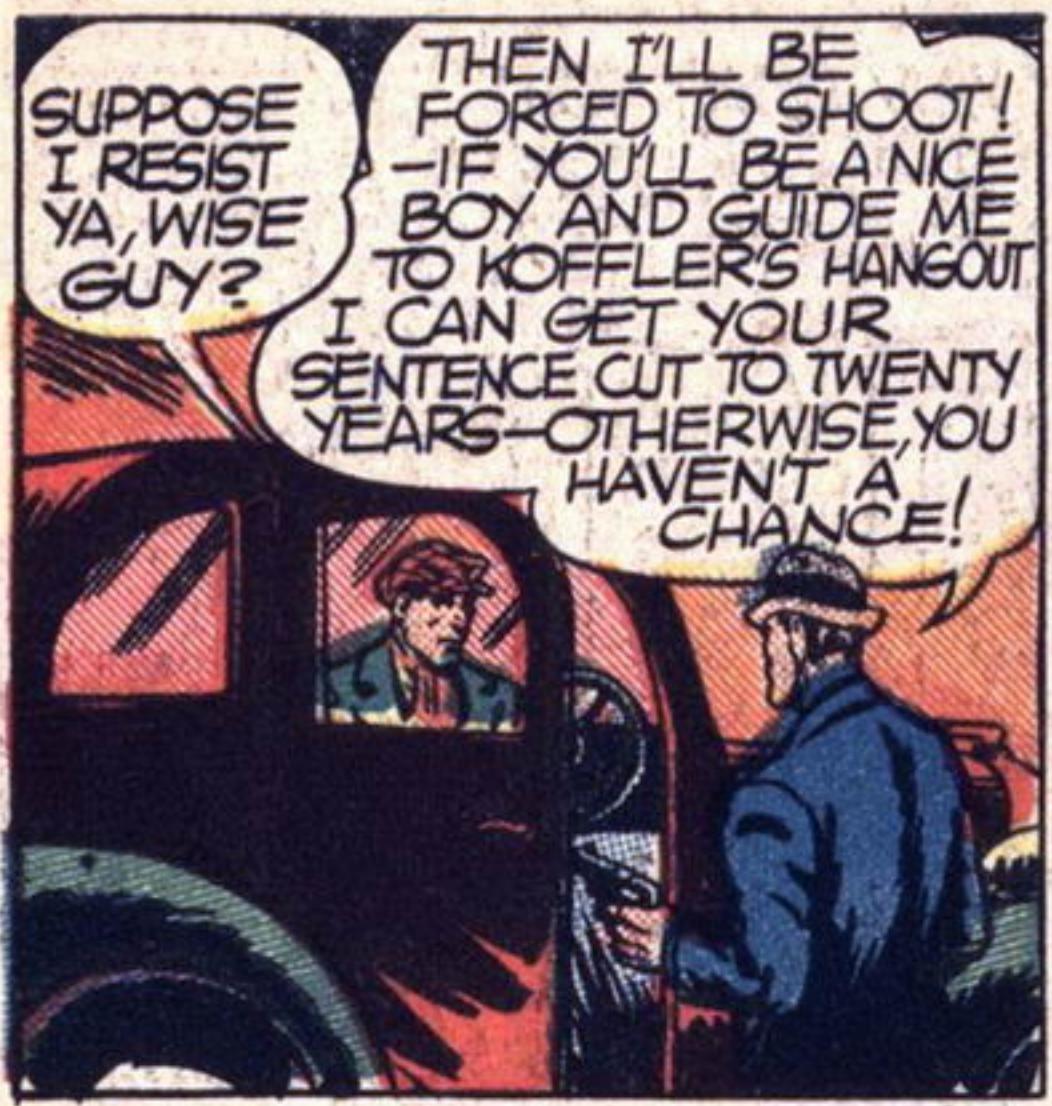
THE FOLLOWING MORNING "RUBY" WILLIE SEES A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE...



AS COOK SUSPECTED WILLIE CALLS ON "RED" SMITH...

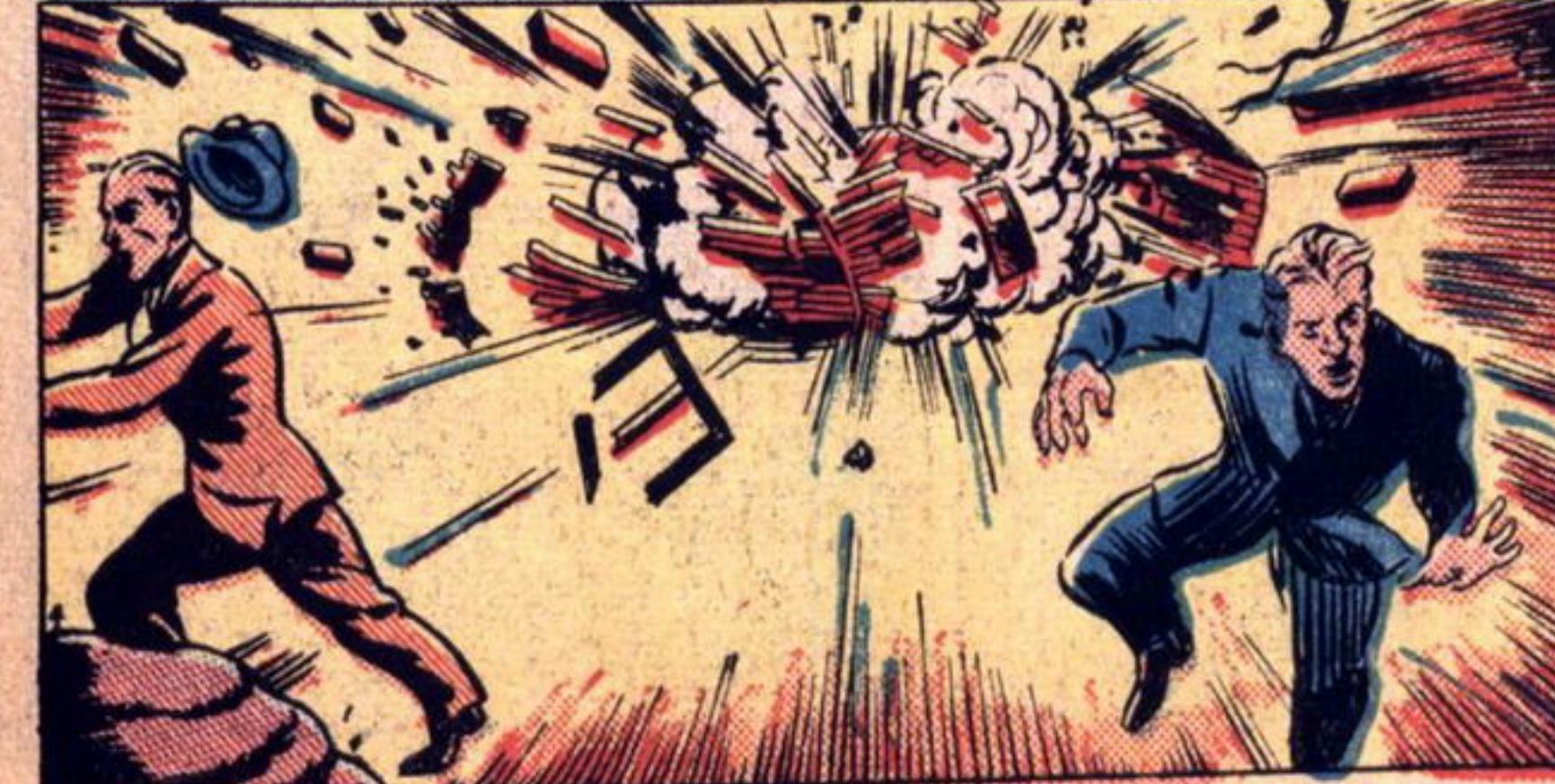








WHILE THE GUNPOWDER BARREL FAILS TO EXPLODE SCOTLAND YARD RESCUES COOK - A MOMENT LATER THE ARSENAL EXPLODES IN THE MIDST OF KOFFLER'S MEN!

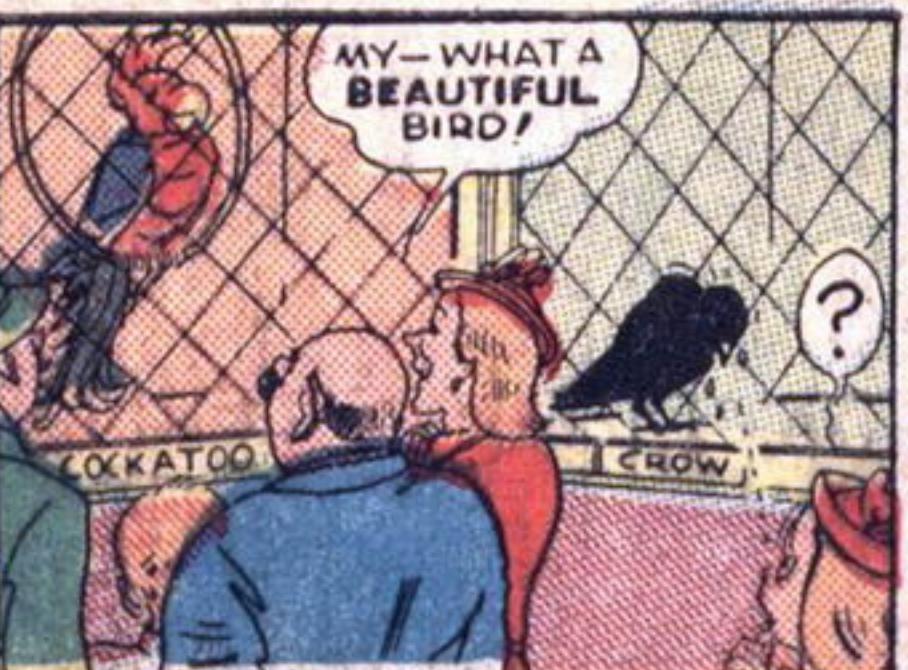


A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
OUR MEN ARE
ALL SAFE, CHIEF,
BUT THE KOFFLER
GANG HAS BEEN
BLOWN TO BITS!



Read the first episode of Charlie Chan in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

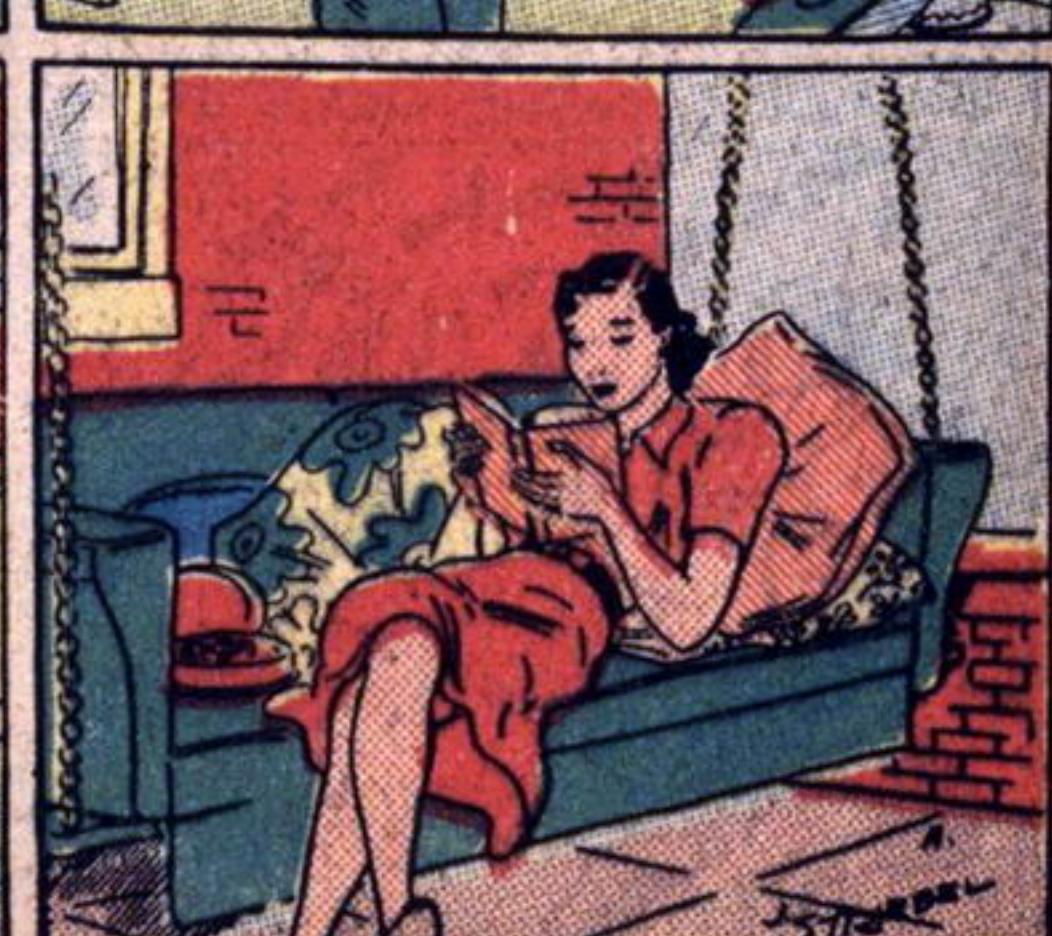
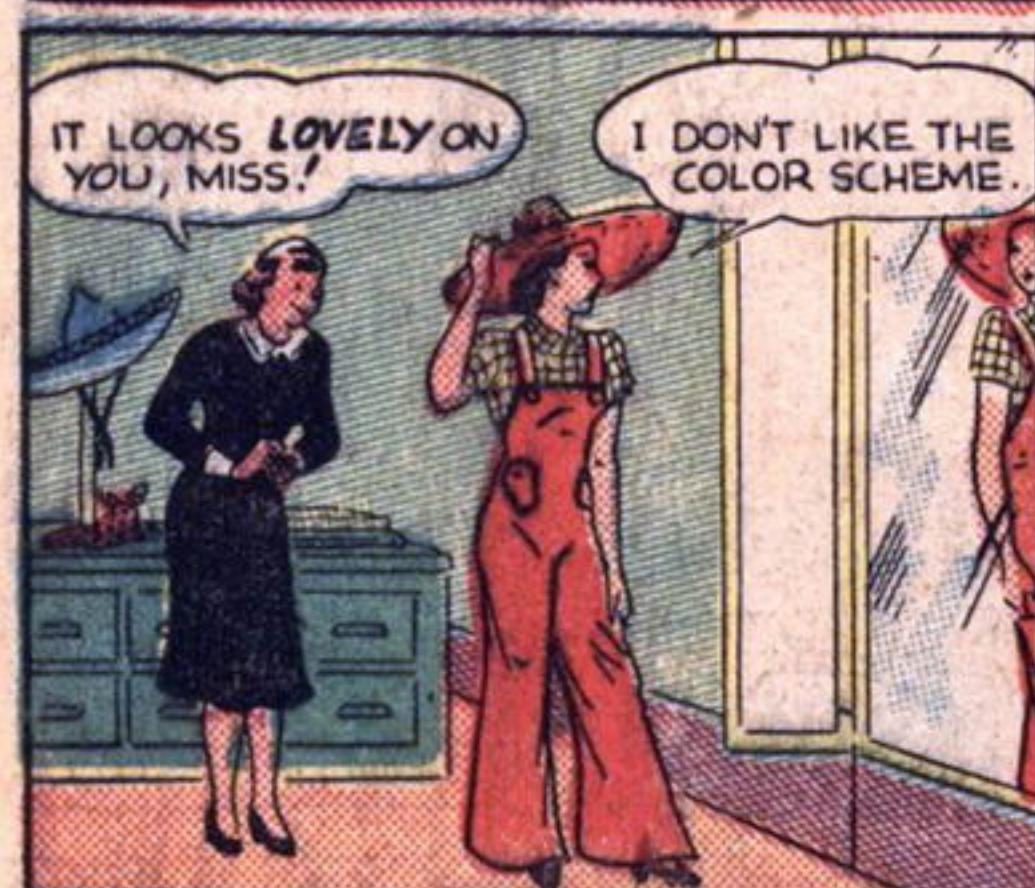
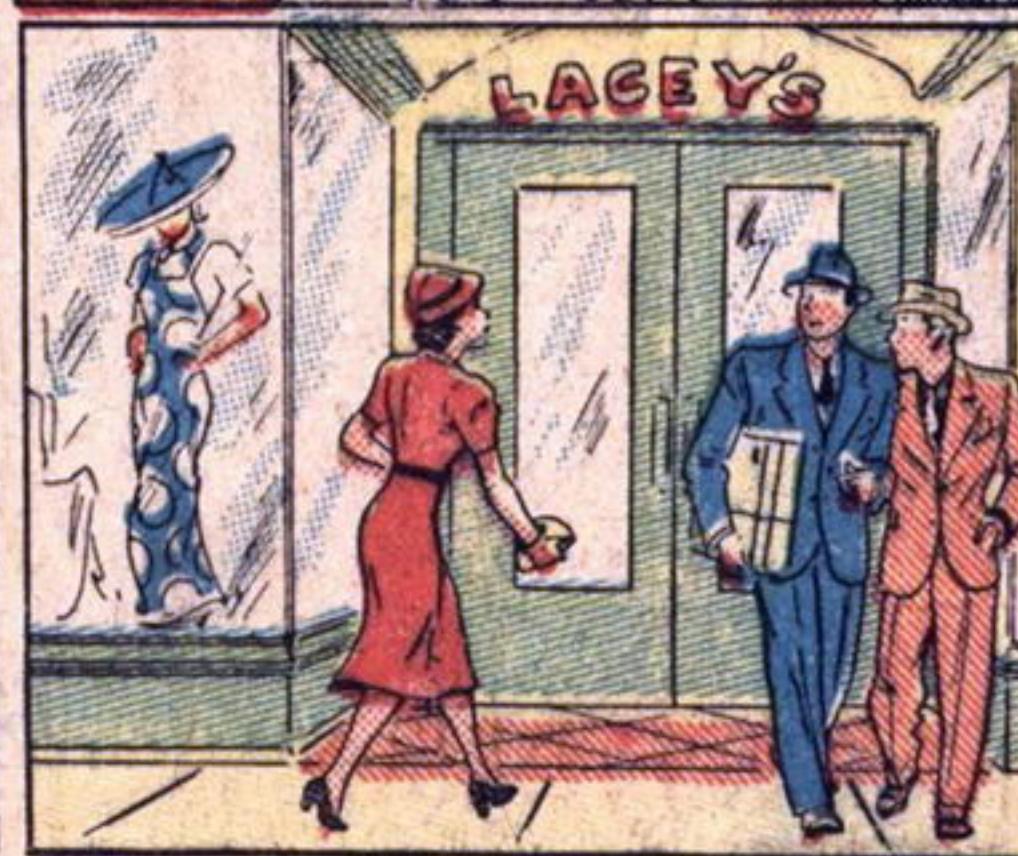
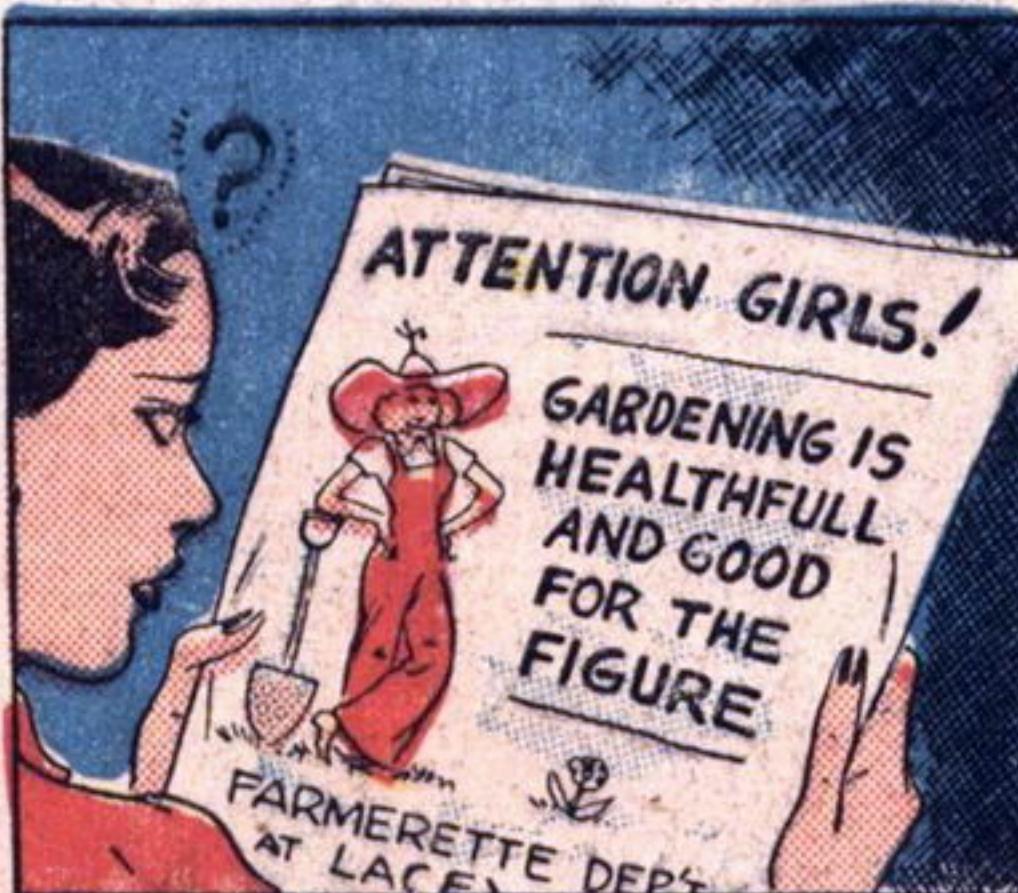
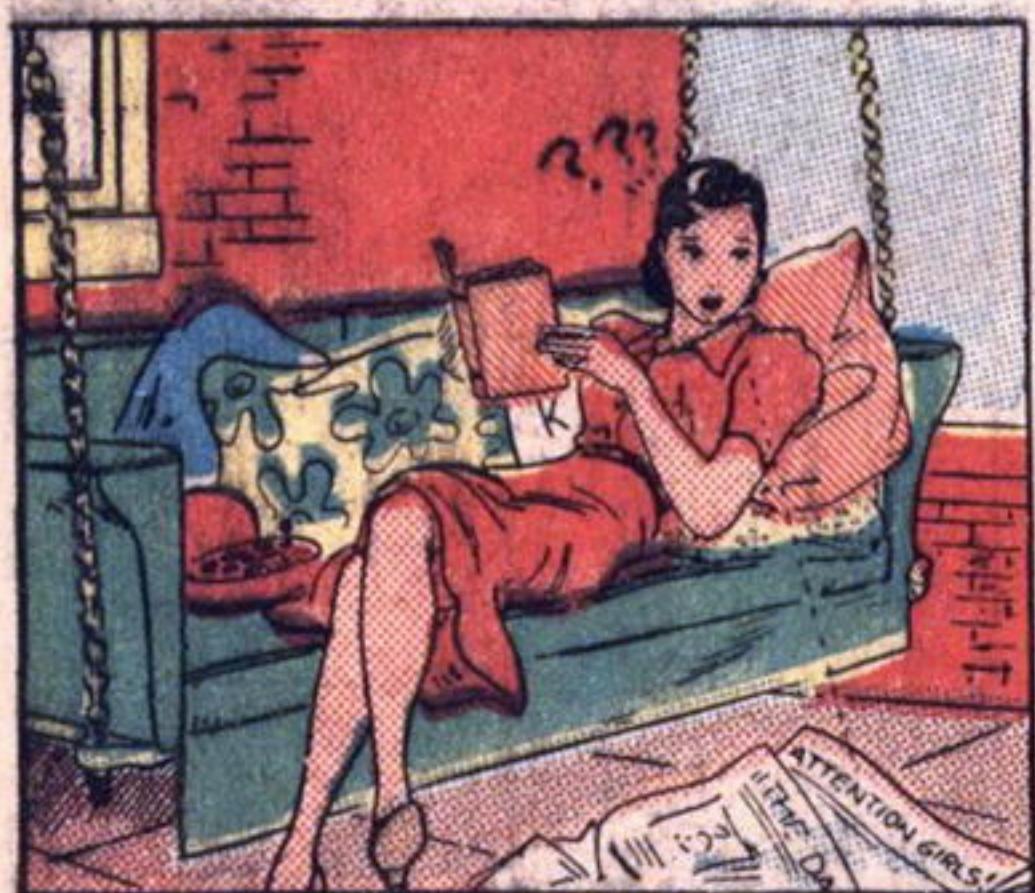
“GOOD,
DEAD
DIXY”

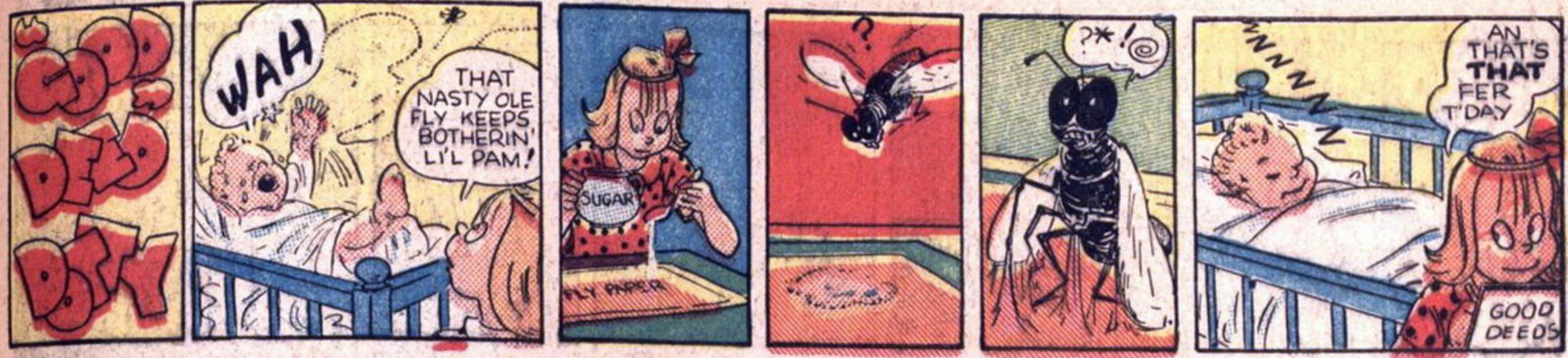


DIXIE DUGAN

McNaught Syndicate Inc.

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

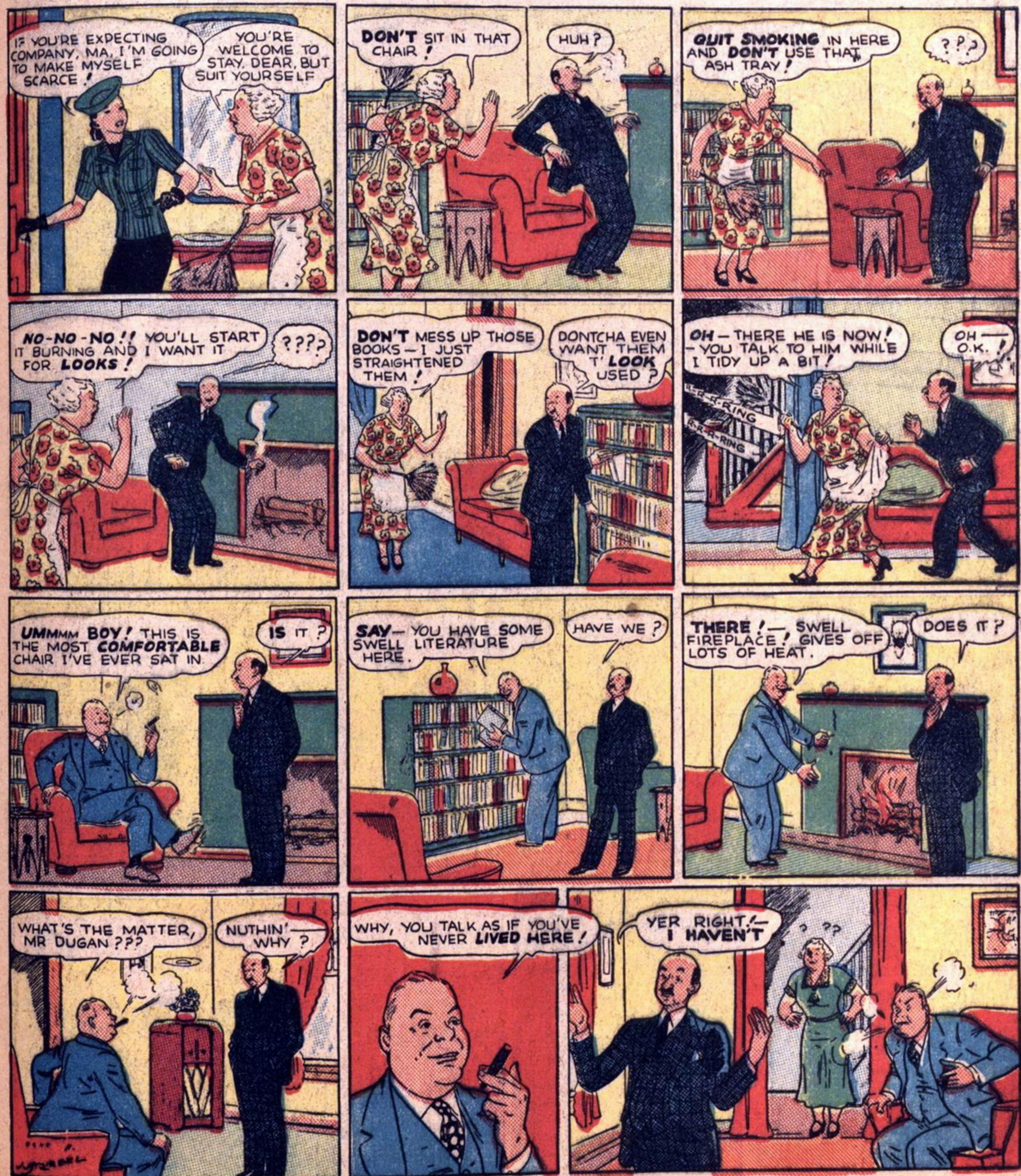


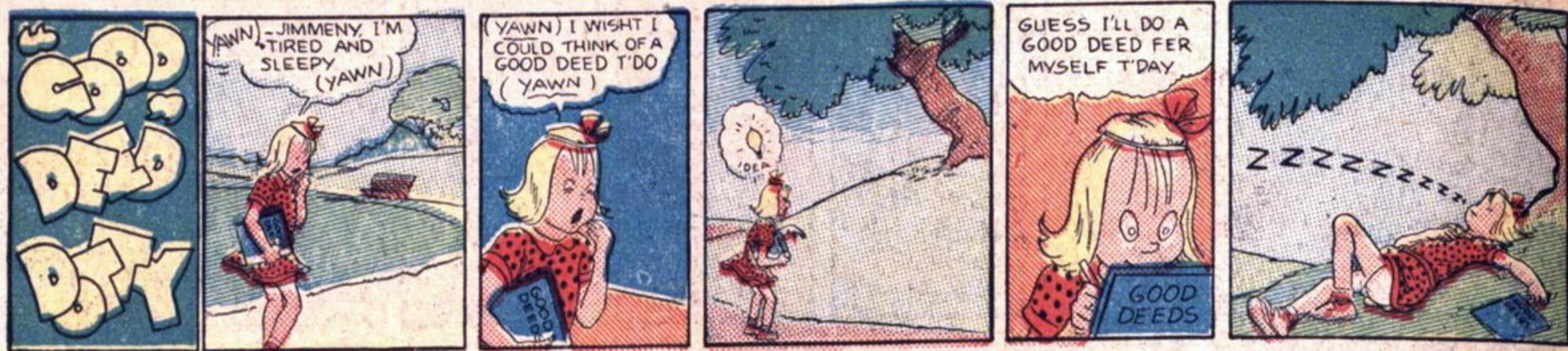


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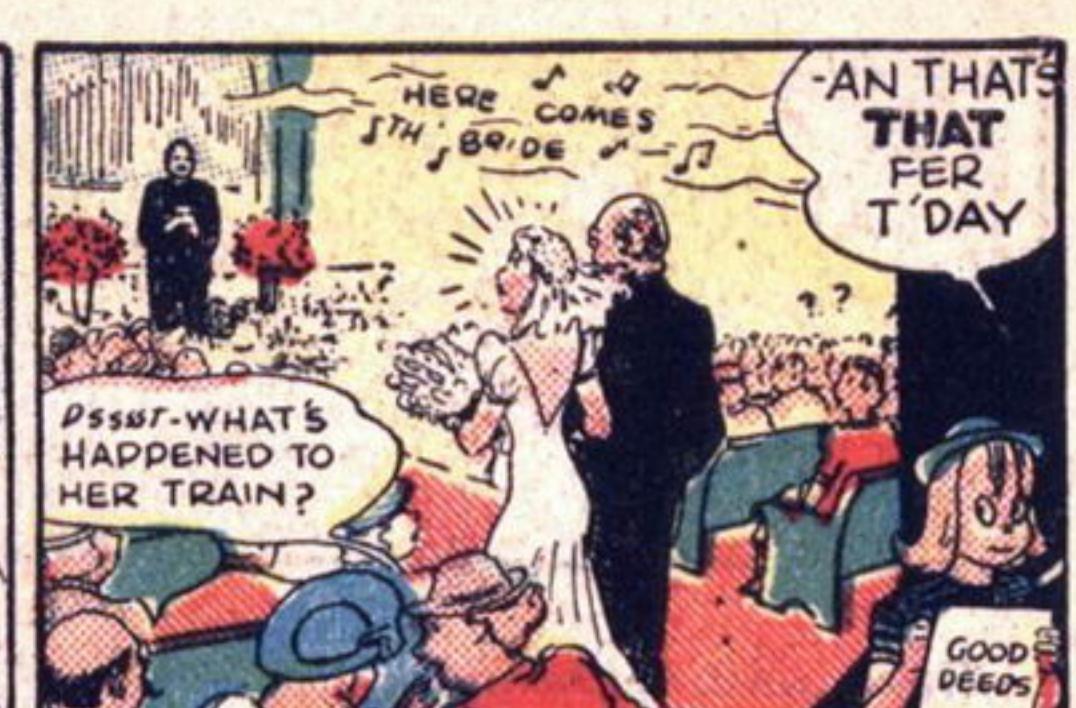
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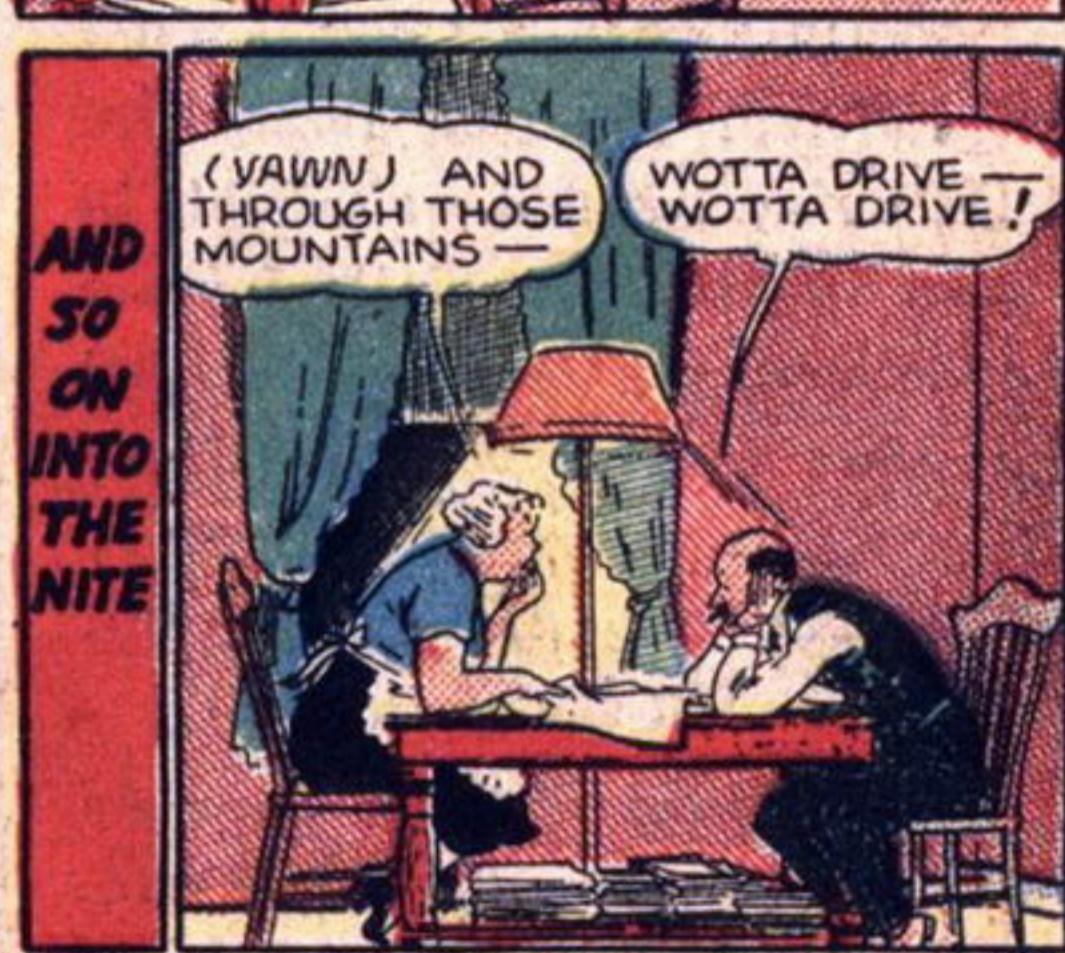
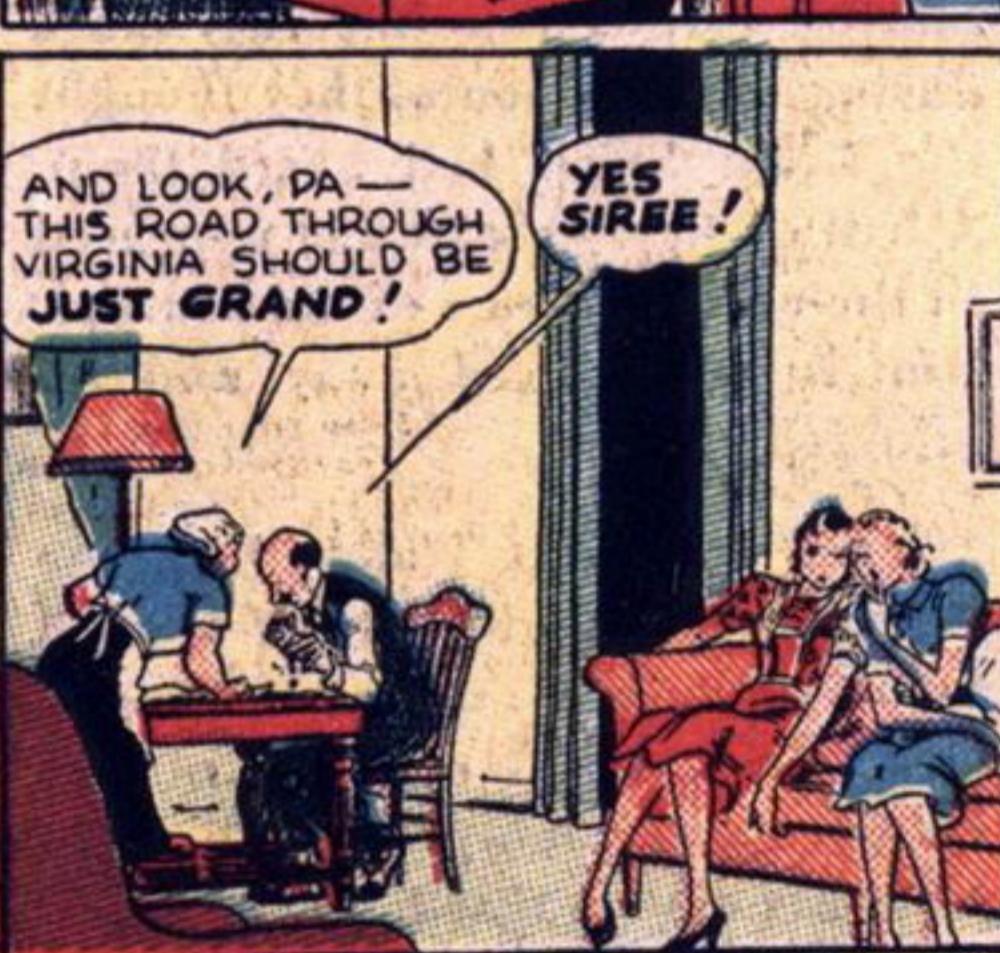
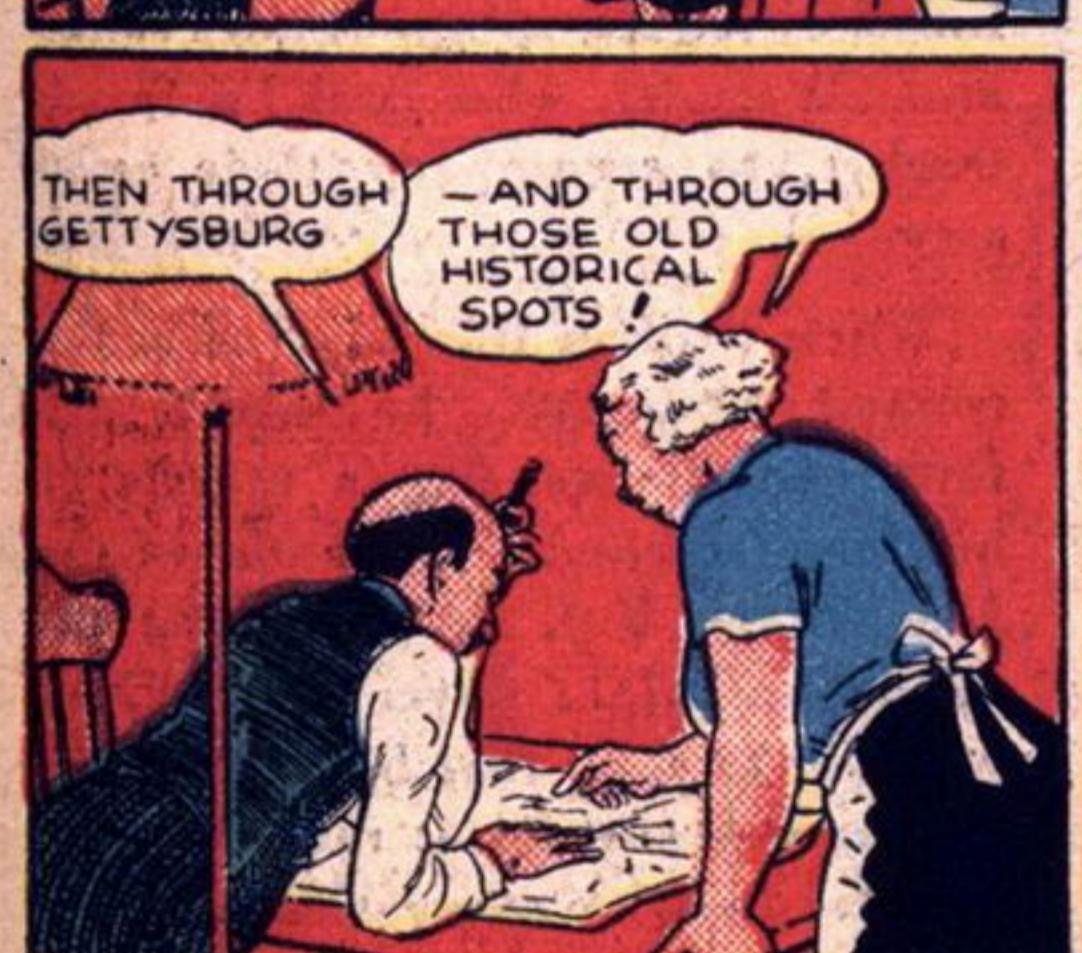
GOOD
DEED
DOW



DIXIE DUGAN

McNaugh Syndicate, Inc.

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



Follow Dixie Dugan in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th.

RAIN BIRD

by

Robert M. Hyatt

Dark and fearsome, their rough backs arched like great bears, the mountains crouched against the night skies. To the two Indian youths huddled over their tiny fire, the darkness held many mysteries. The cold wind shrilled through the junipers that clustered around the little glade, fanning the embers of their fires.

Weetah shivered. "O Broken Bow," he said tremulously, "there are evils in the wind this night."

Broken Bow allowed his gaze to sweep unseeing over the black mass of hills that lumped against a blacker sky. He was conscious of little flickering lights pricking the dark. Not stars—they were too far down. Yes, that was it—they were the lanterns of the Jugardillos, the terrible Little Men of the mountains!

"Ugh!" he grunted with a show of contempt which he hardly felt. "Are we squaws that we tremble in dread of the evil ones? We are brave men, my brother. Have we not been chosen, because of our bravery, for this great adventure? Look you—I hold my hand thus and it does not shake with fear."

Weetah shook his head forlornly and stirred the fire. "Aye," he said. "You are brave, Broken Bow, bravest of all the tribesmen. But I have a feeling—" His words trailed off in a sudden gust of wind that whipped sparks upward in a merry dance.

It was easy to see that Weetah, though brave in his way, had no heart for this venture. And venture indeed it was! The very madness of it caused Weetah to shudder—not

so much for himself, but for his friend Broken Bow. For this night Broken Bow—after Weetah had led him to the Place of the Eagles—would seek out the dreaded Jugardillos in their dark caves. He Who Walks with the Thunder had willed it.

It had all come about in this way: For two moons not a drop of rain had fallen on the parched crops of the Sky People. In every hogan there was wailing and misery. Many suns, hurling their merciless darts of flame into the baked earth of the valley, had burned the poor crops brown. Without maize there could be no *tortillas*, and without *tortillas* the Hopi would starve. There must be rain!

The medicine men, and the oldest and wisest sagamores of all the tribes, had drawn together in council. Much strange medicine did they make. With rattling of dry gourds and doleful chants, they had sped blazing arrows into the sky. Once during the ceremonies they thought the Great Spirit had heard them. A ball of fleecy cloud had appeared in the coppery dome of the heavens. But it had passed away and no rain fell.

Then He Who Walks With the Thunder bethought him of a plan. "The gods are angry, my brothers," he said. "Our arrows of fire do not reach high enough to penetrate the clouds that hold the rains. Only by a lightning bolt can those clouds be made to spill out their moisture. Yonder in the mountains dwell the Jugardillos. They hold the secret of making lightning."

The aged priests were shocked into silence for a moment. Then:

"The Jugardillos!" they gasped. "But it is death to enter their domains . . . 'twould be a brave man who sought out their secret. O Brother!"

"Aye, a brave man indeed," replied He Who Walks With the Thunder. "That is the sort of man we shall send to them."

"But who? What man be so brave?"

The old priest's head was bowed as if in momentary prayer. Then he faced his audience. "There be but one in all the clans who is that brave. He is my son, Broken Bow. Though but a youth, he has slain three great bears with only a knife for weapon. He it must be, my brothers."

An ancient priest of the Turtle Clan stood up and his voice rang out in the murky council chamber. "Our brother speaks words of wisdom. Our lands perish of thirst. Soon we all must die. Let He Who Walks With the Thunder send his son, Broken Bow, for braver youth does not live!"

Thus the council ended. And the old medicine men called the stalwart Broken Bow and told him of his father's daring plan. They called also Weetah, who was a great tracker, to accompany their emissary.

When Broken Bow arrived at the council chamber, he heard his father in silence. Not a muscle of his face twitched at mention of the Jugardillos. Well he knew that another sun might never set for him were he to take this hazardous pilgrimage. Assuredly it meant death. And he had so many things to do ere he died . . .

"Yes, my father," he said. "I am honored. I am ready."

He Who Walks With the Thunder laid his hand on his son's head.

"The Great Spirit guard you well," he said sadly. "Tonight in the caves of the Jugardillos you will request a lightning bolt. The Little Men of the mountains are strange folk indeed—they may refuse to give you that which will bring us

life. You must get a lightning bolt at any cost. Otherwise we perish. I have spoken."

The rim of the harvest moon was just appearing over the peaks to the east when Broken Bow got to his feet. For a full hour he had sat silent, staring into the fire and contemplating his forthcoming adventure. There was no doubt in his mind that he would never return to his people. No one had ever come back from the caves of the Jugardillos. He remembered hearing his grandfather, a great priest, say that the Little Men of the mountains turned their victims into strange animals and birds—after they had finished torturing them!

There was a note of sadness in Broken Bow's heart, but certainly no fear. He said to Weetah: "Come, my brother, it is time we start. I can see the lanterns of the evil ones blinking far up the mountain. I would be off on my mission."

"Oh, Broken Bow," said Weetah with a catch in his voice, "is there no other way? Look you, this trail leads north into the land of the Fire People, our cousins. Take it, my brother. I will return to our tribe and say that you—"

"Stop!" There was horror in Broken Bow's voice as he whirled on Weetah. "Would have me a traitor? I am neither liar nor coward. May the gods forgive you those words!"

Weetah hung his head. "O my brother," he said, "forgive me. I spoke only out of my great love for you. It is hard to know that I shall see you no more."

Broken Bow's arm went about the shoulders of his friend. "Aye, good Weetah. But better that I die than that our whole race perish. Now let's be off!"

In silence the two youths started the long climb up the dark, twisting trail. For more than an hour they strode on, and then they came to the Place of the Eagles. It was the end of the trail for Weetah—the beginning for Broken Bow. Beyond this point none of the Sky People had ever ventured. This was the domain of the Jugardillos, and unknown perils lurked in its darksome defiles and deep gorges.

Broken Bow gripped Weetah's hand firmly and in the light of the early moon his smile was gentle.

"Little Brother, we part now. To you I give my horse, Wind Bird, and this"—he drew from inside his belt a leathern pouch and handed it to Weetah—"I would have you give it to my mother, the Great Spirit watch over her!"

Weetah took the pouch, a good luck charm, and turned away hastily lest the tears in his eyes proclaim him unmanly.

Without another word the two friends parted.

With fast-beating heart, Broken Bow set off across the rough terrain that lay beyond the Place of the Eagles. Soon he was in a narrow cleft and the walls of rock on either side of him rose so high that the moon was blotted out, and the air was filled with a dampness that struck to the bone and a silence that was appalling.

The cleft ended in a huge circular canyon the walls of which towered into the very skies. The way was rough and often his moccasins dislodged a pebble that clattered over the edge of the fearful chasm that bordered the trail. Great bats whisked past his head, clicking their teeth viciously.

When he had passed through the Canyon of the Bats, Broken Bow found himself on a narrow trail

that clung to the side of the lava mountain like a taut bowstring. Carefully picking his way, he came to a turn in the path and then a frightful sight met his eyes. Before him, on either side of the trail, were two great boulders, and chained to each was a huge bear.

Instantly the bears leaped at each other, slashing out with their enormous claws. Their snarling and roaring was terrible to hear, but Broken Bow was not afraid because he quickly saw that the chains held the bears apart a scant few inches. He recognized this as the first of the Jugardillos' tests of a true man. The bears watched him, their little red eyes savage. Broken Bow paused a moment, gauging his distance, then walked slowly and surely the narrow way. There was barely room enough for a man with iron nerve to walk between them; should he flinch either way he was lost.

The bears lunged at him, spattering their hot breath against his flesh and almost slashing him with their long claws. There was a great snapping and enraged howling as he stepped beyond their reach, and Broken Bow laughed—though he was wet with sweat.

Rain Bird is concluded in the August issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale June 30th



REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by ART PINAJIAN

INSPECTOR, MY NAME IS WALES—I'M AN ENGRAVER—LAST NIGHT AS I WAS ABOUT TO CLOSE MY SHOP A MAN NAMED PEARSON CAME IN AND ASKED ME TO MAKE A PLATE OF A TEN DOLLAR BILL!!

I TOLD HIM TO GET OUT—THEN HE OFFERED TO SAVE MY BUSINESS FROM BANKRUPTCY SO I AGREED—HERE'S A PROOF FROM THE PLATE! HE ALSO SAID HE'D WANT ME TO MAKE A COPY OF A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL NEXT!

GREAT WORK, WALES—I'LL PUT SERGEANT REYNOLDS ON THE CASE AT ONCE!

WAIT, INSPECTOR—PLEASE LET ME HANDLE IT—I CAN GET MORE INFORMATION THAN HE CAN—THEY WON'T SUSPECT ME—I'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS I GET SOMETHING DEFINITE!

COUNTERFEITING IS SERIOUS, SIR—CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?

NOT YET, SERGEANT—LET'S WAIT FOR DETAILS—THEN WE'LL HAVE MORE TO WORK WITH!

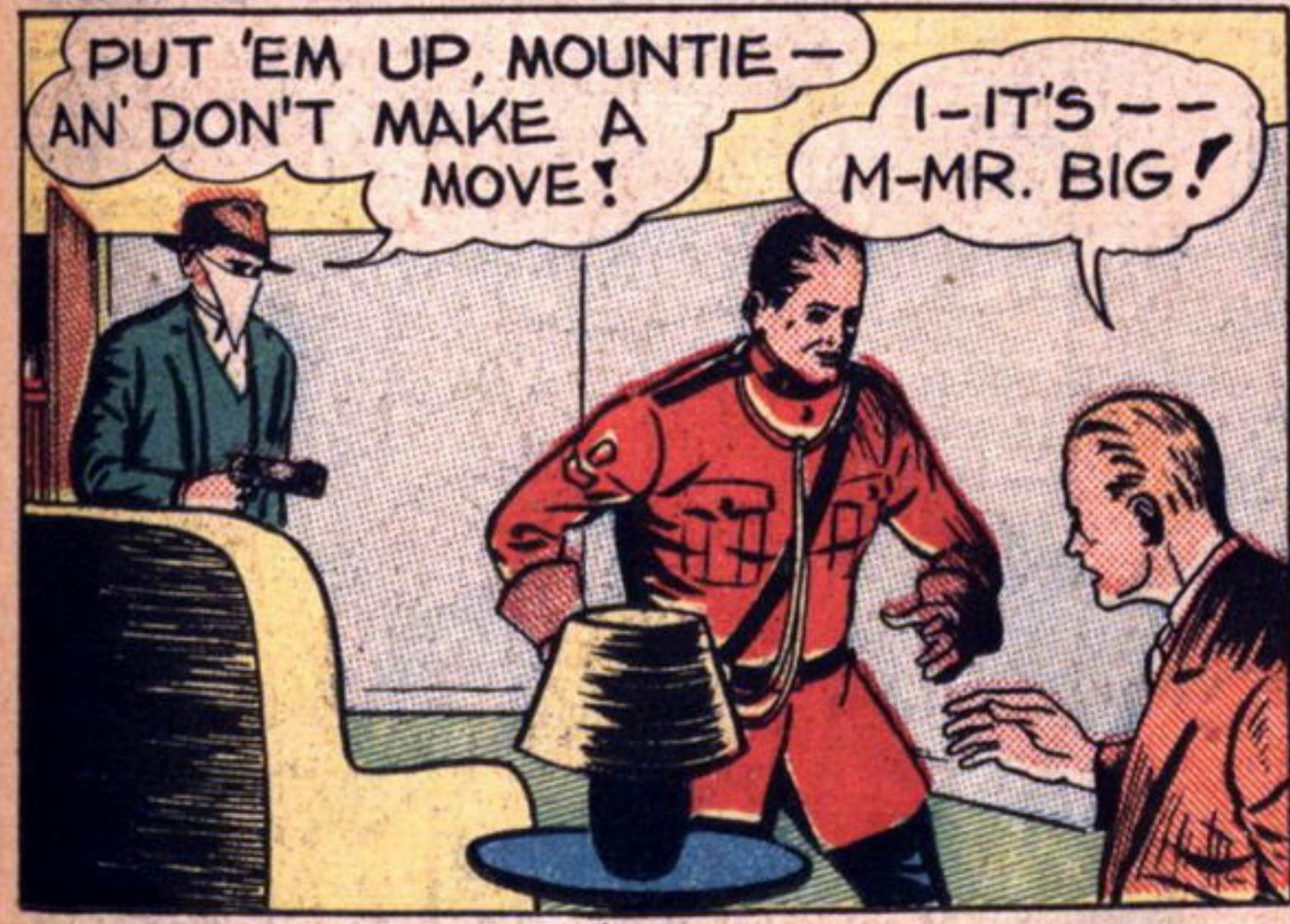
WHAT'S NEW, WALES?

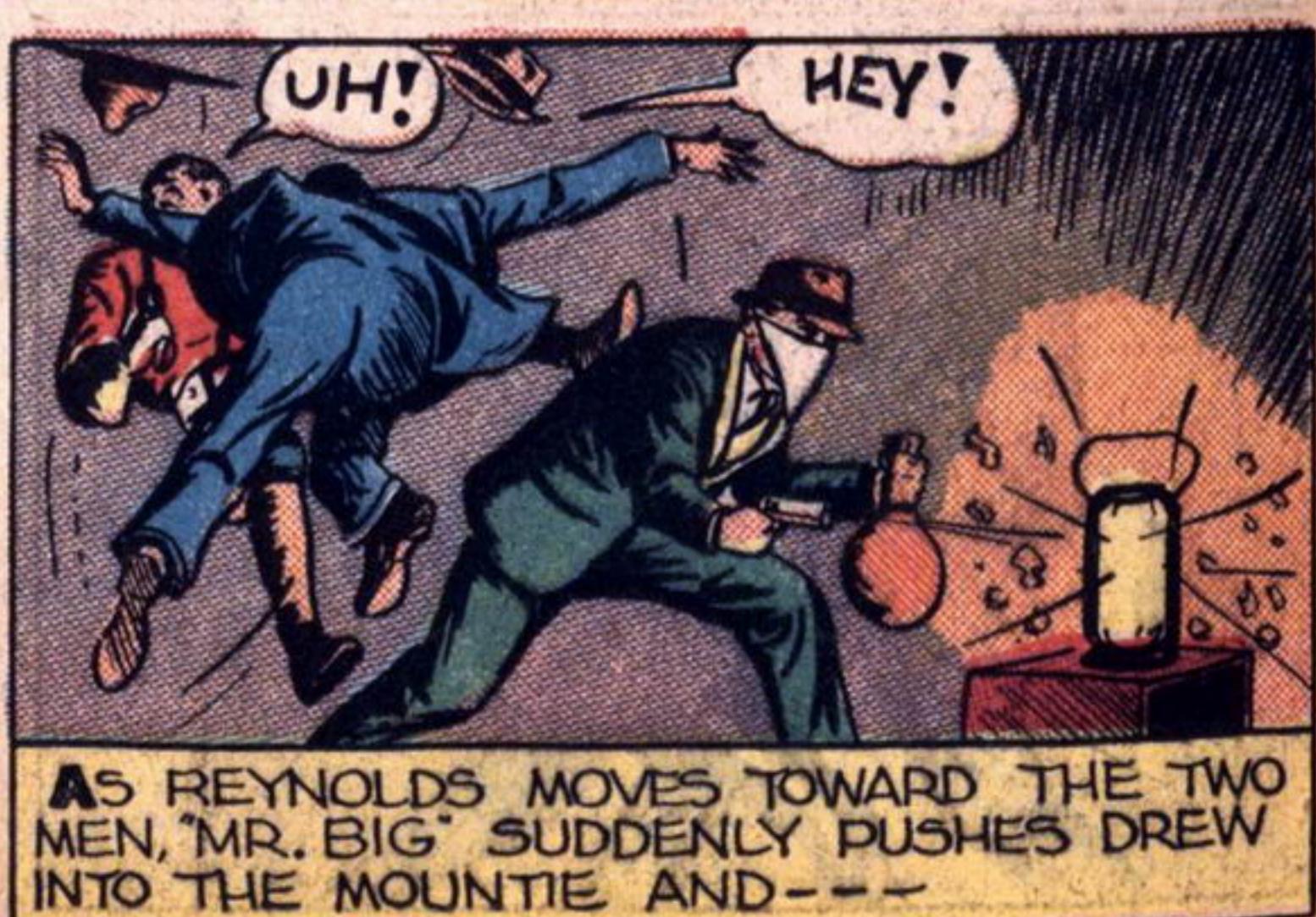
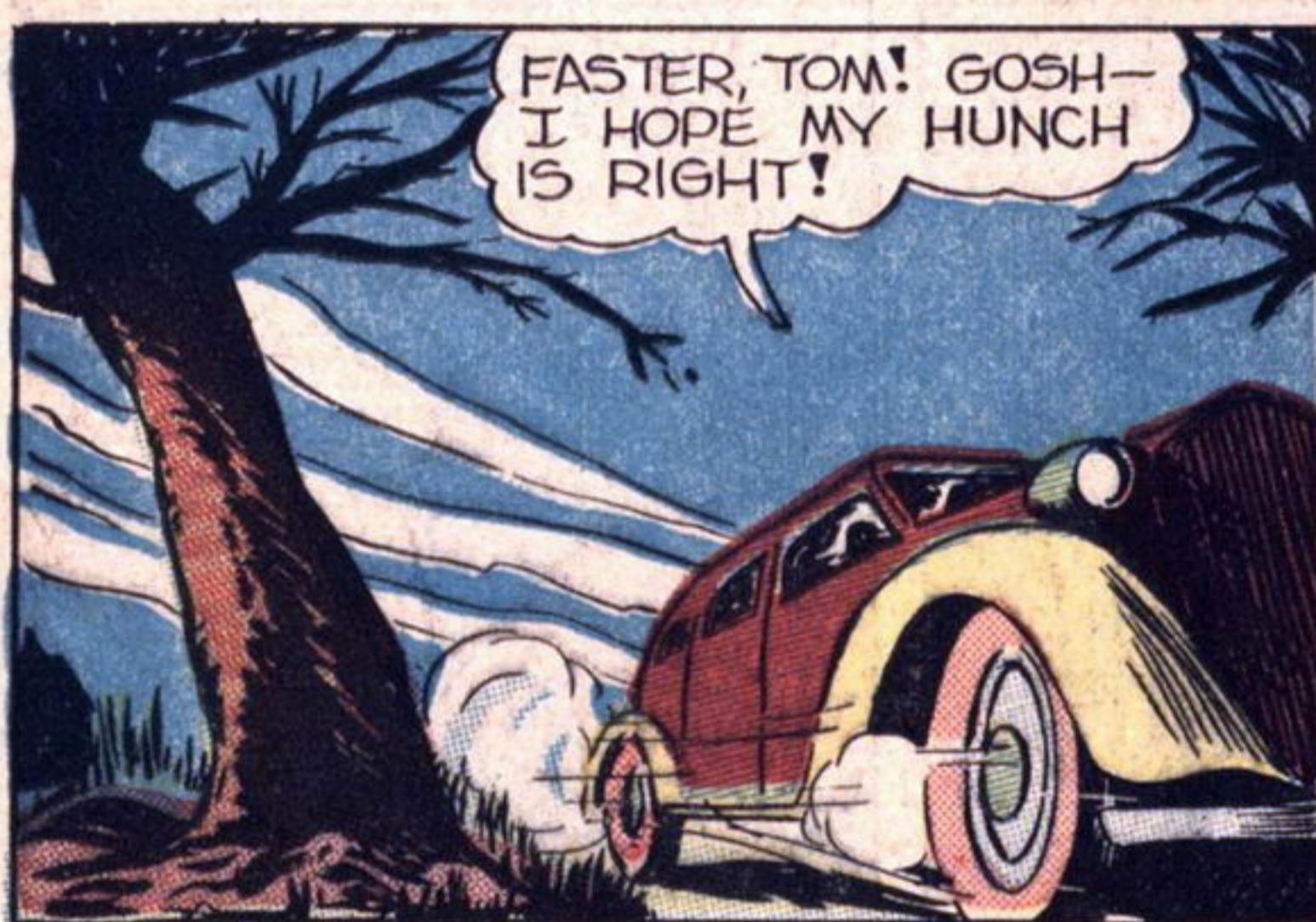
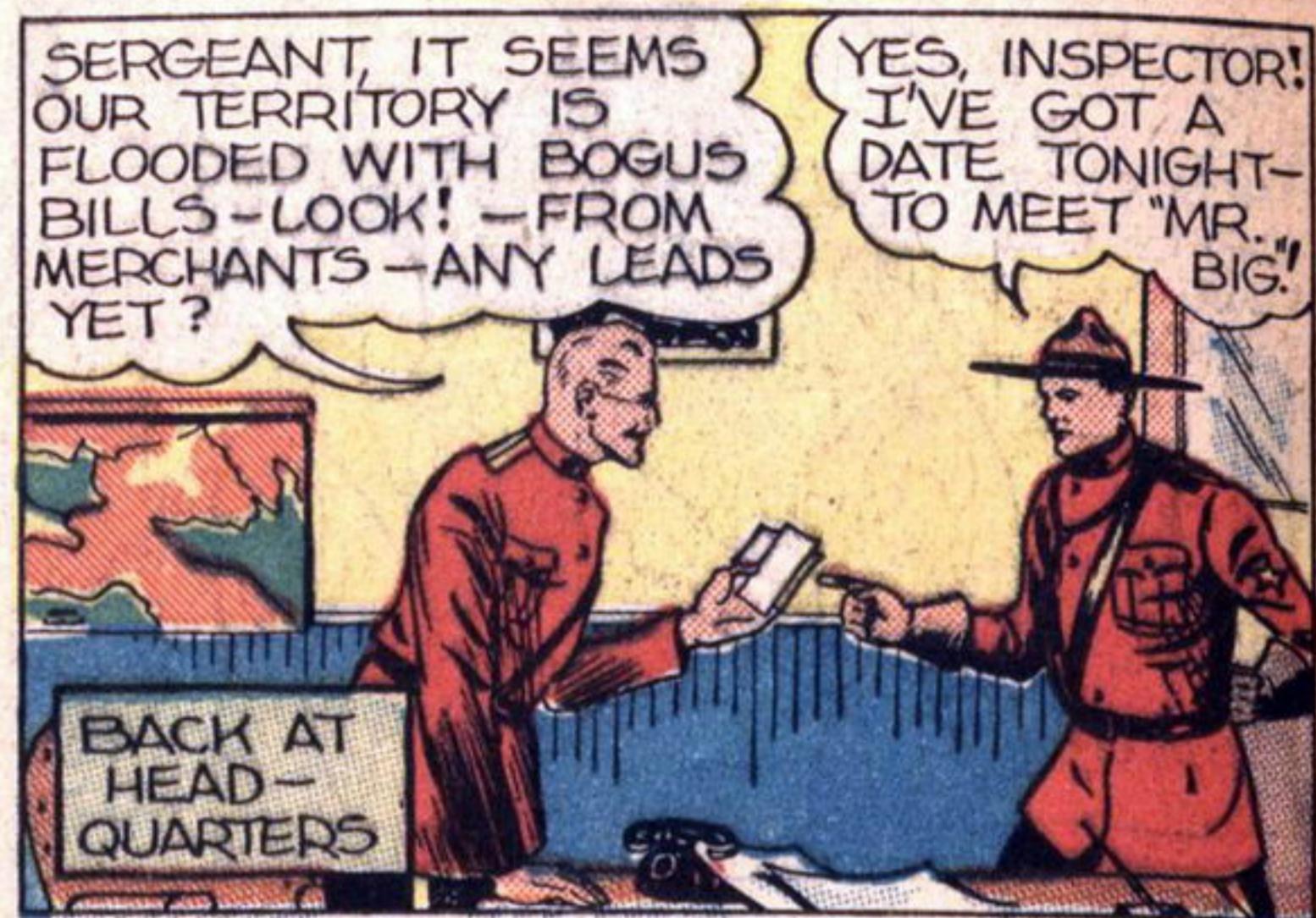
INSPECTOR, THIS IS MR. DREW, A NEIGHBOR OF MINE—SOME ONE JUST PASSED HIM A FAKE FIFTY DOLLAR BILL!

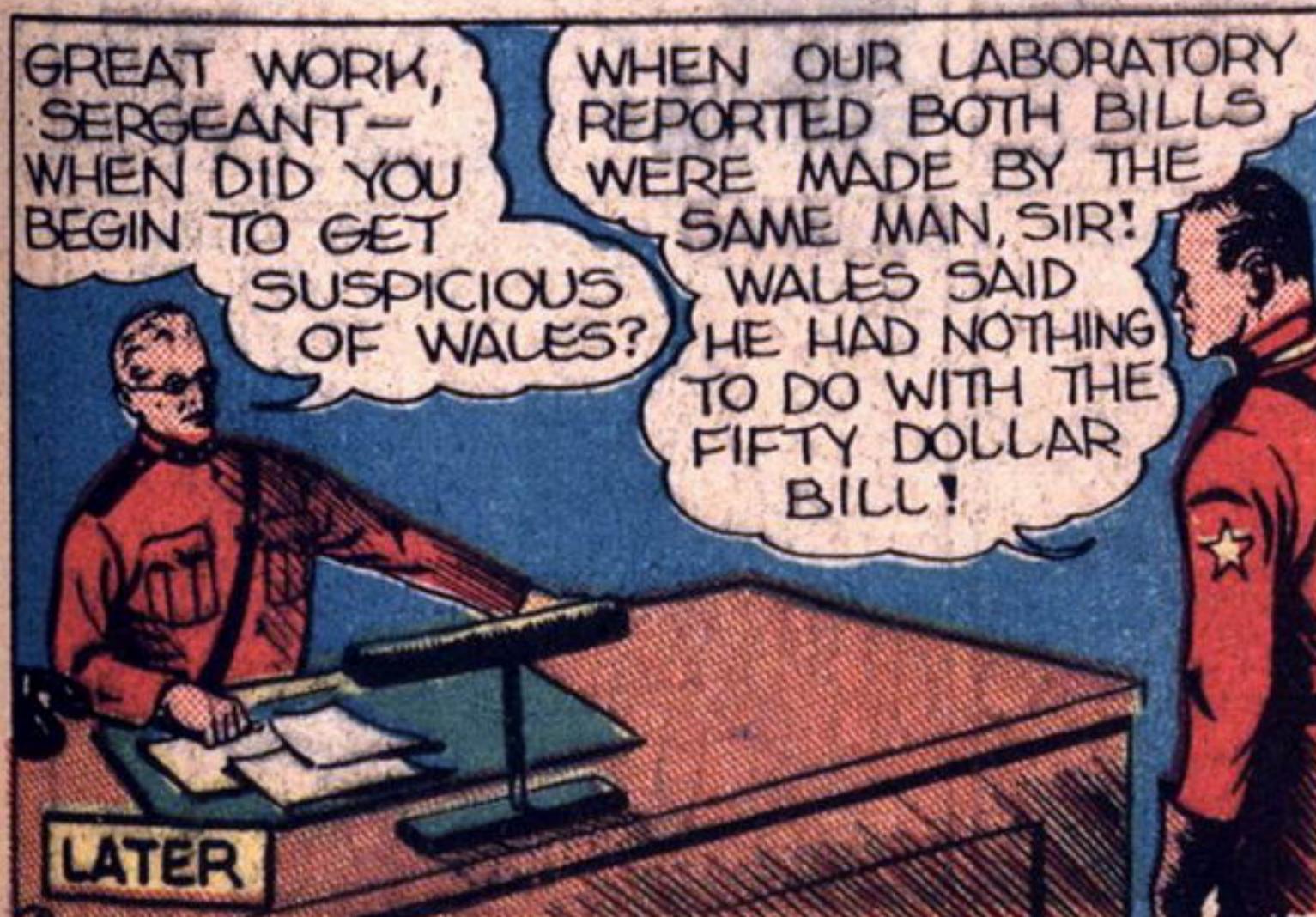
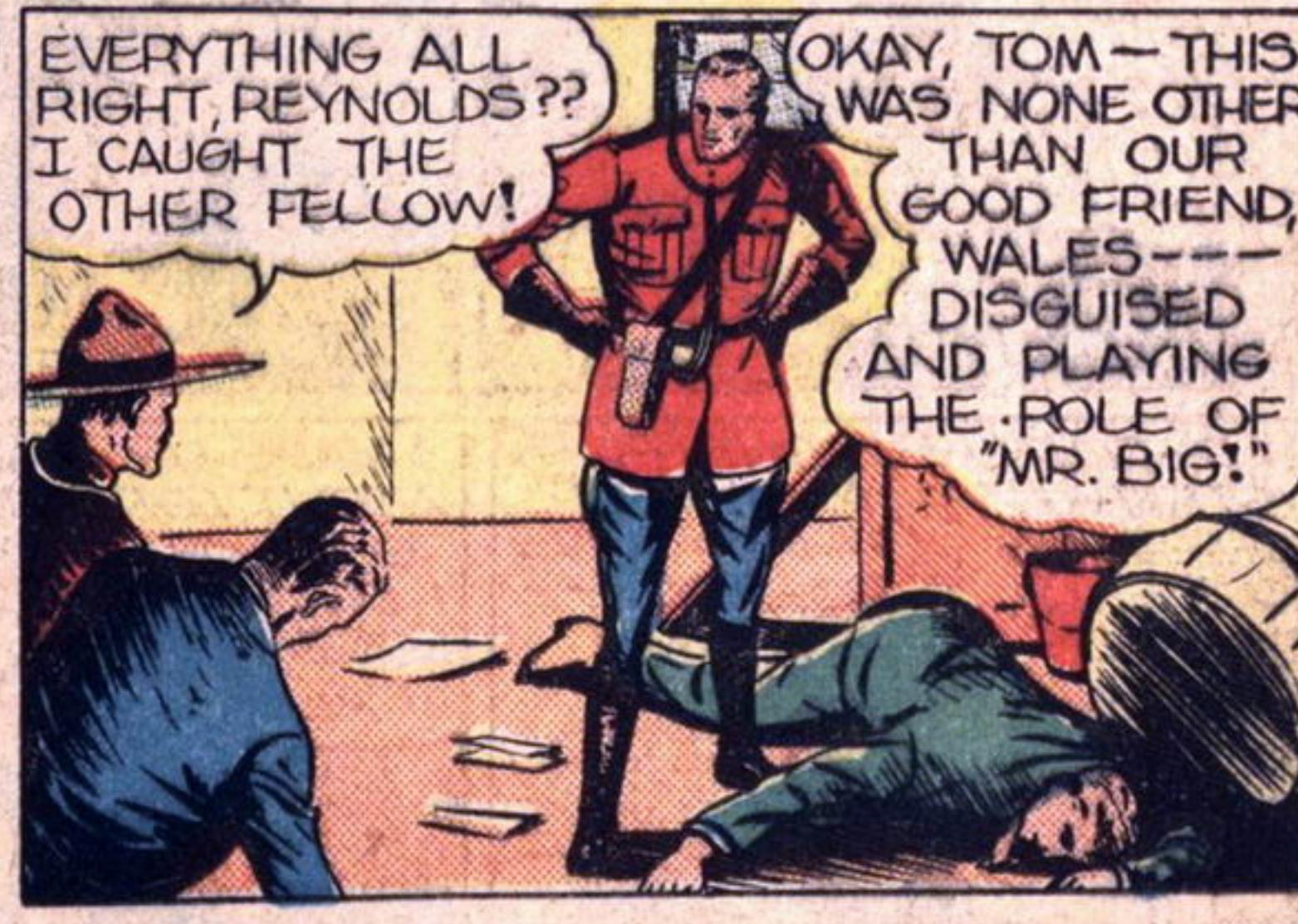
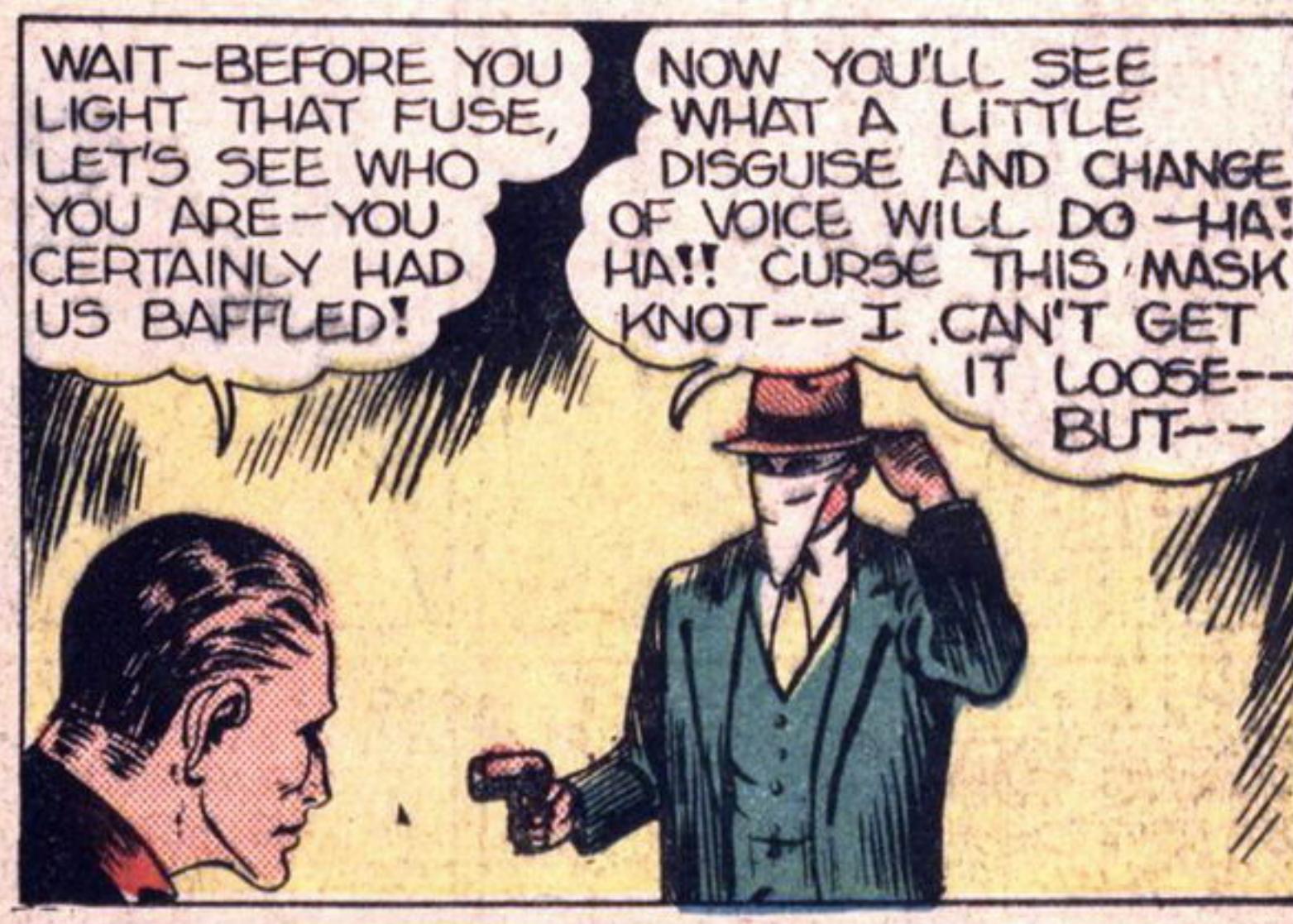
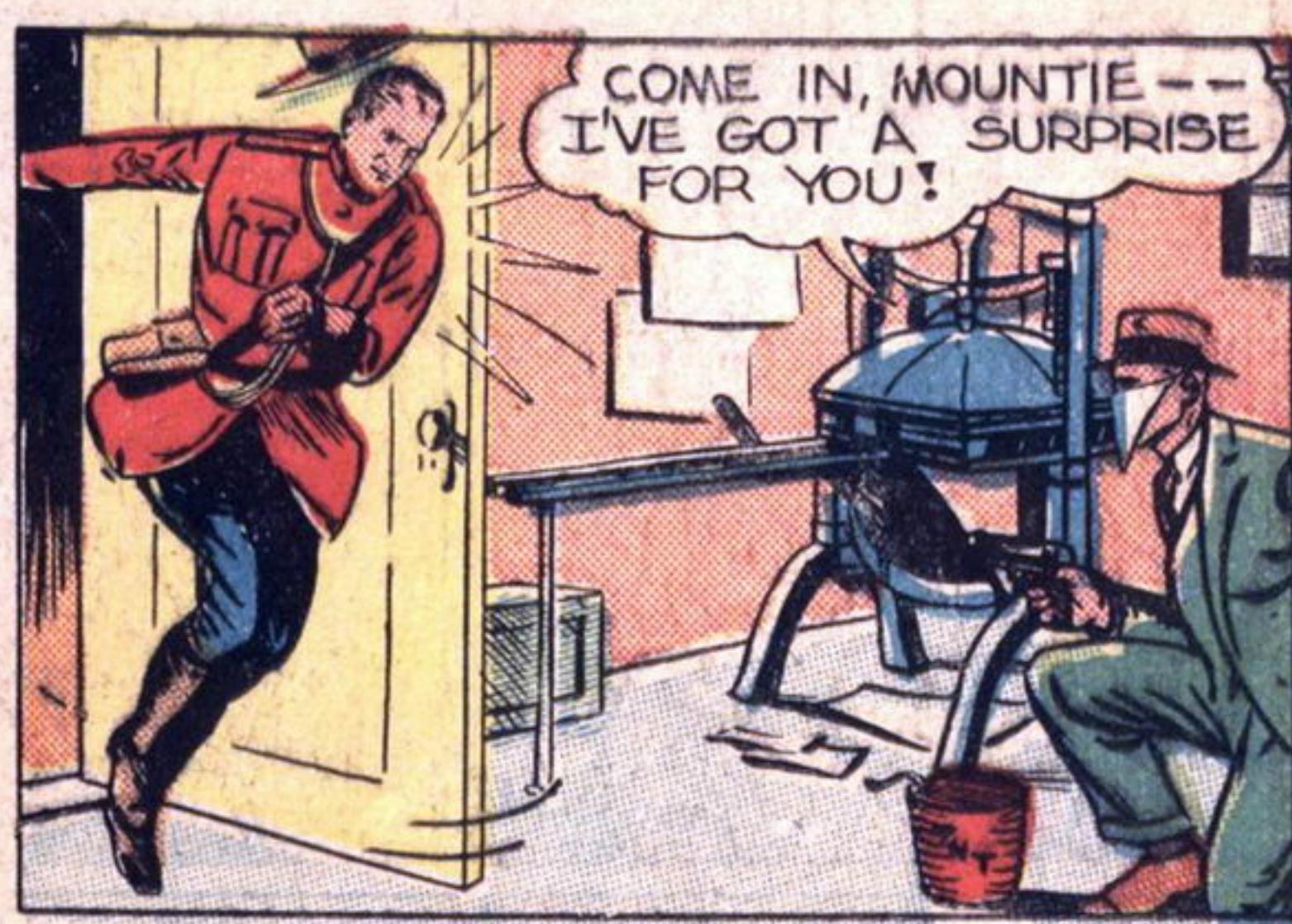
THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS, WALES—HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHERE THE BILLS ARE BEING PRINTED?

NOT YET—BUT I LEARNED THAT THIS GANG IS LED BY A MAN KNOWN ONLY TO HIS GANG AS "MR. BIG." NO ONE KNOWS HIS REAL NAME—

"MR. BIG," EH? WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION AT ONCE—WALES, WE WANT FULL DETAILS OF EVERYTHING IN CONNECTION WITH THIS CASE—IN THE MEANTIME, TRY TO STALL OFF MAKING ANY MORE PLATES, AND KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US—THAT IS ALL, GENTLEMEN!



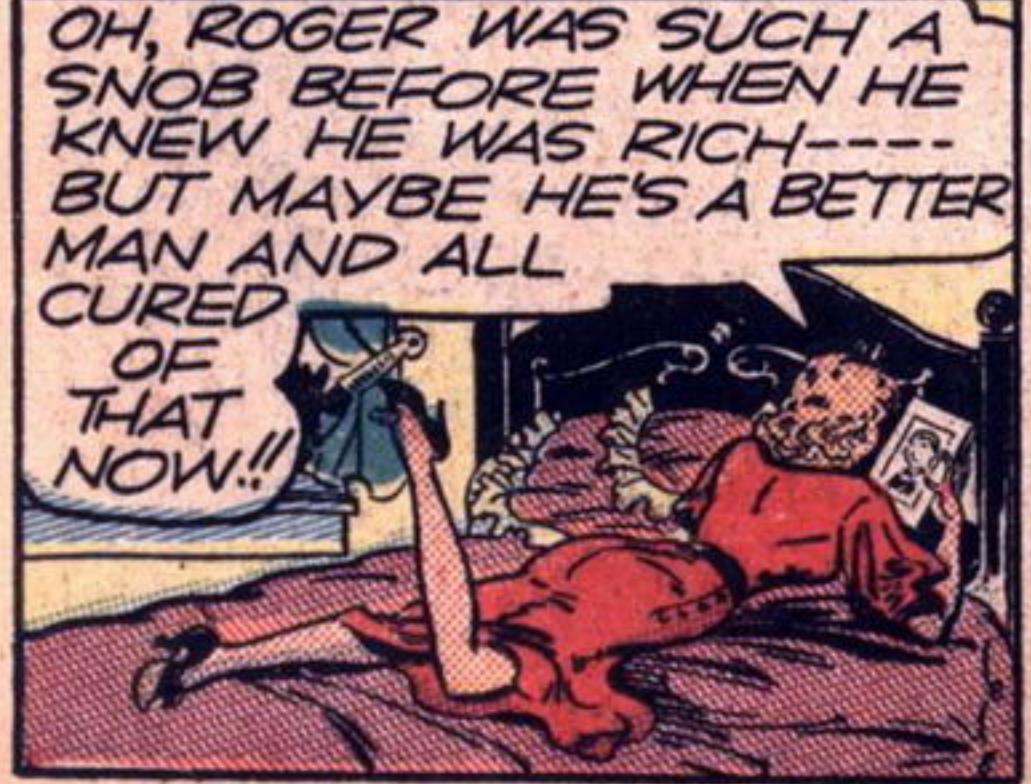
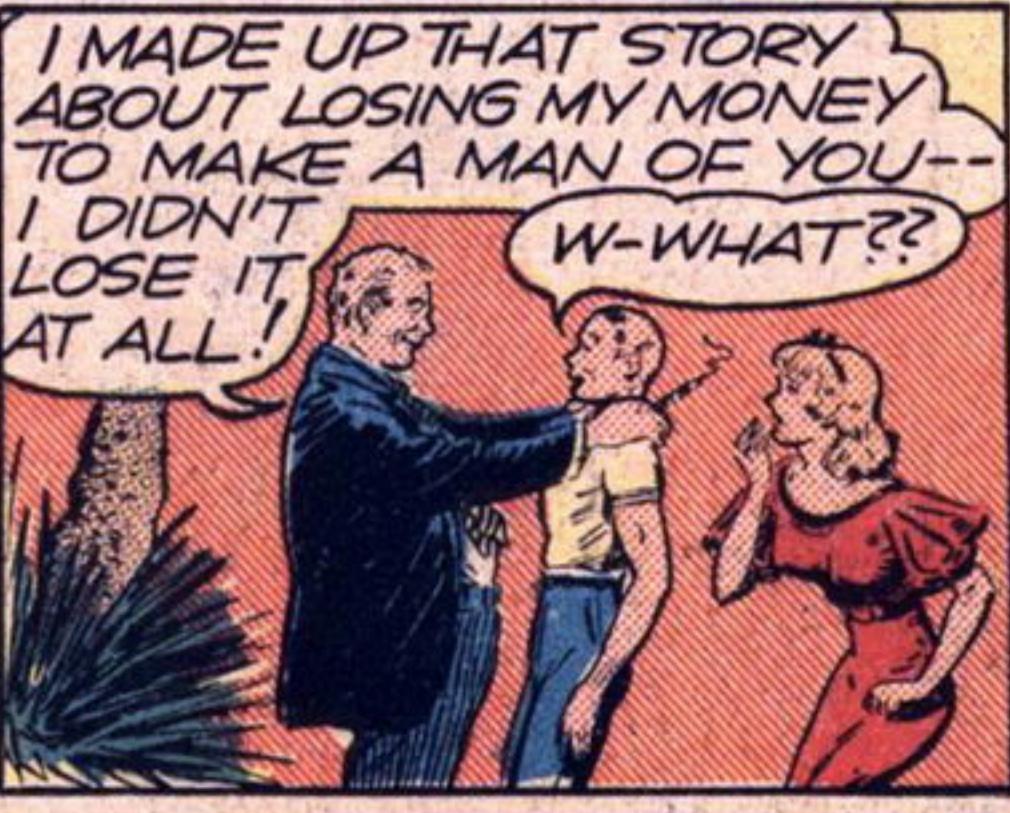
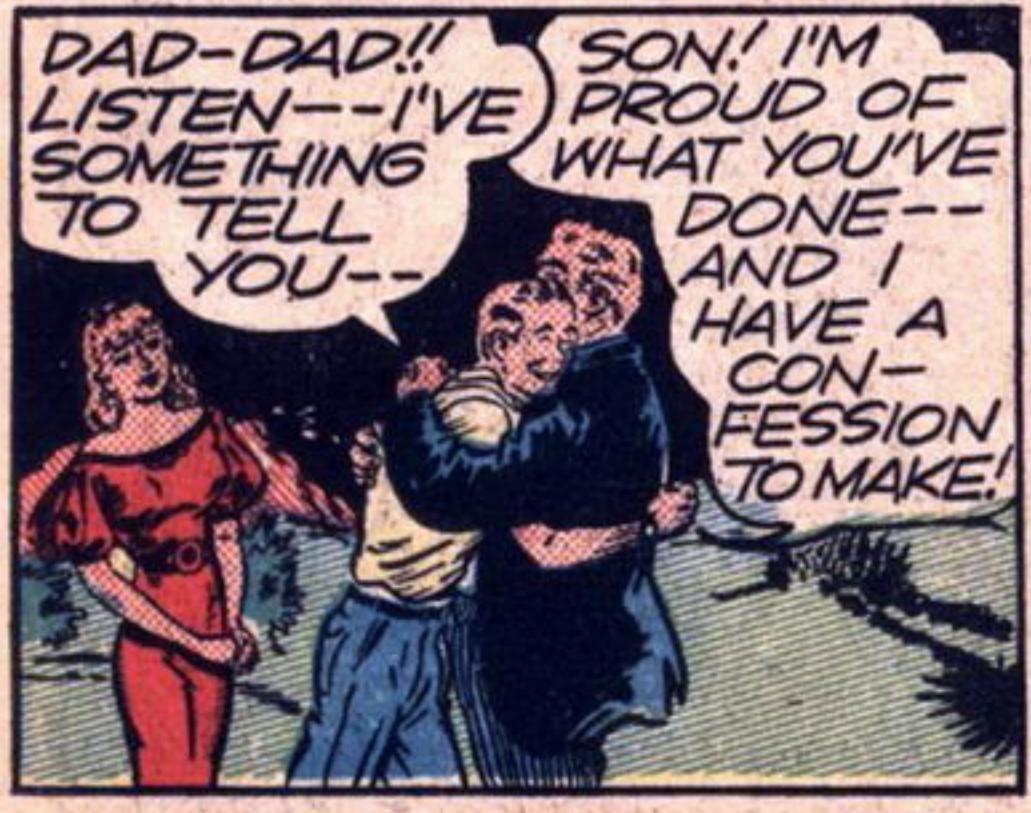
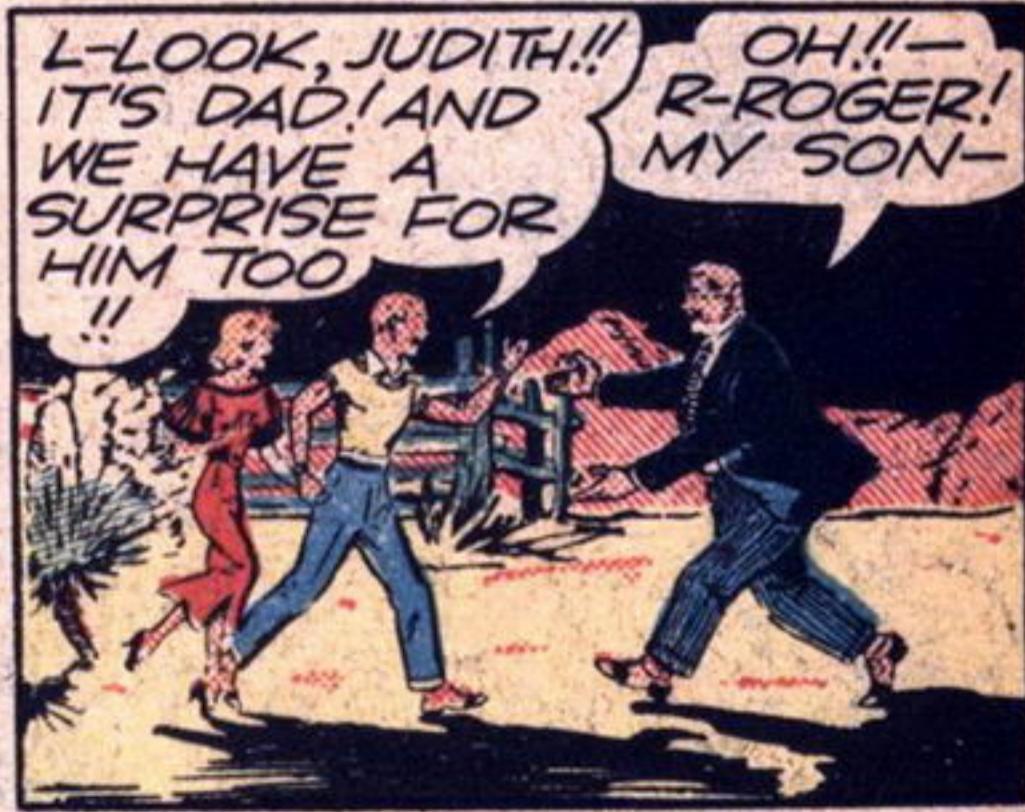
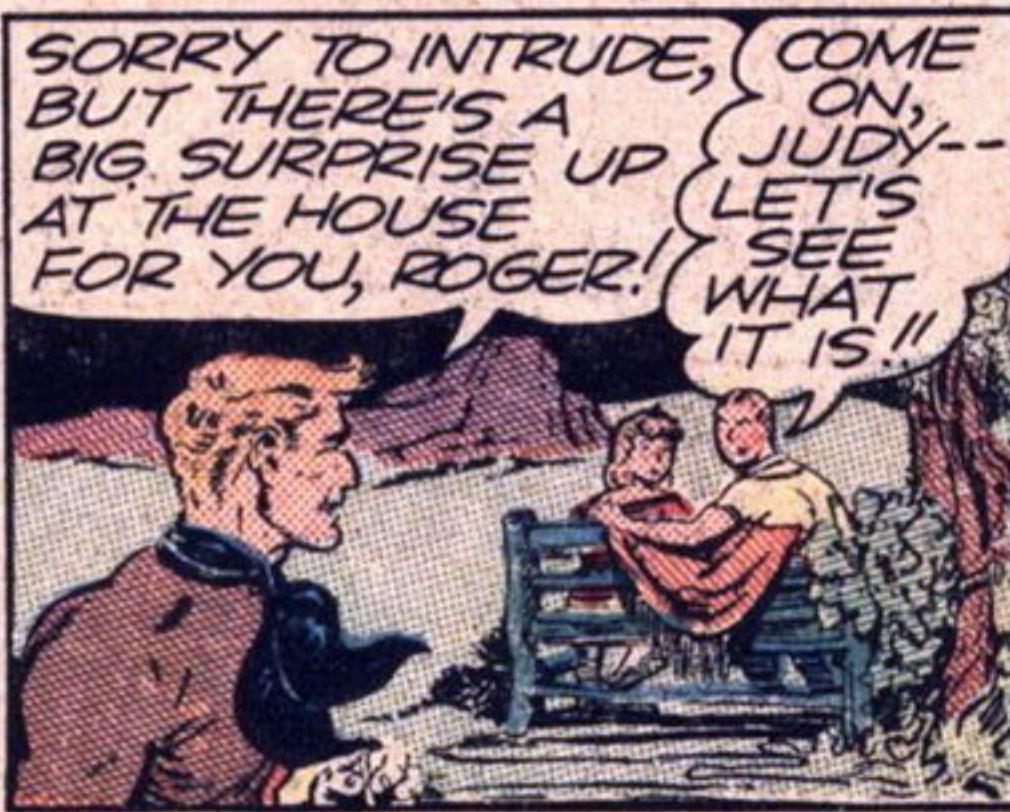
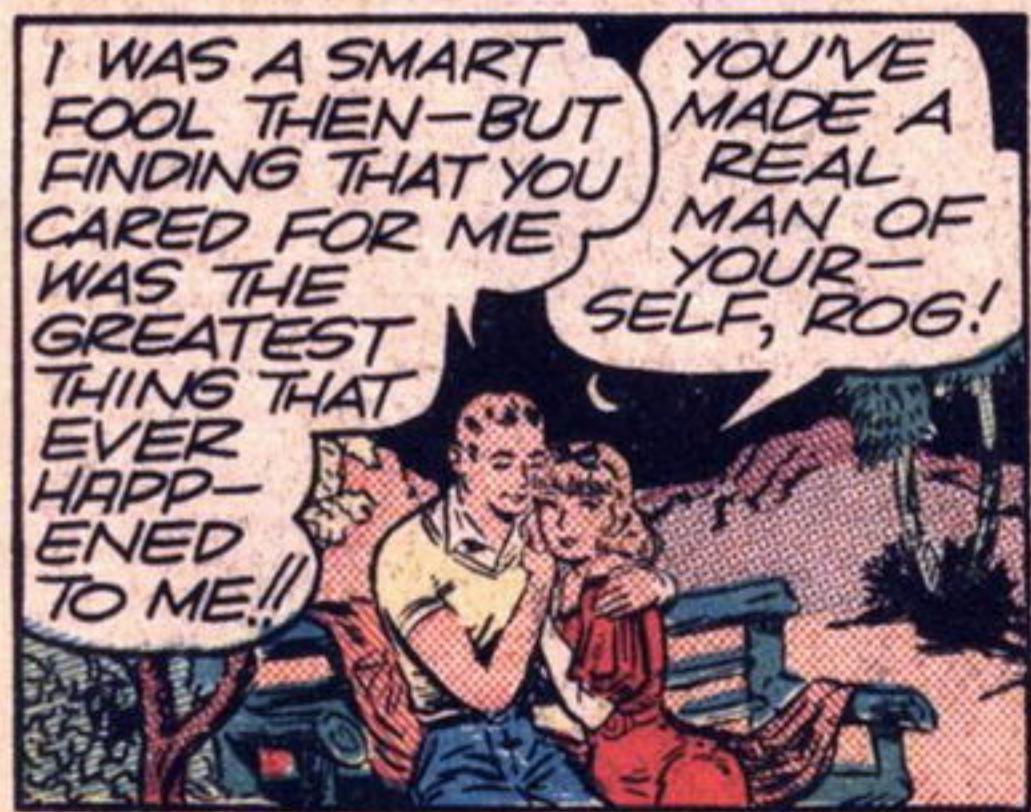
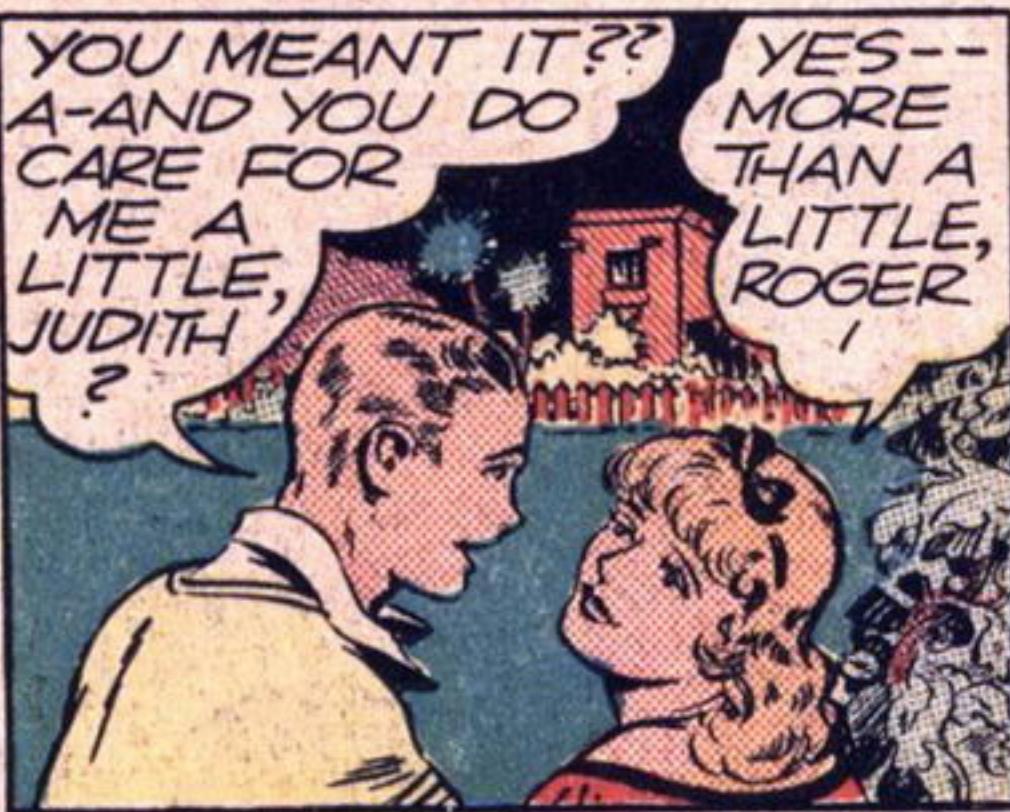
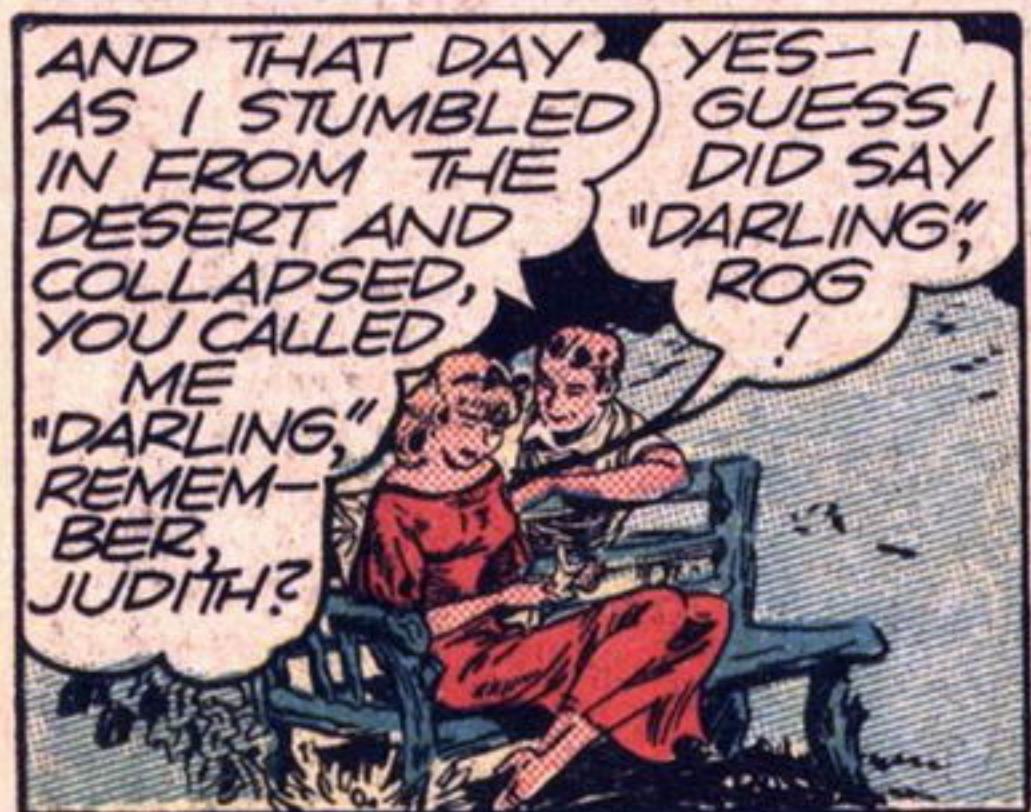
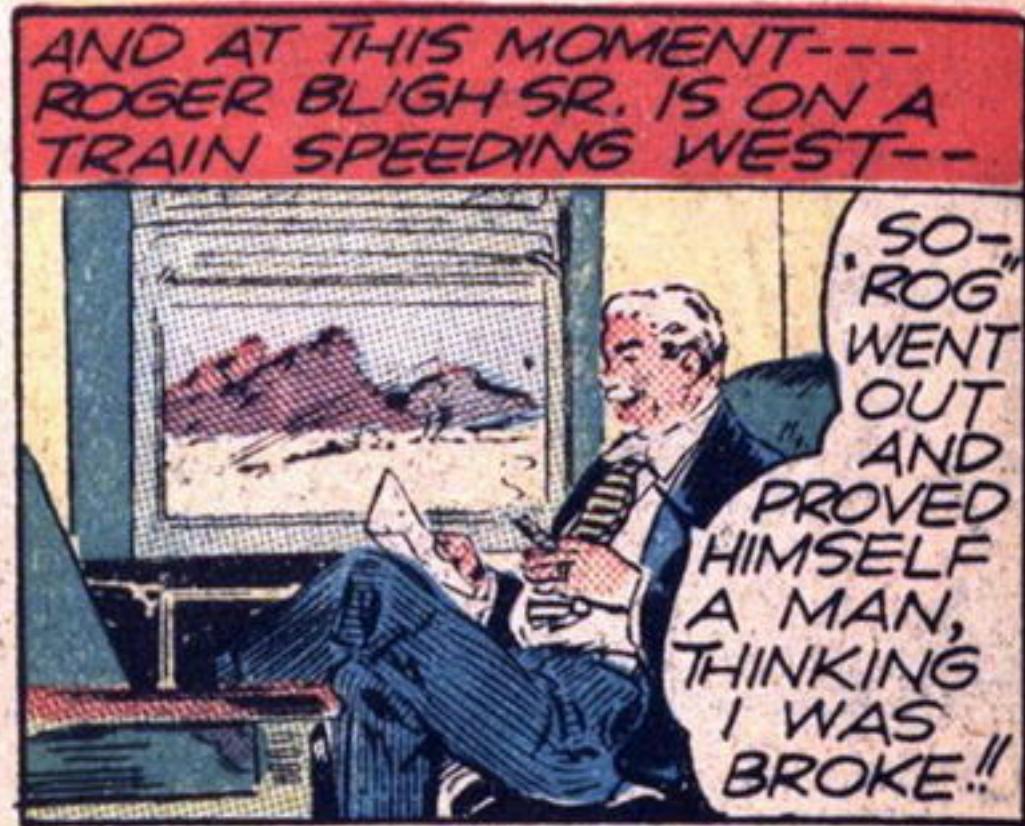
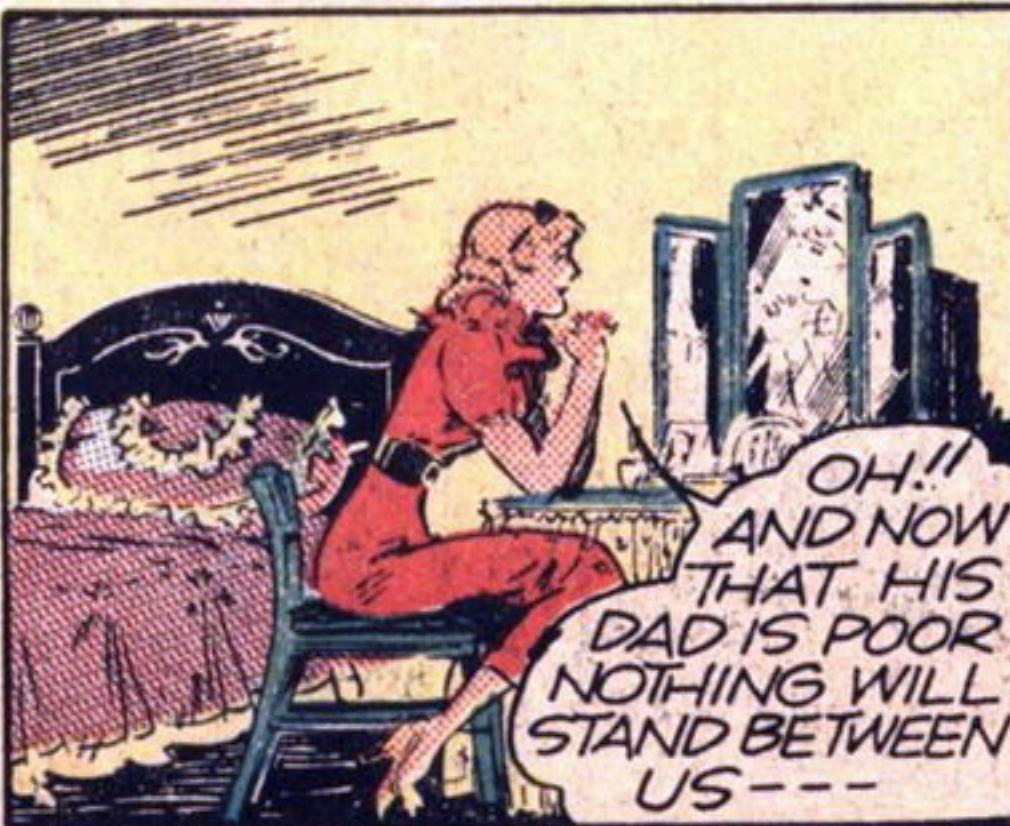




Another episode of Reynolds of The Mounted in the August issue—on sale June 30th.

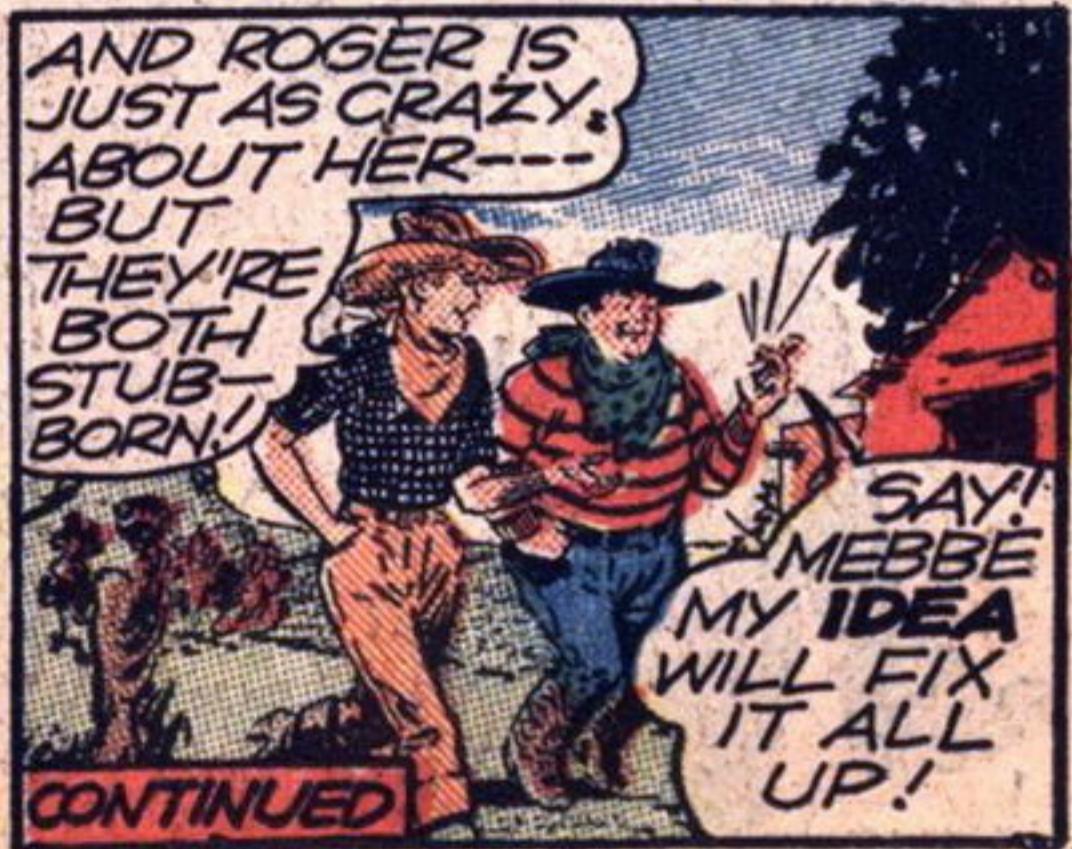
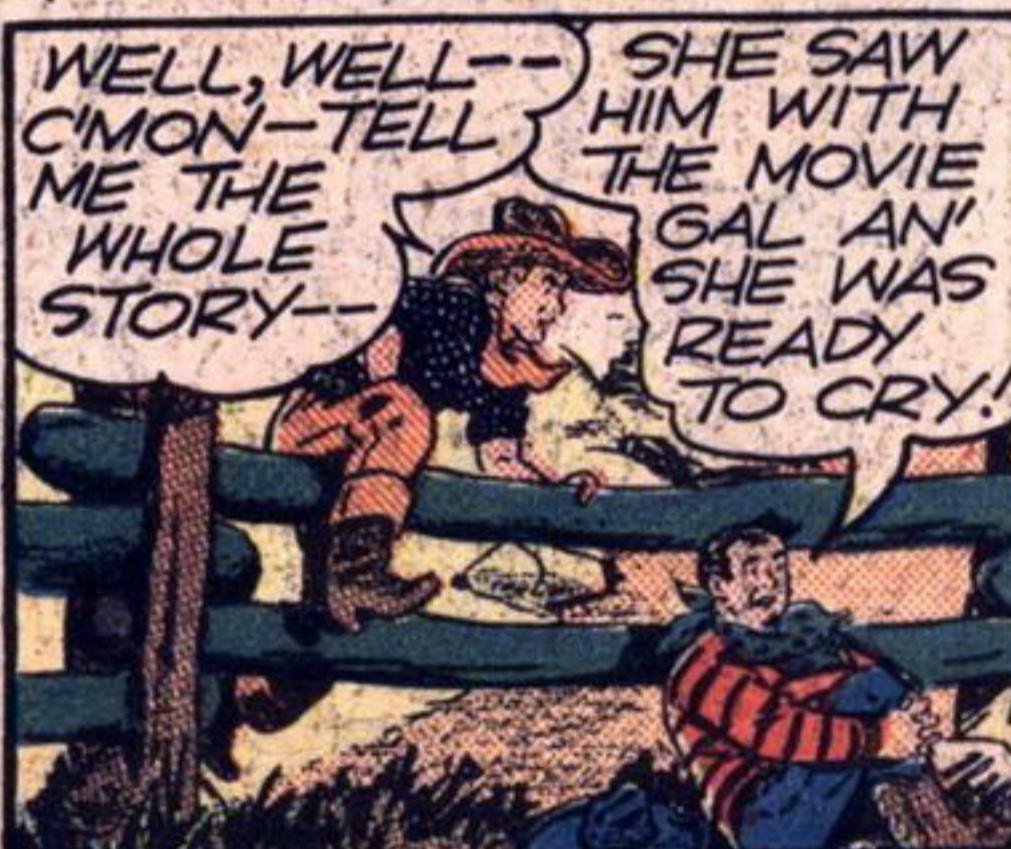
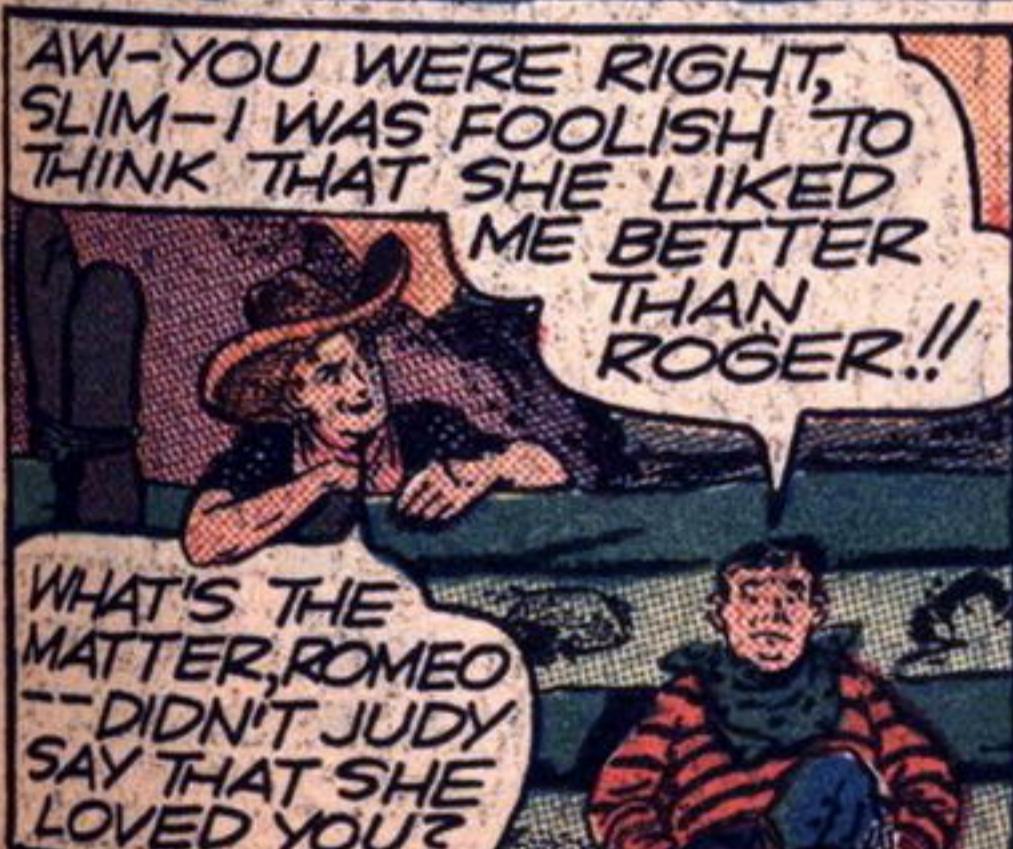
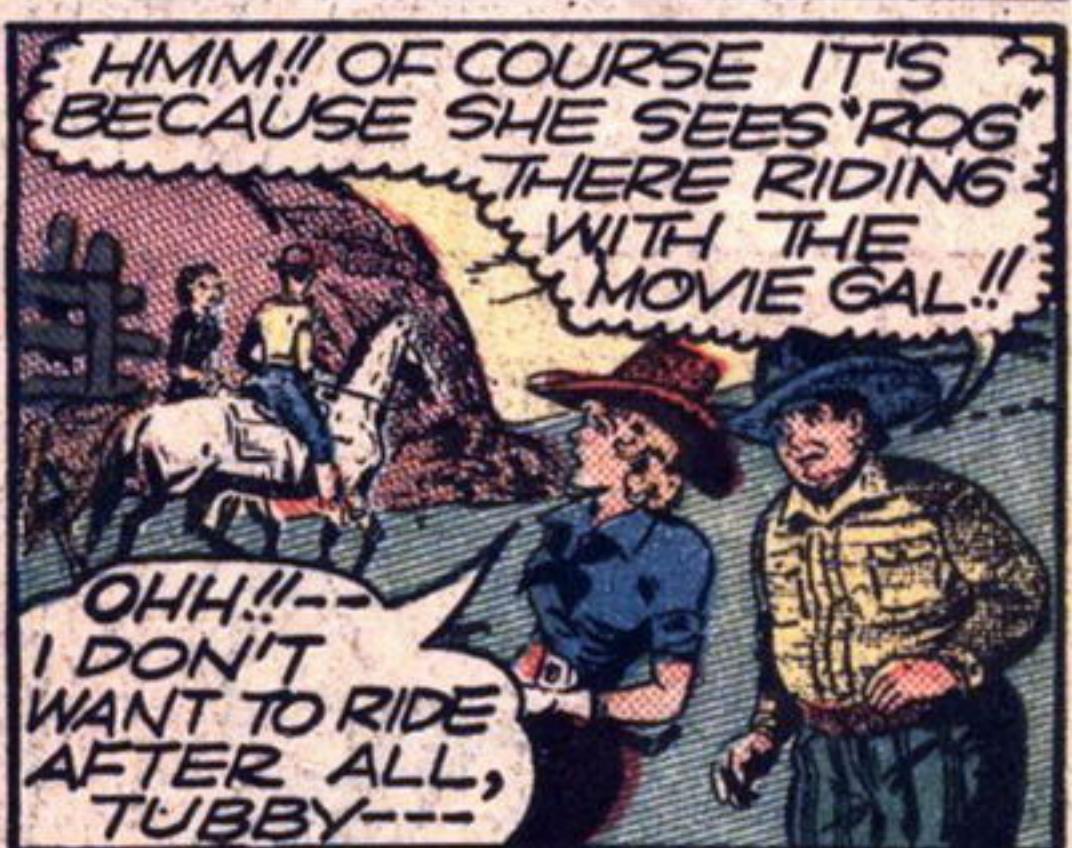
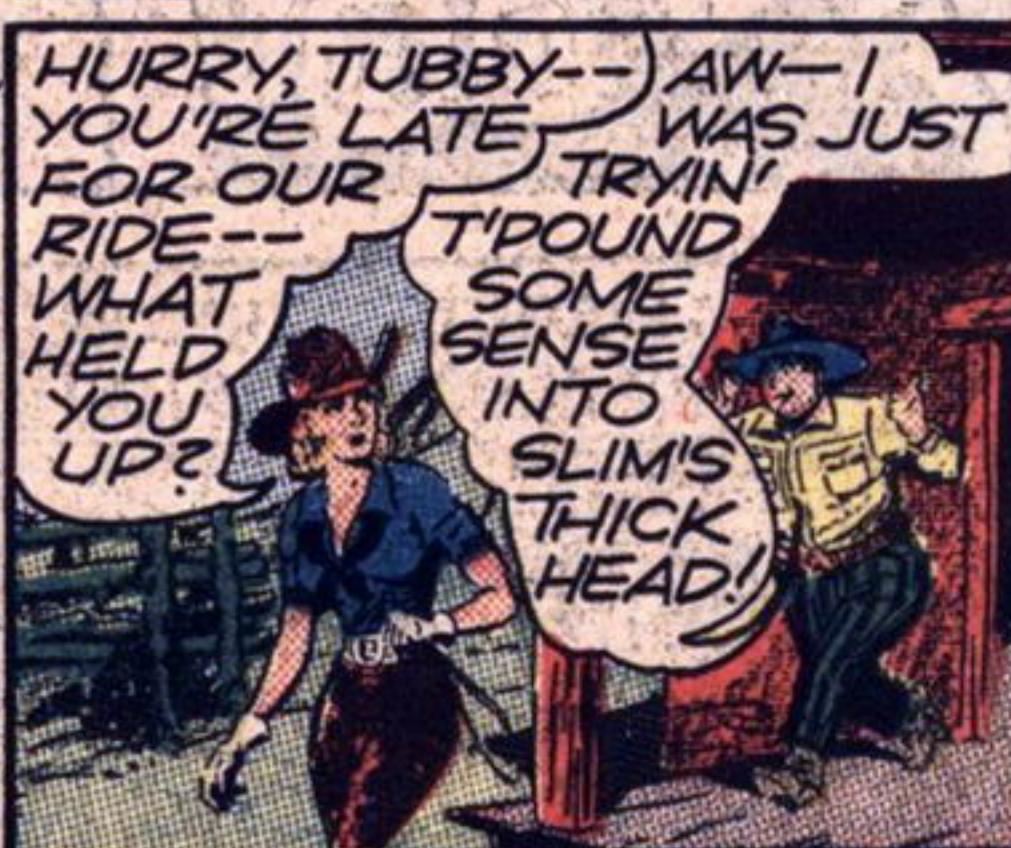
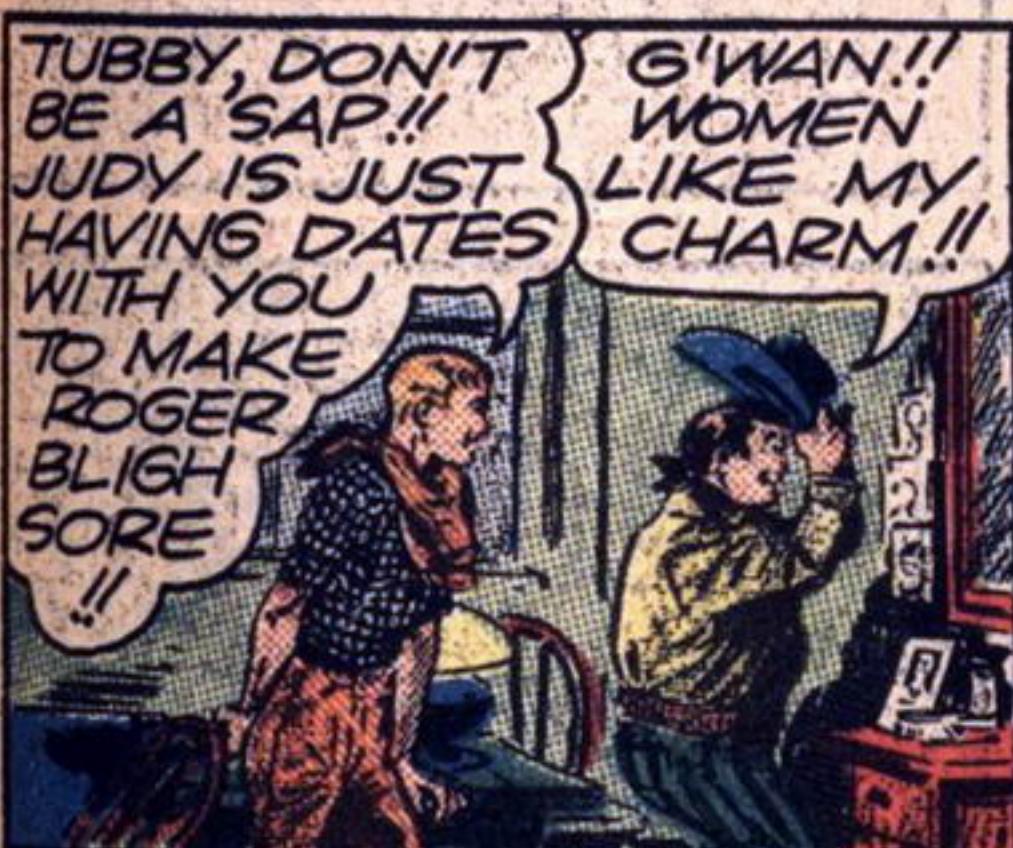
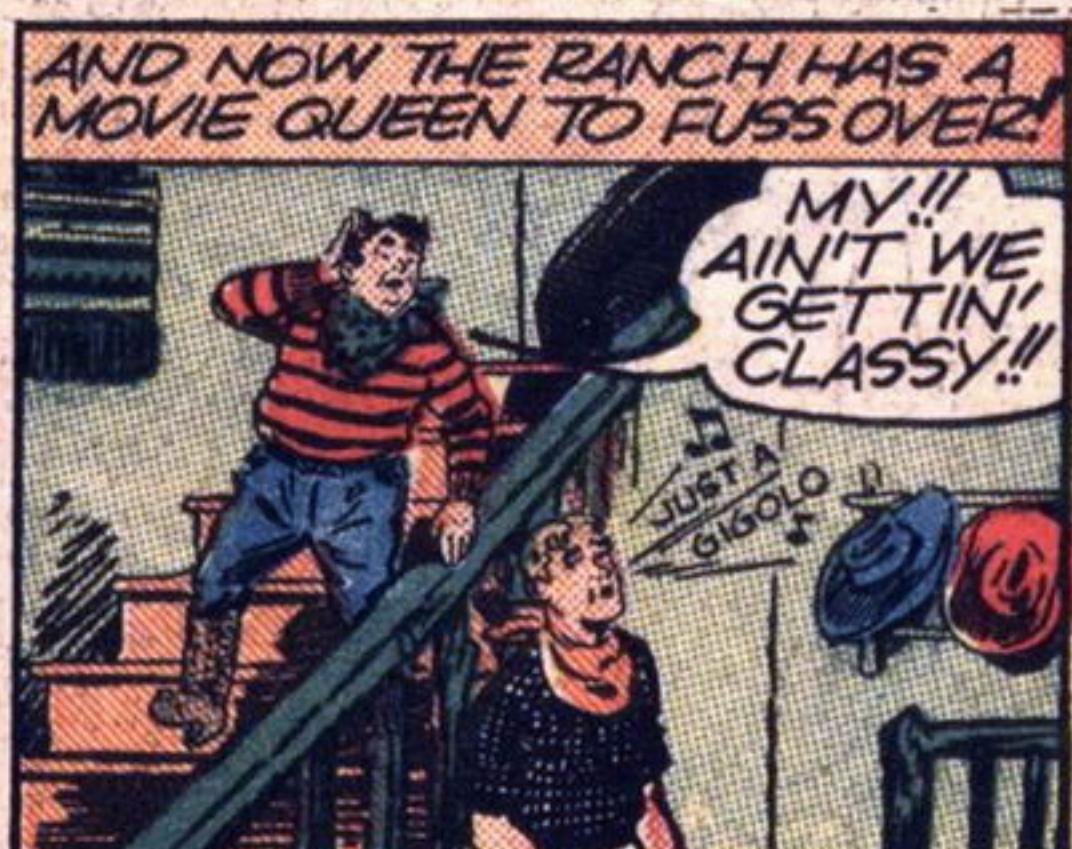
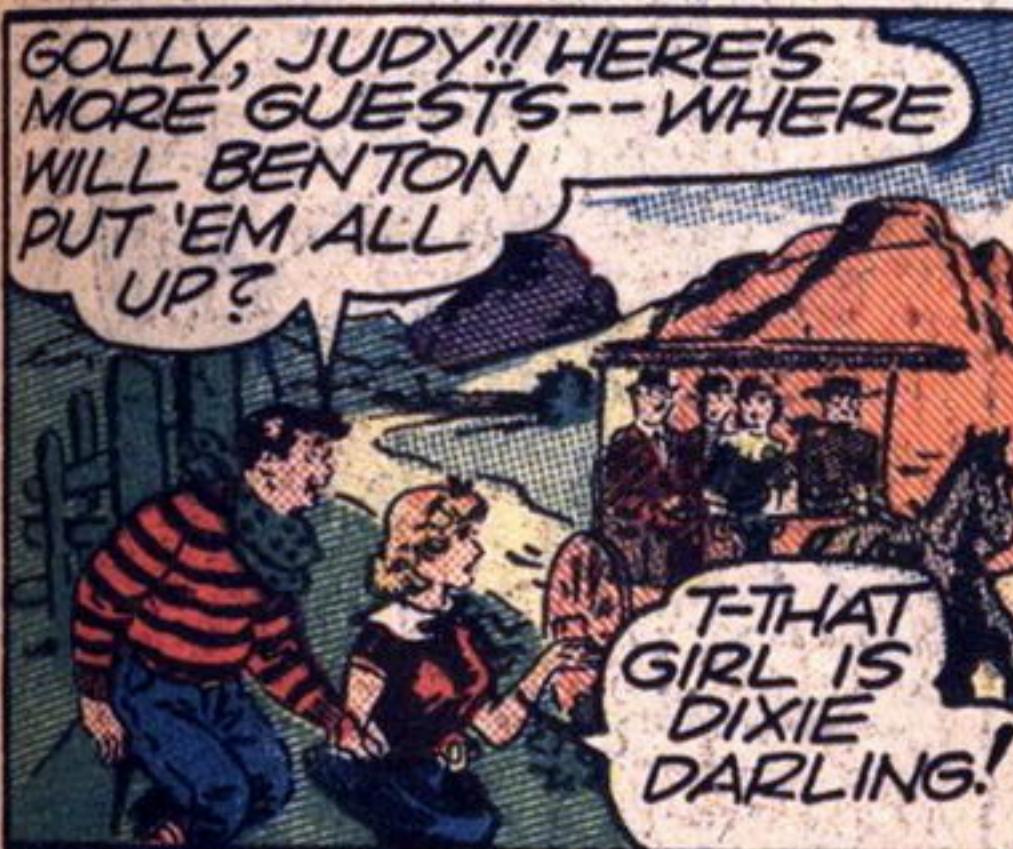
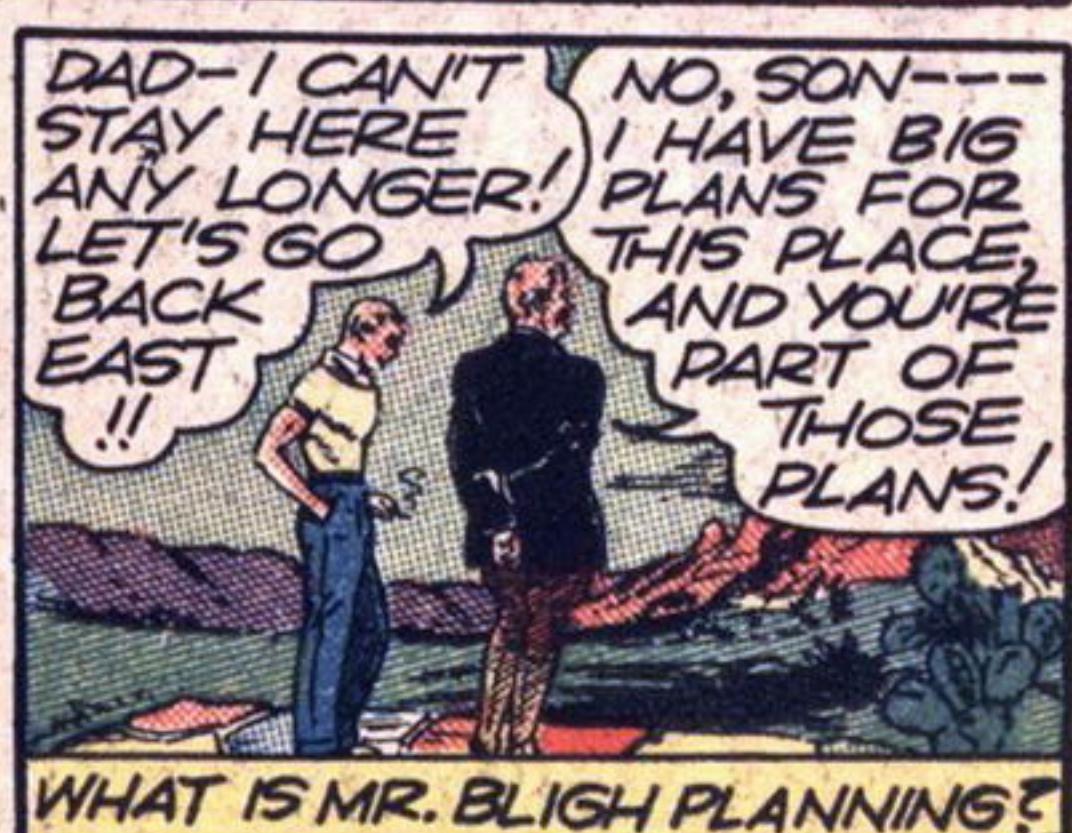
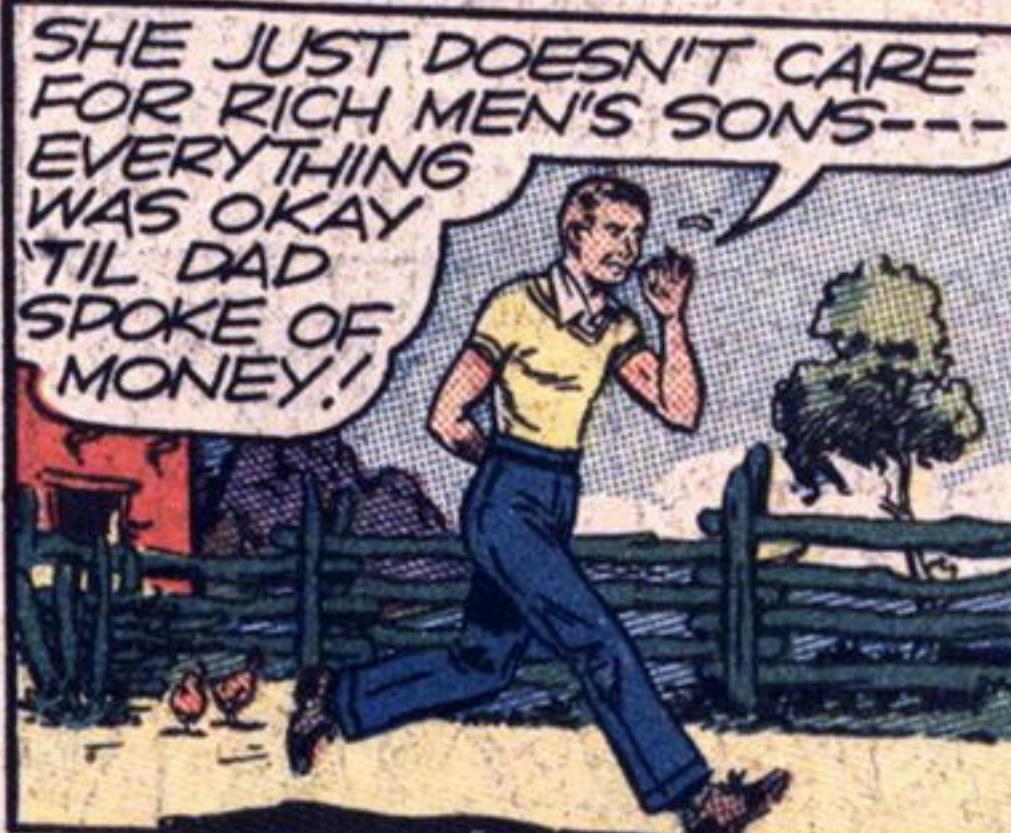
SLIM and TUBBY

by John J. Welch



SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



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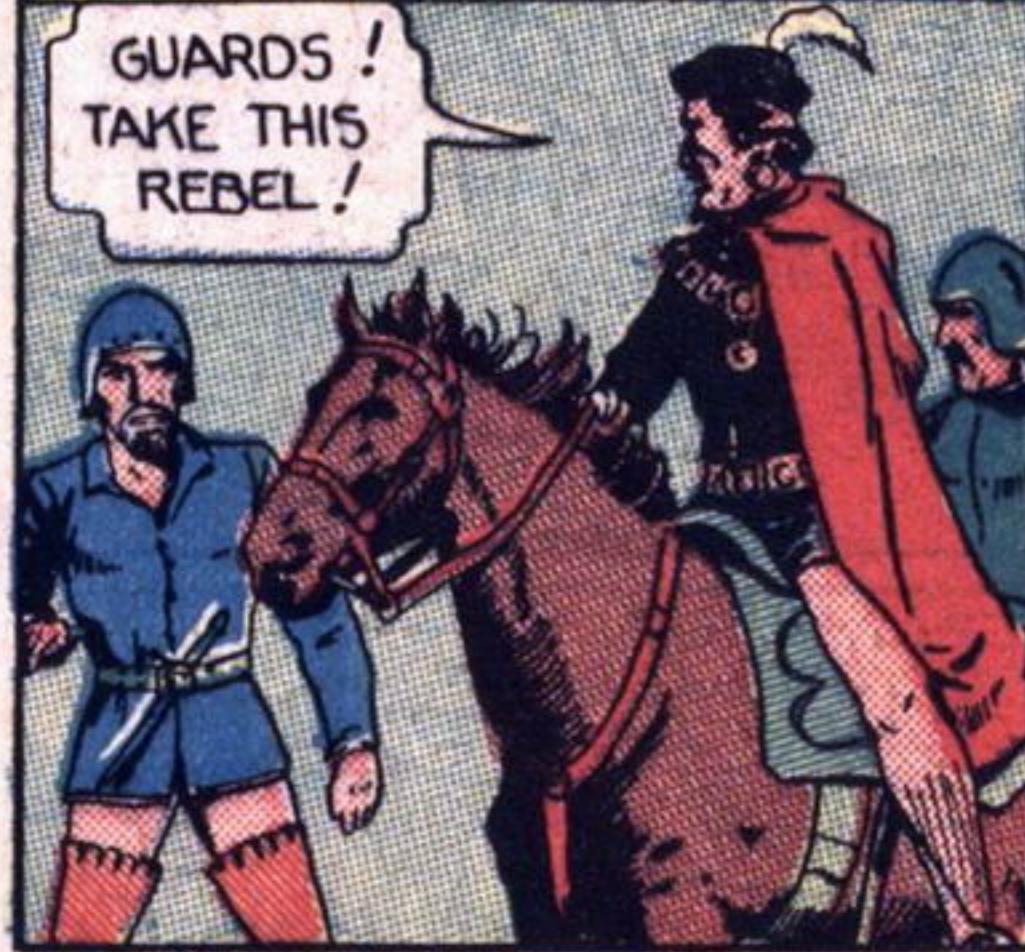
Slim and Tubby is continued in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 30th.

Gallant Knight

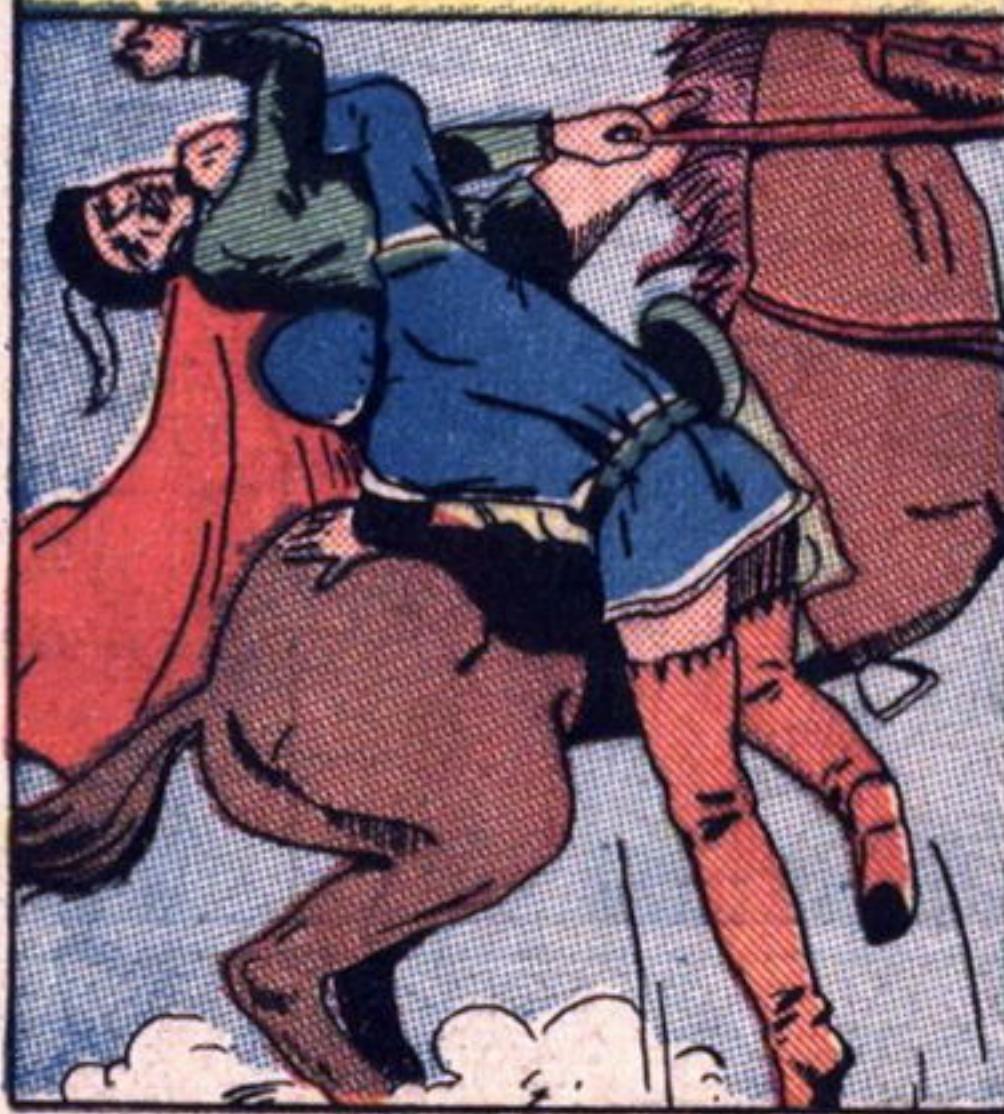


BY
VERNON HENKEL

NEVILLE'S STRUGGLE TO SAVE THE PRINCESS ALICE D'ASSIGNY MET WITH FAILURE, AS THE KING'S GUARDSMEN HE HAD HOPED TO ENLIST MISTOOK HIM FOR A REBEL AGAINST THE CROWN.



DESPERATELY NEVILLE LEAPED AT THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, DRAGGED HIM TO THE GROUND, THEN VAULTED TO THE SADDLE HIMSELF.

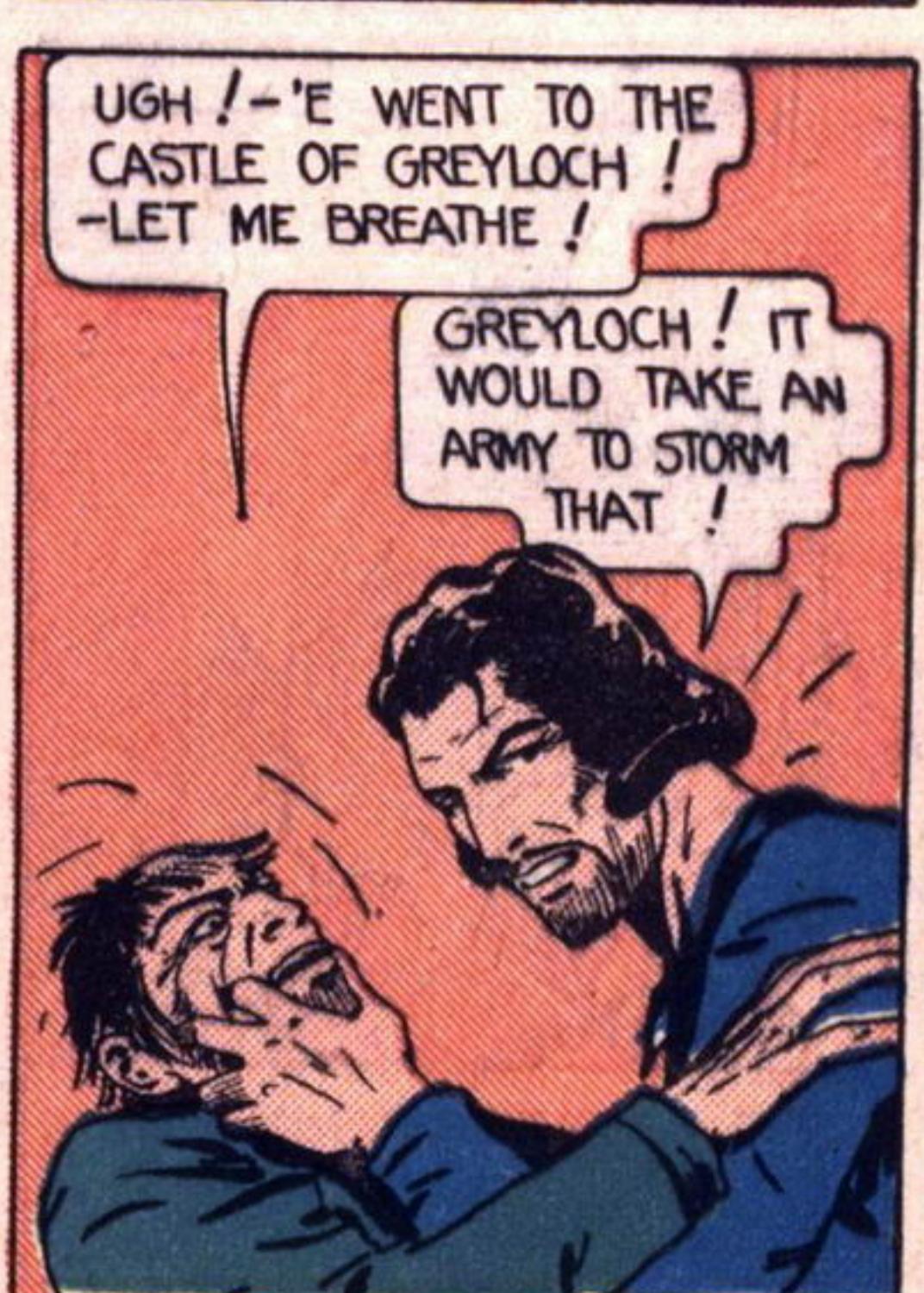


MORE SOLDIERS IN
FRONT OF ME - I'M
CUT OFF !



AT THAT MOMENT THE RABBLE OF THE CITY AGAIN POURED OUT INTO THE STREETS IN OPEN REVOLT







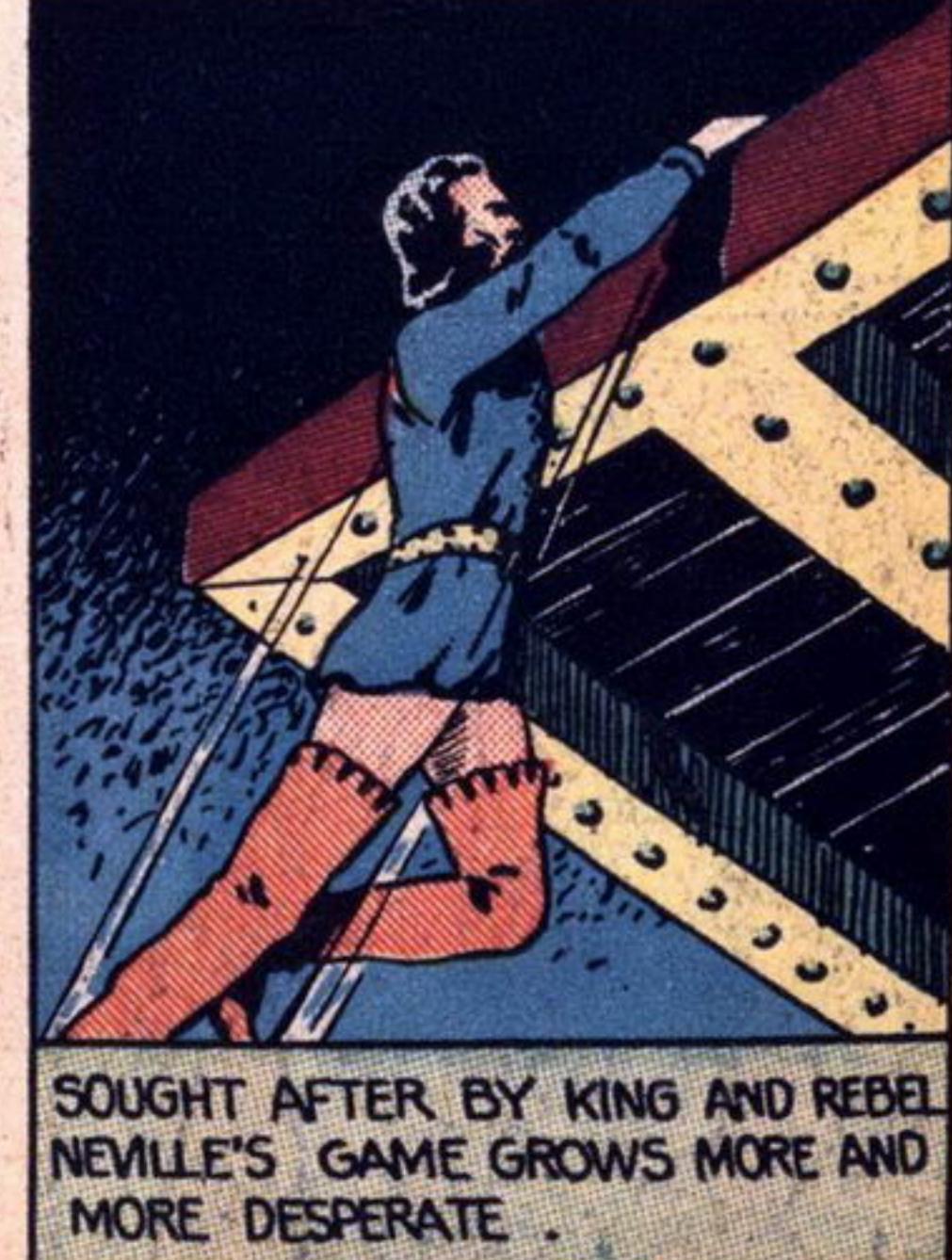
AS THE SOLDIERS SWARMED AROUND THE BUILDING SIR NEVILLE MADE EXCELLENT USE OF A ROPE--

SOLDIERS! WE ARE DISCOVERED!

THE FOOL LED US TO THE REBEL STRONGHOLD - SEND BACK FOR REINFORCMENTS. WE HAVE THEM NOW!



FROM THE BATTLEMENT OF GREY-LOCH CASTLE THE HIDING REBELS SEE WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN ARMY RUSHING TO THE ATTACK



SOUGHT AFTER BY KING AND REBEL NEVILLE'S GAME GROWS MORE AND MORE DESPERATE.



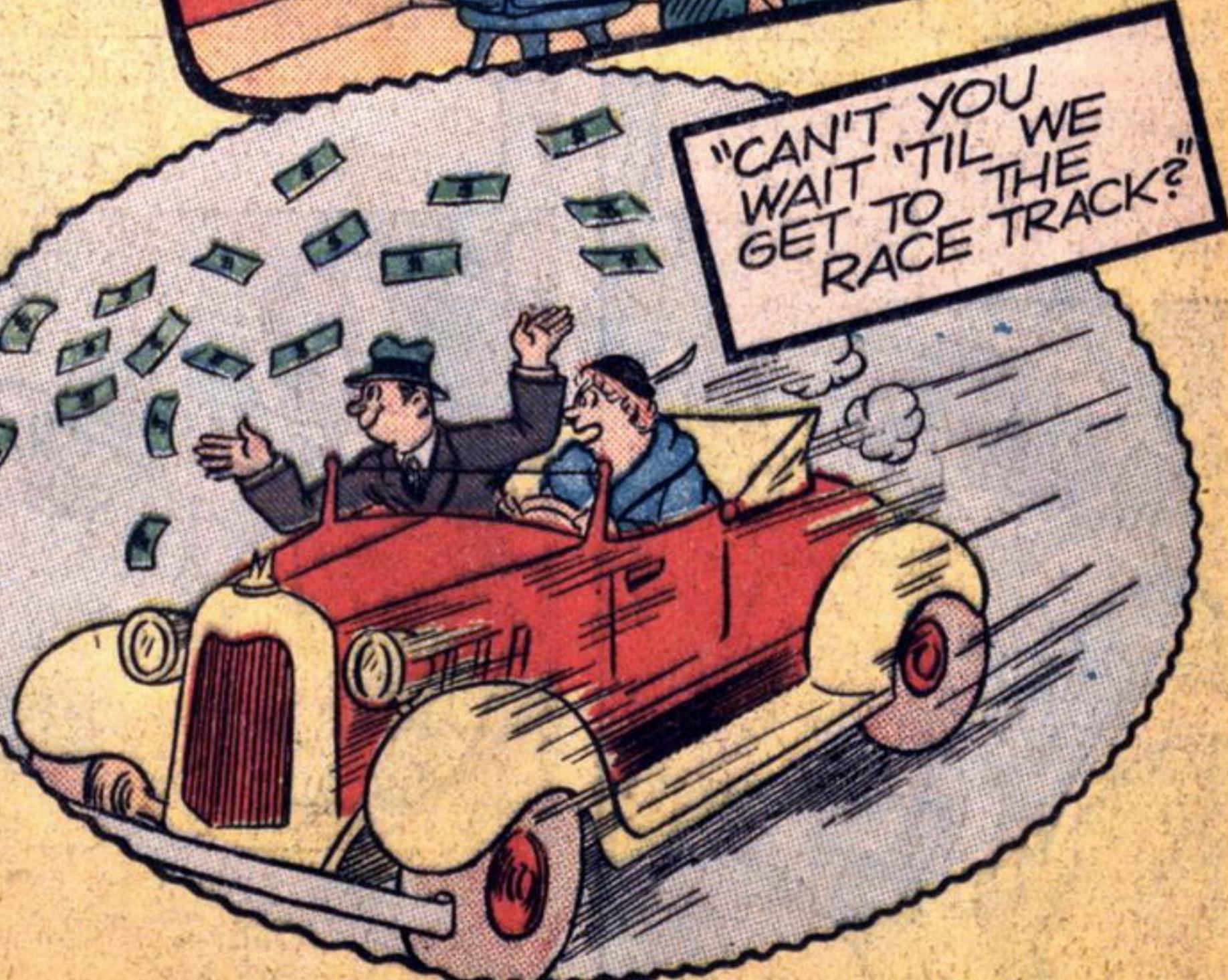
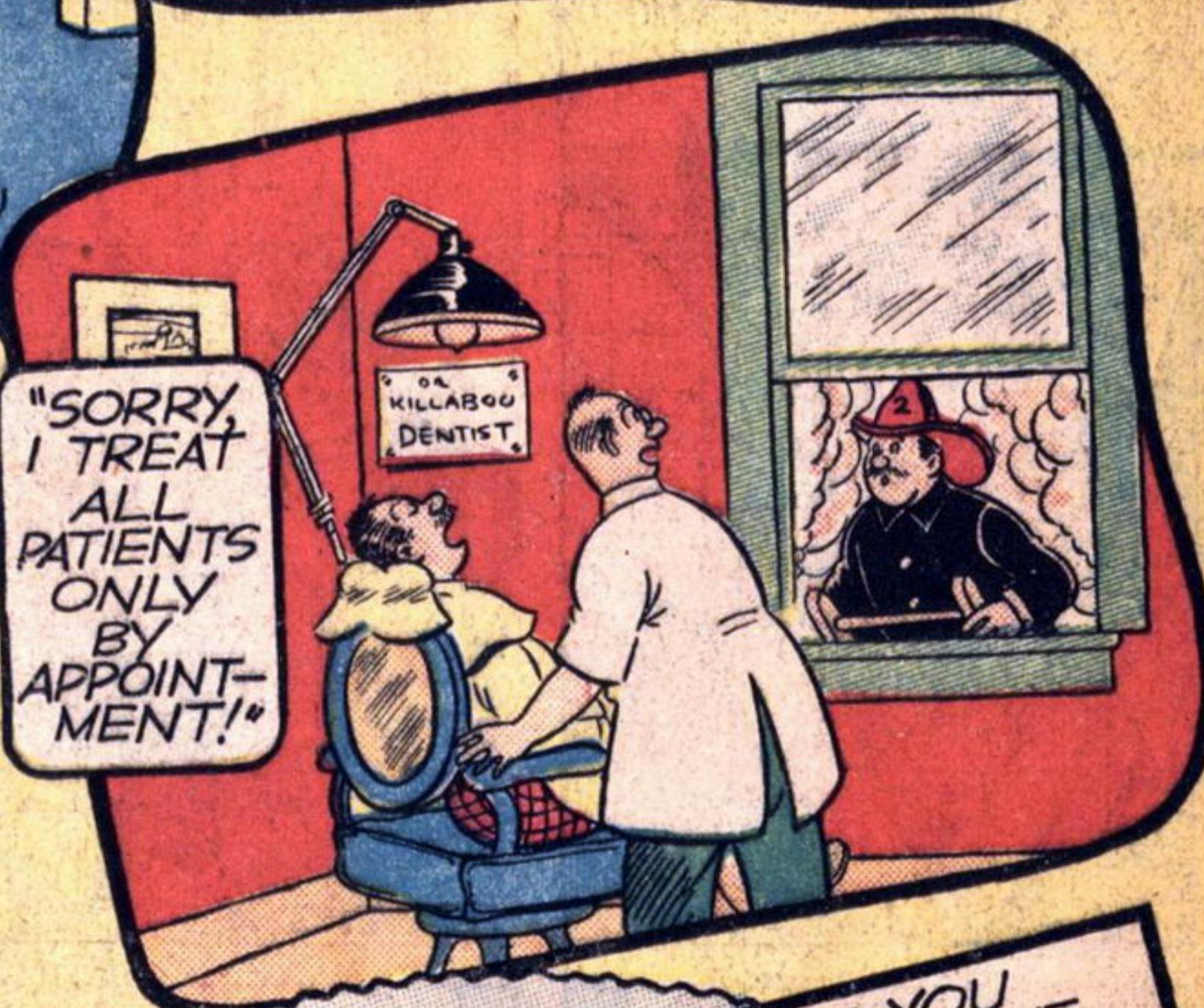
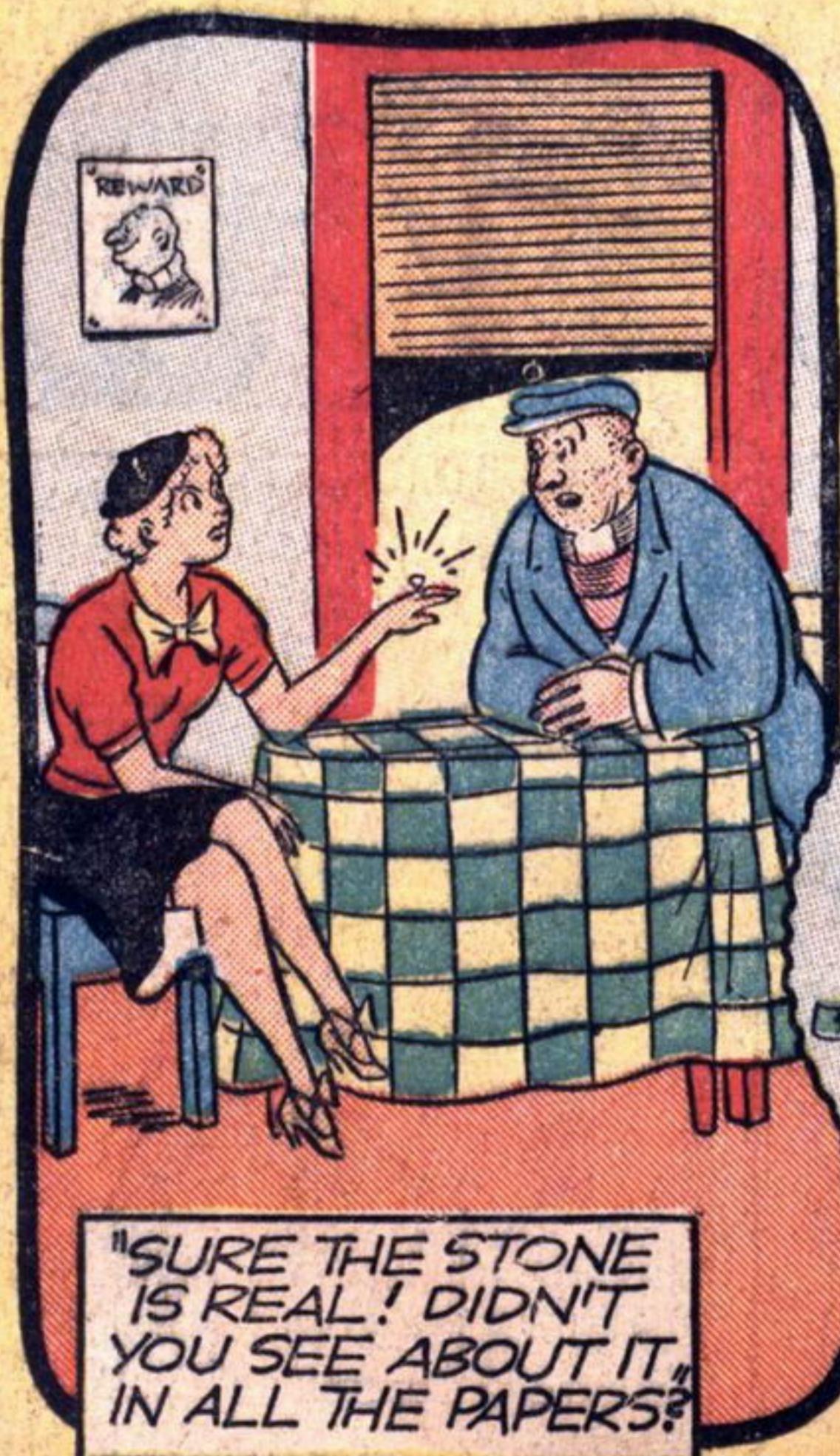
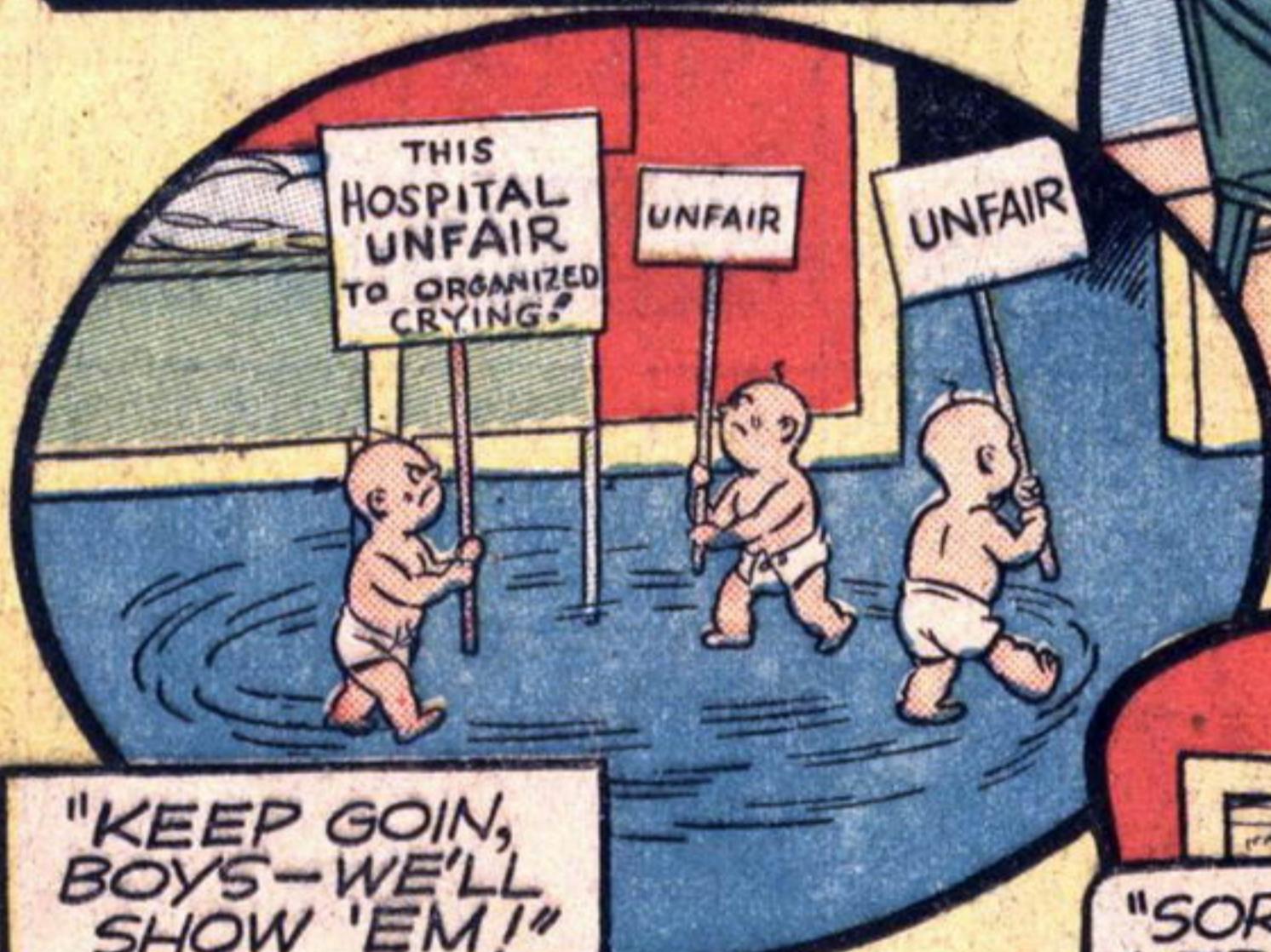
Follow Gallant Knight in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 30th.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,

ROLLS DEVELOPED

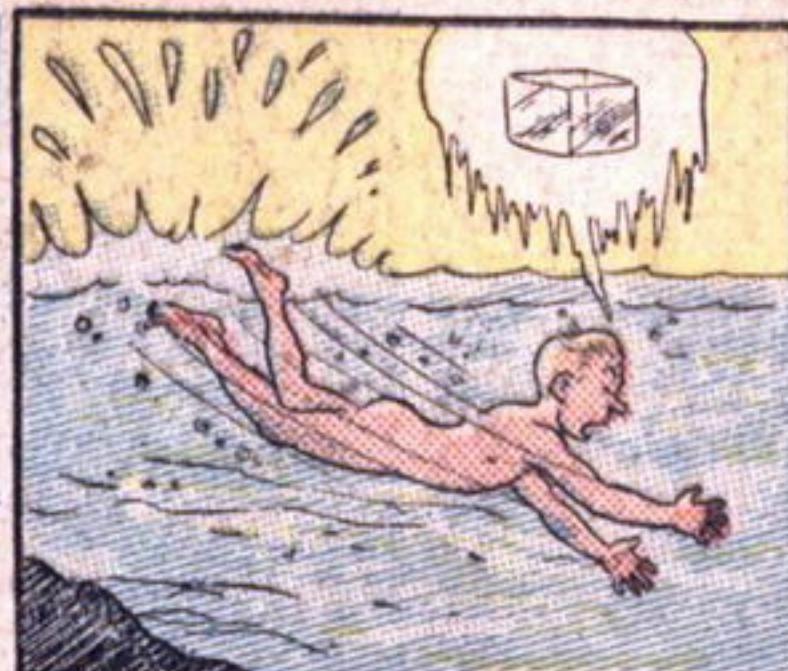
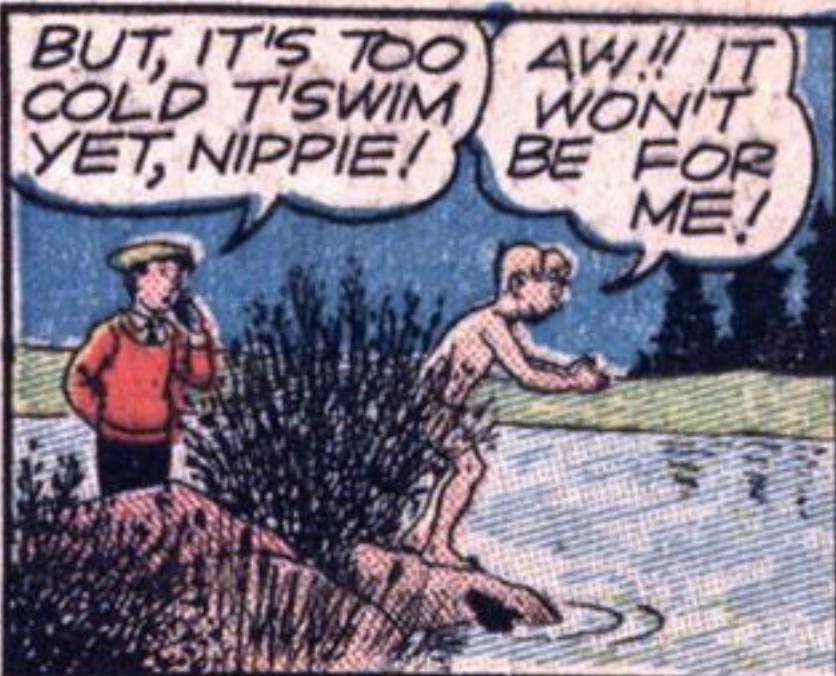
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"TELL THE DOCTOR THIS ACORN HERE IS KILLIN' ME!"



NIPPIE

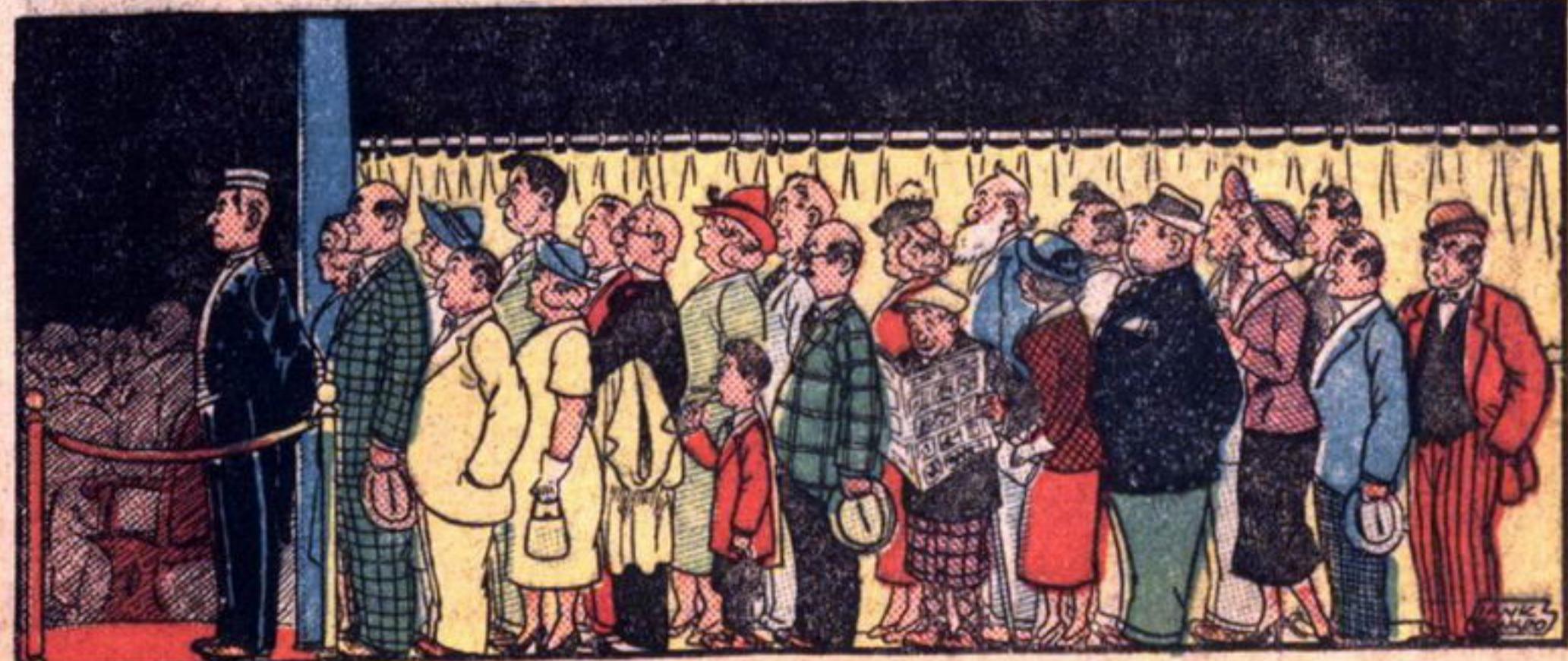
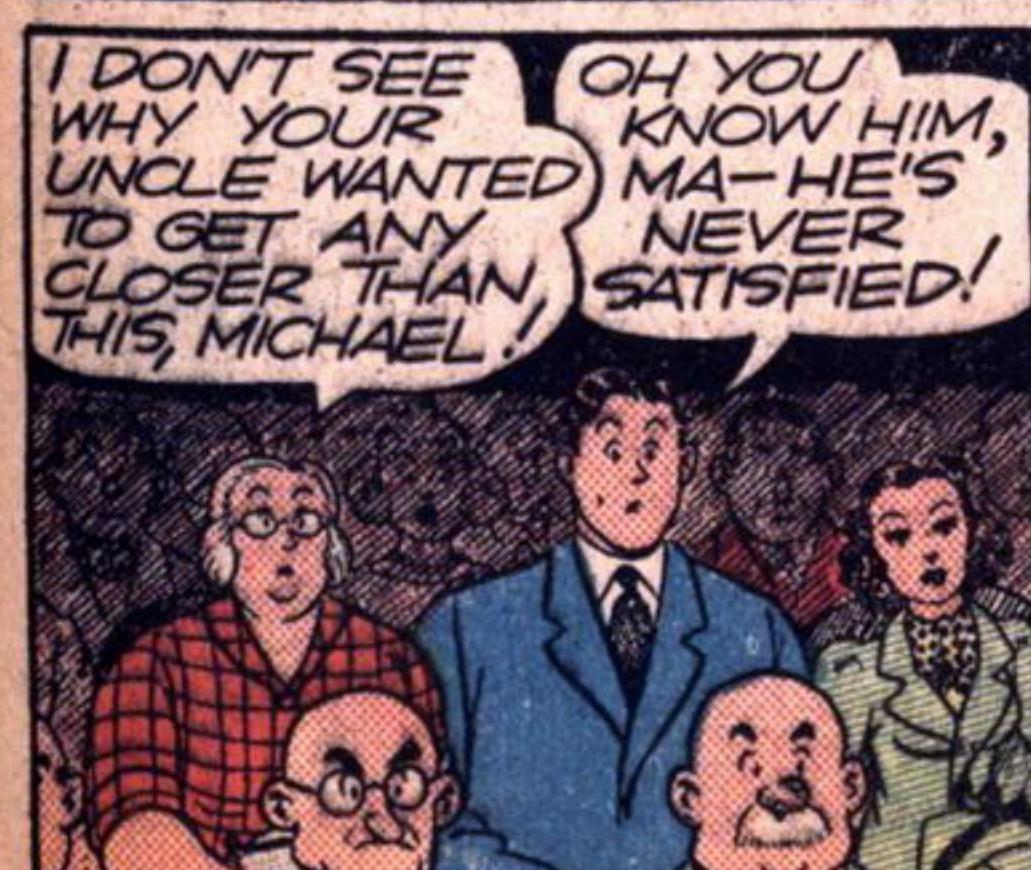
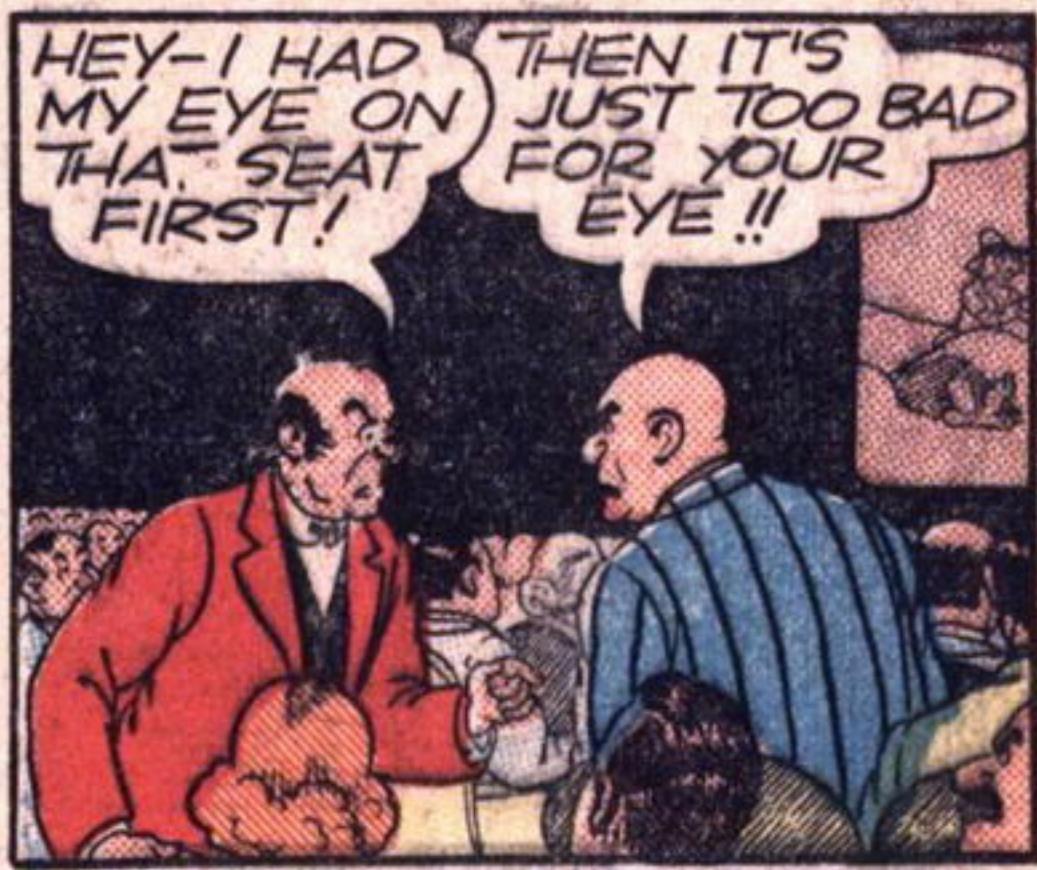
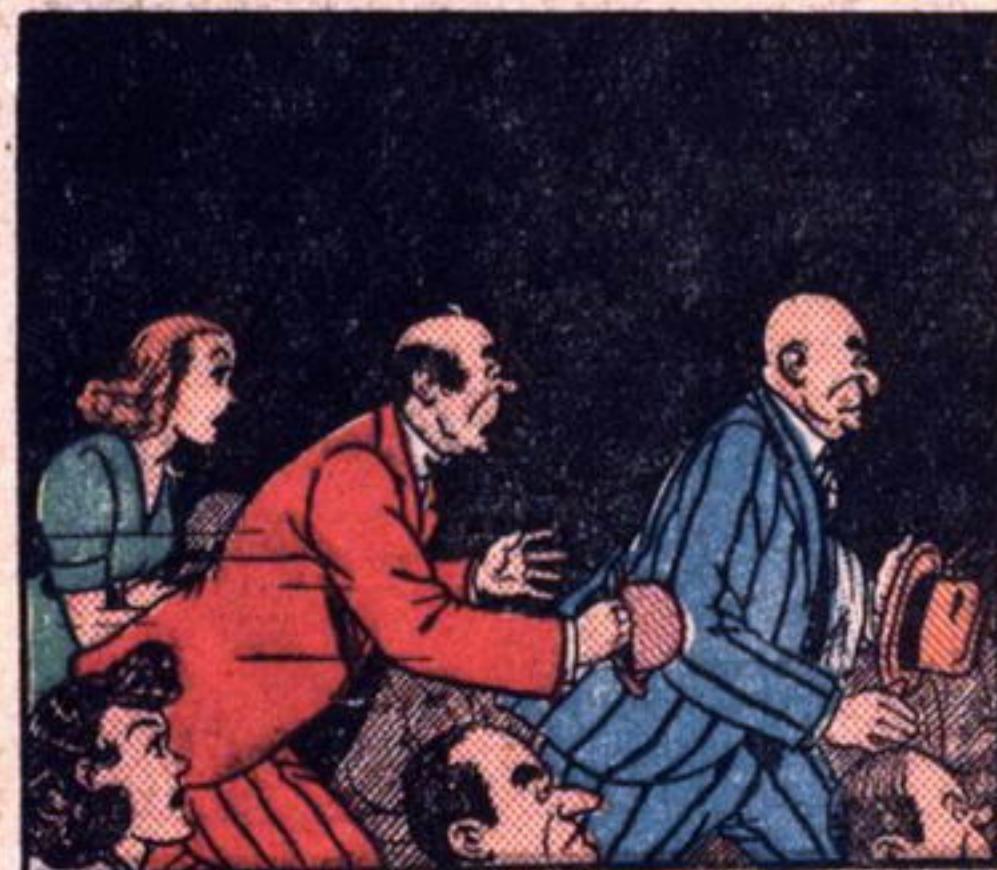
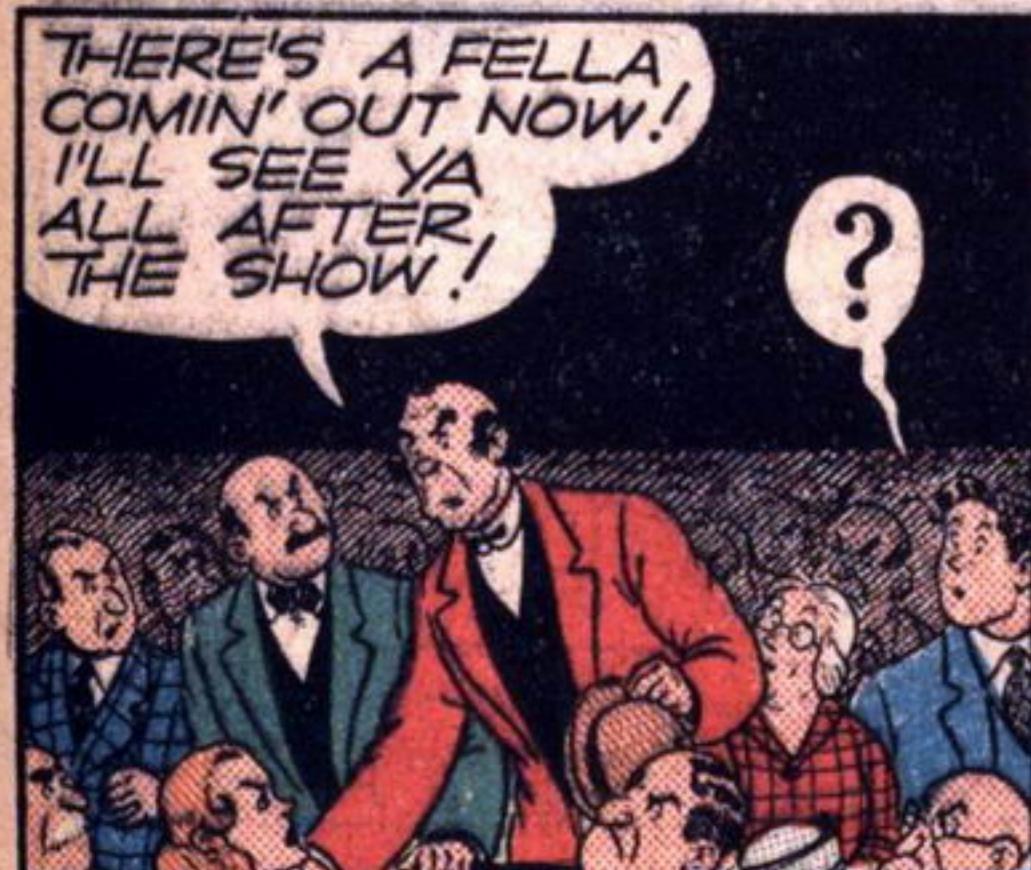
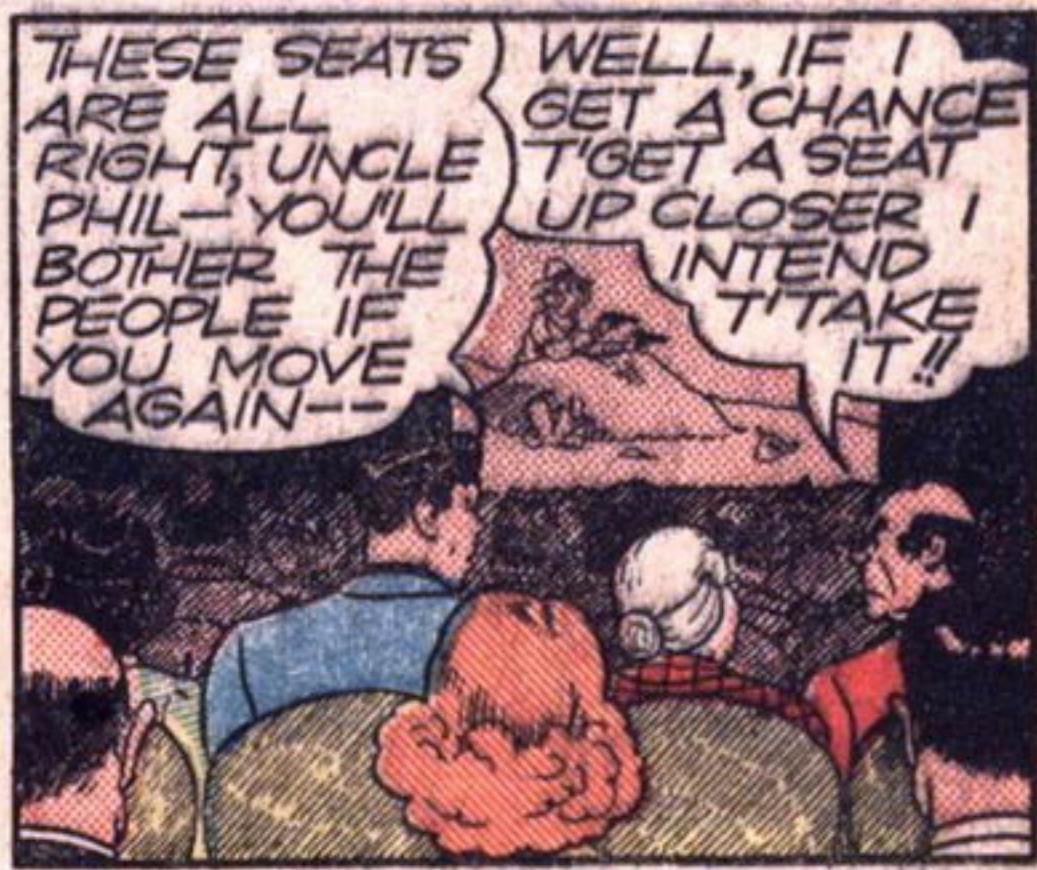
-HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!!



MICKEY FINN

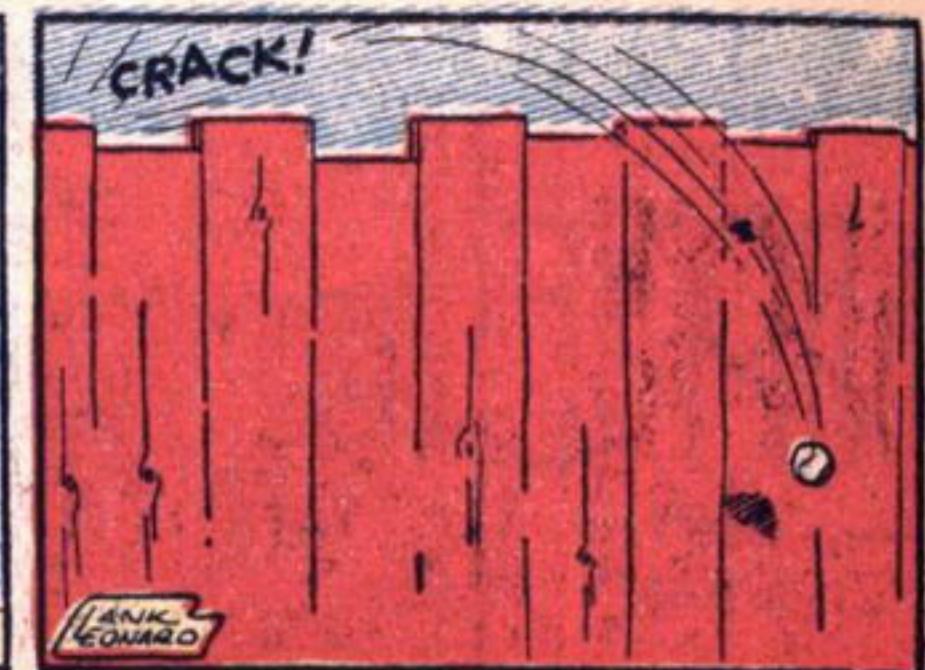
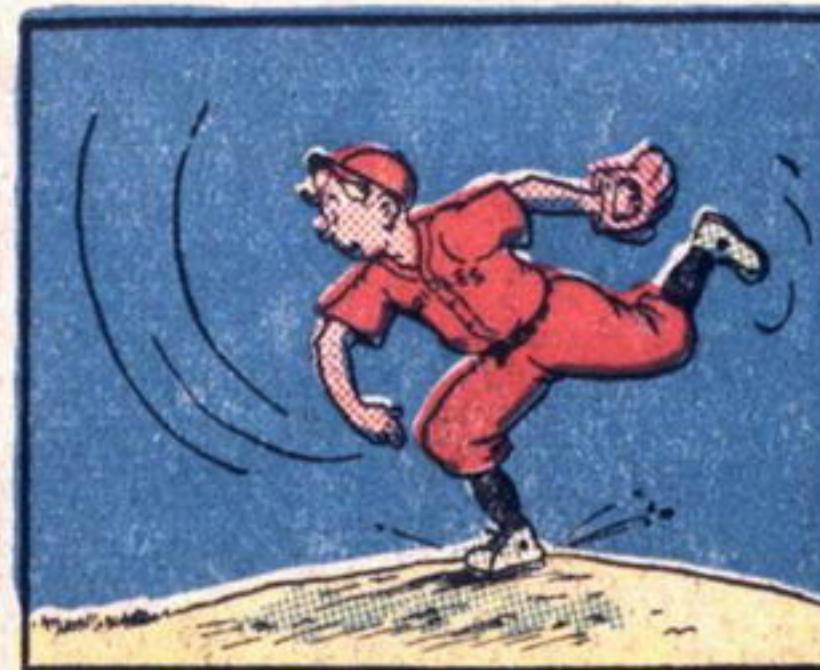
McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



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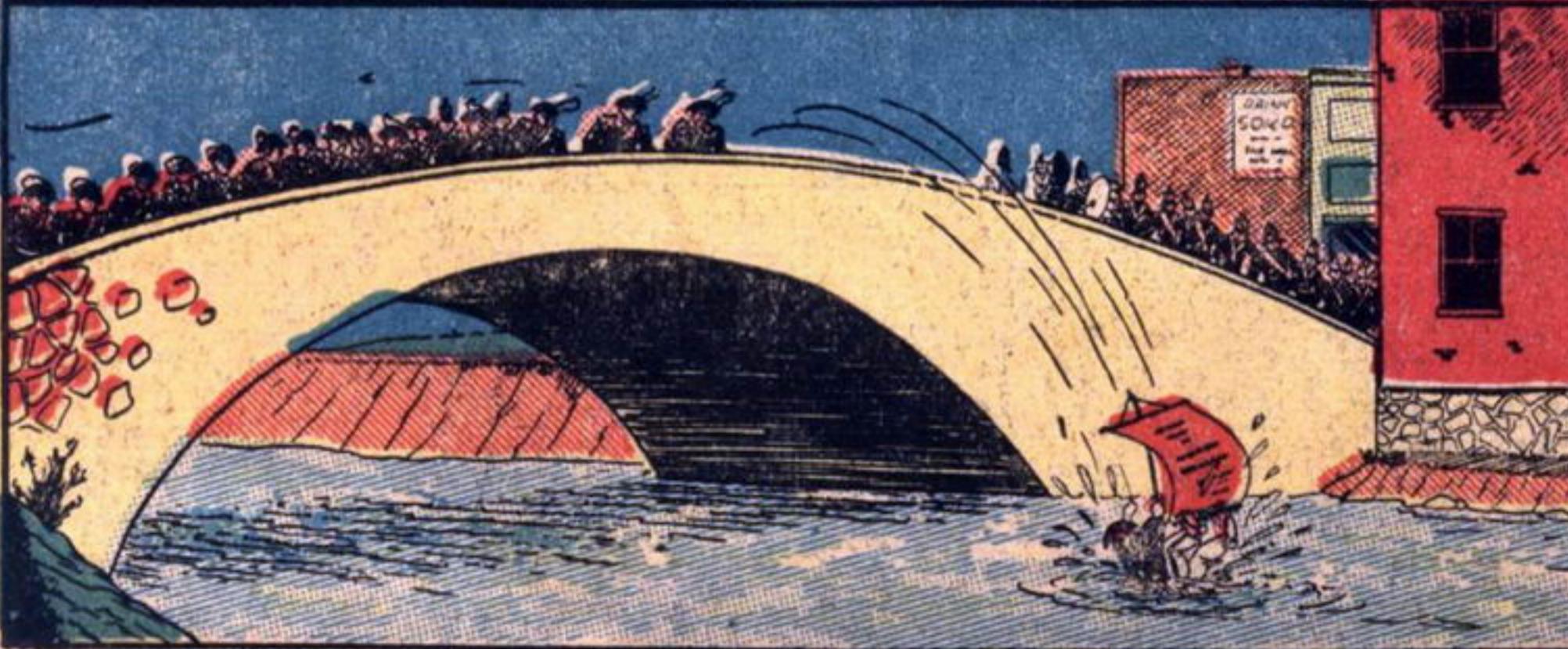
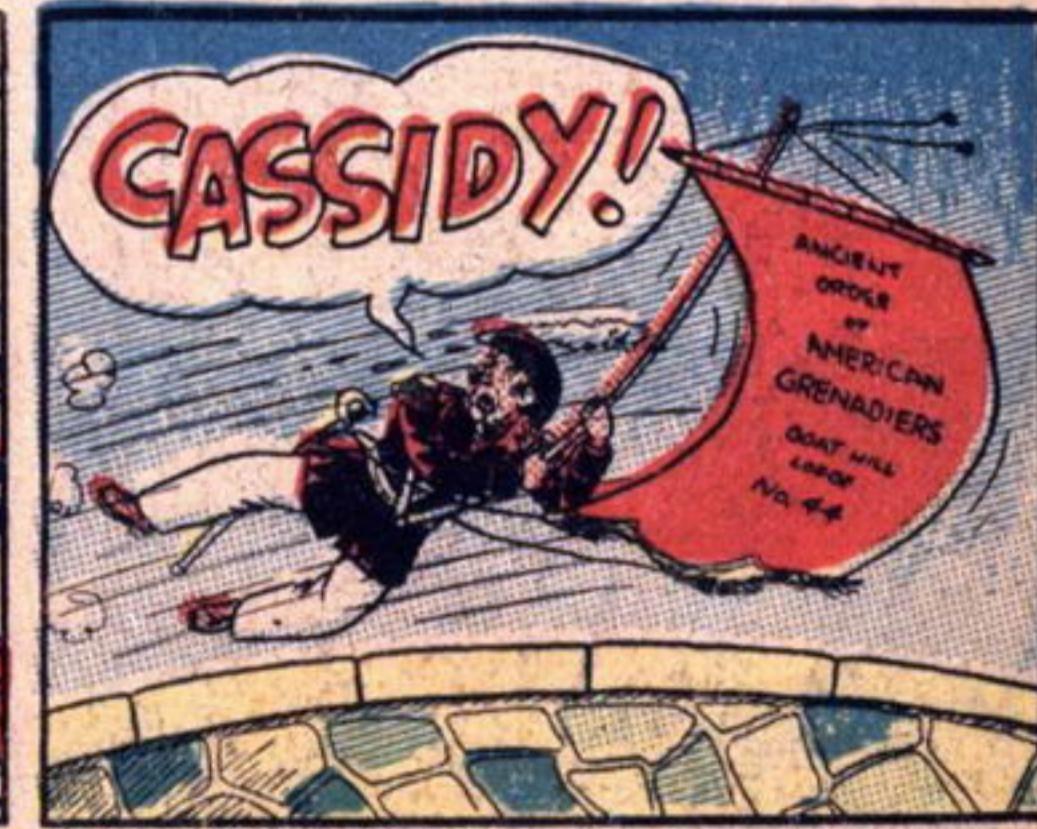
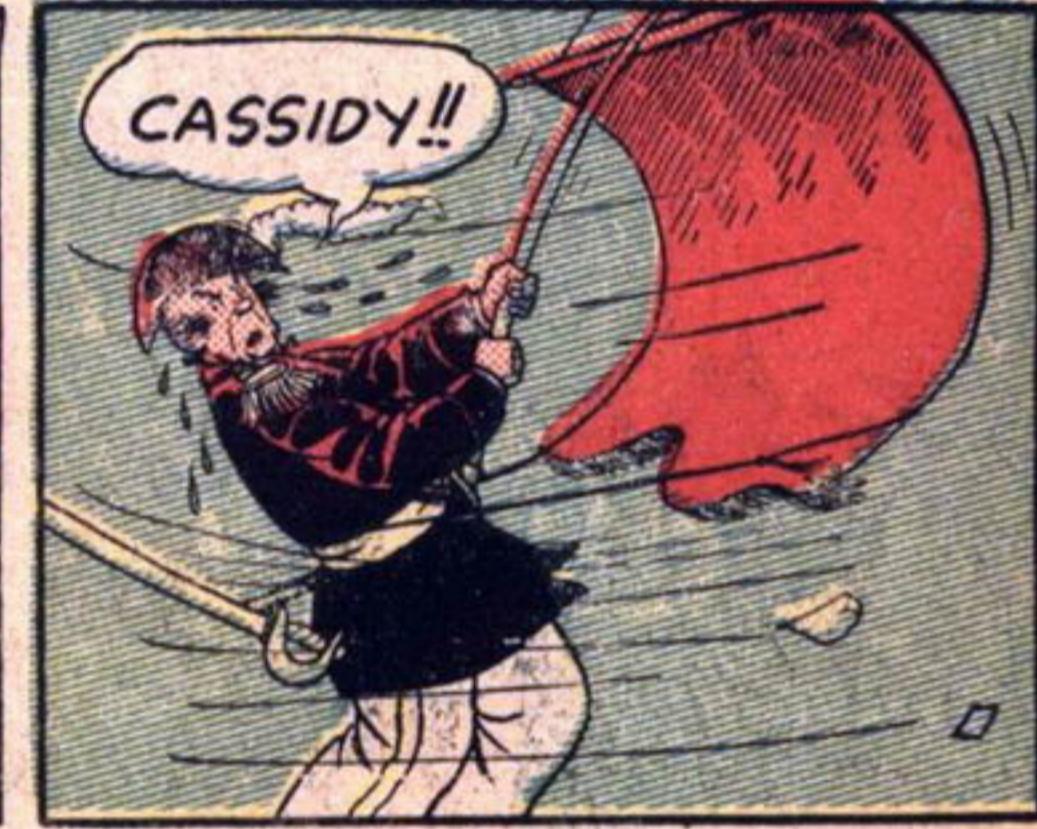
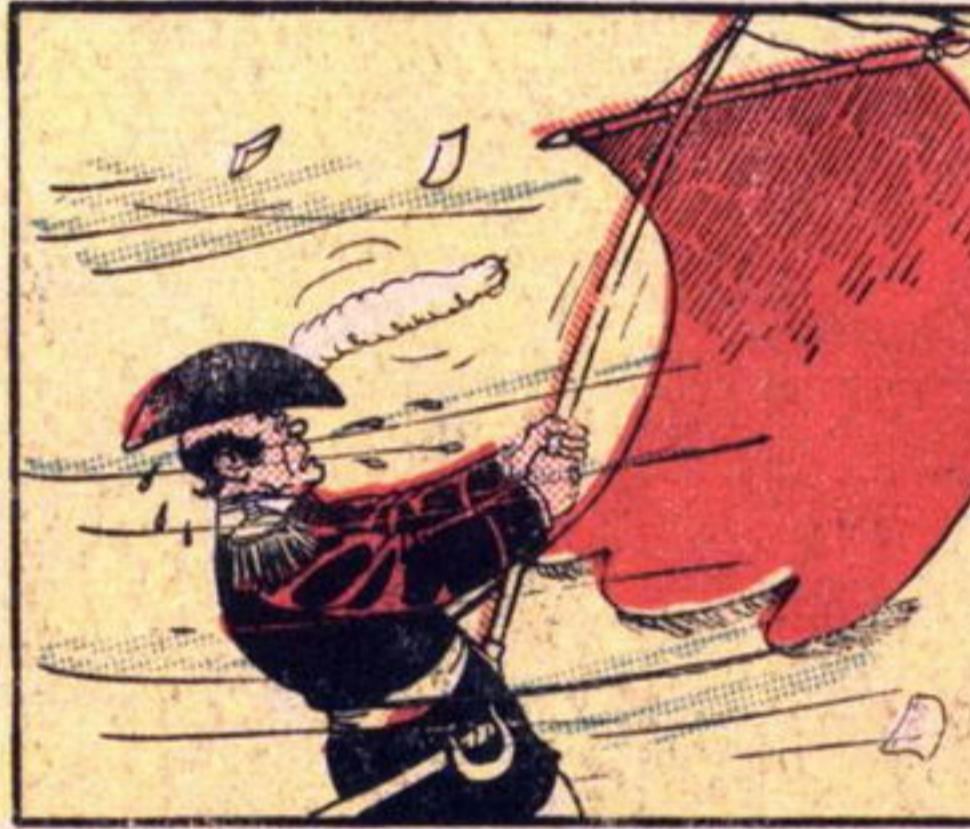
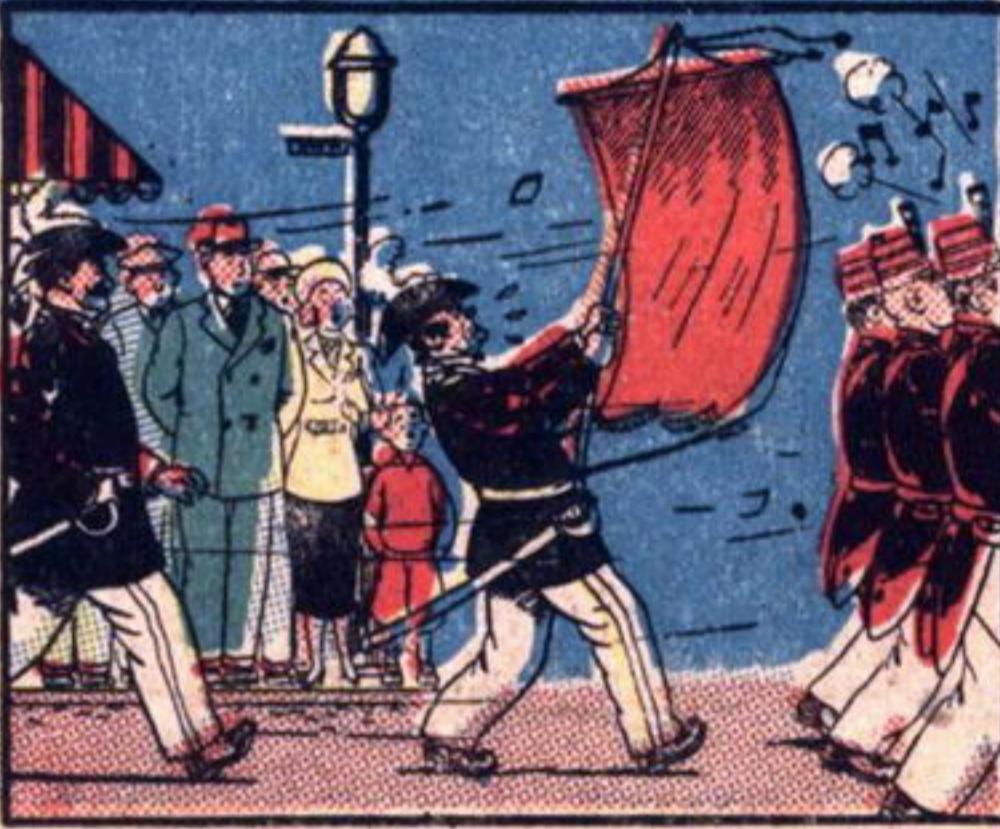
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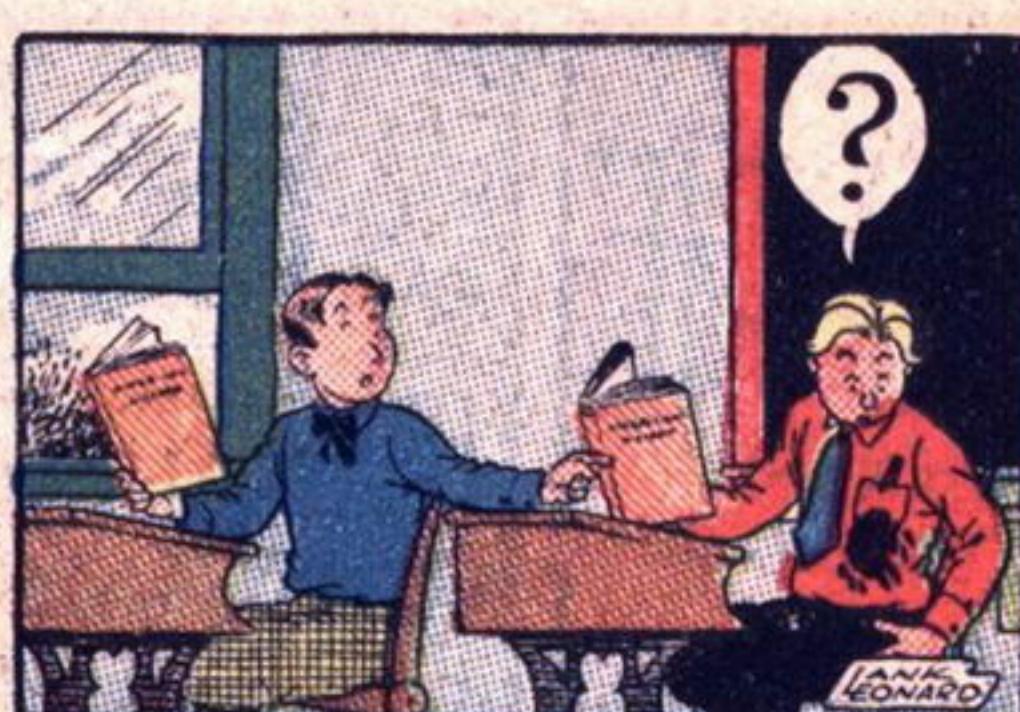
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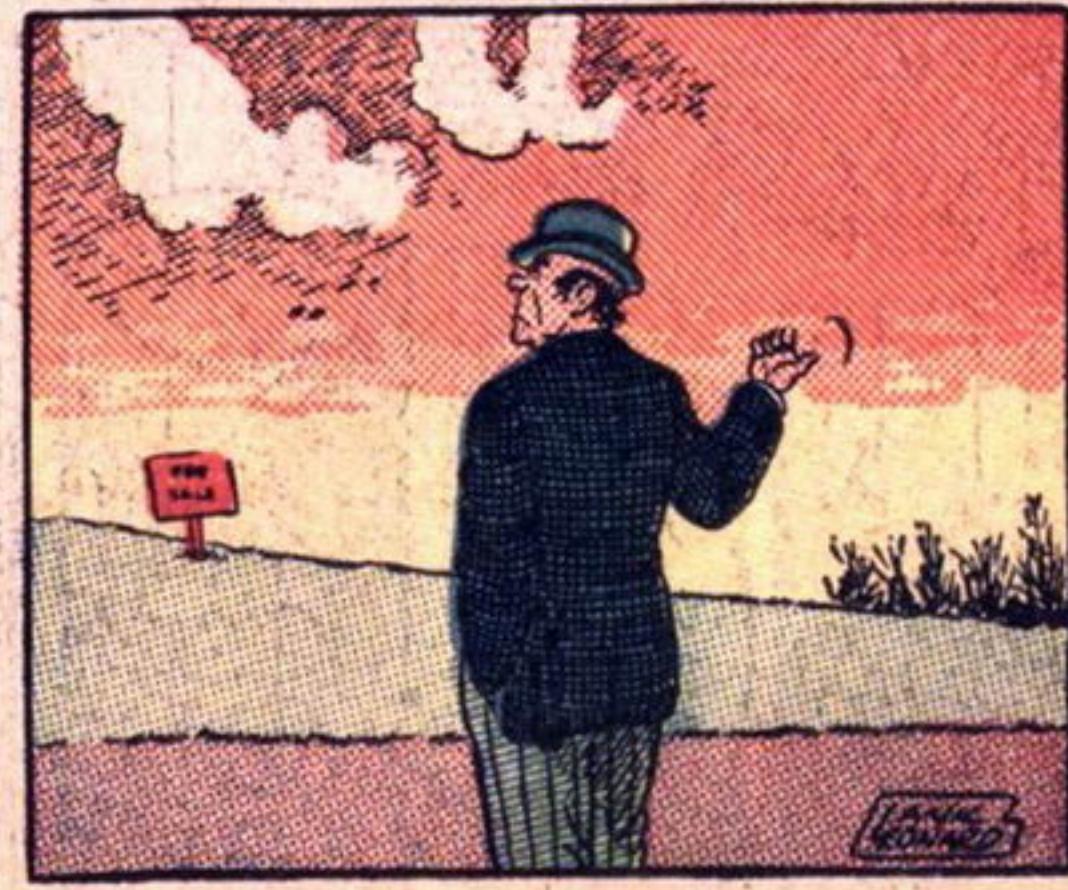
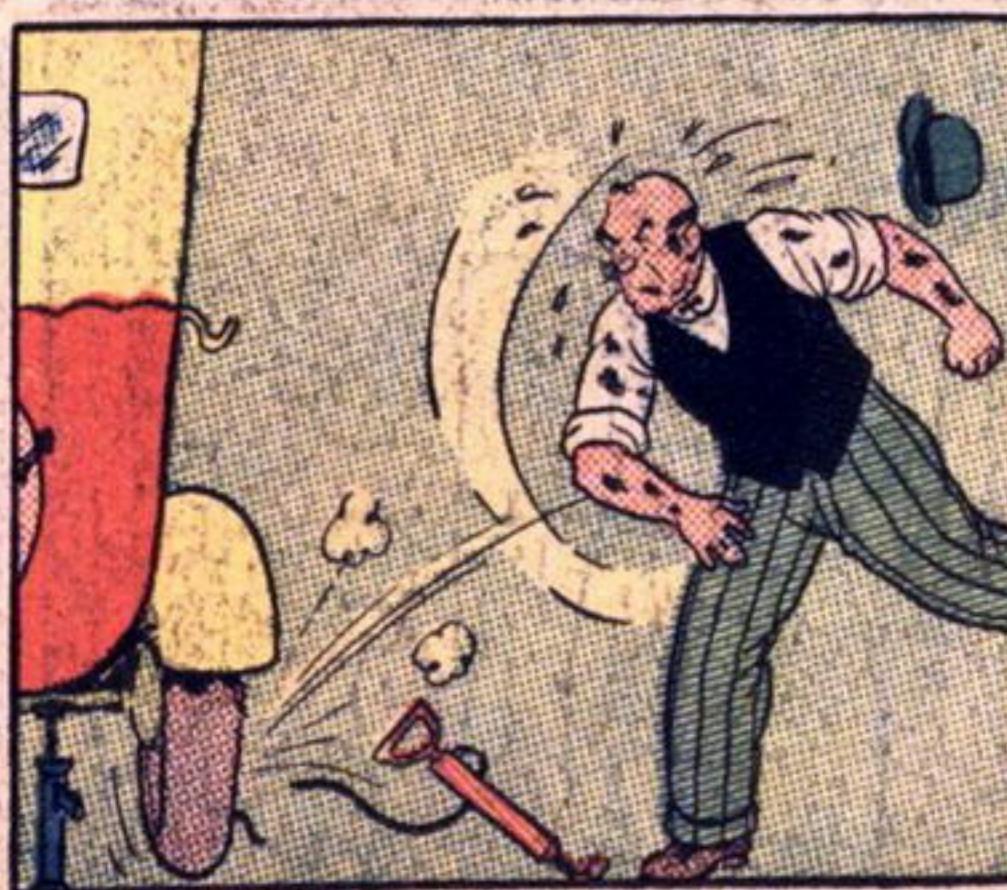
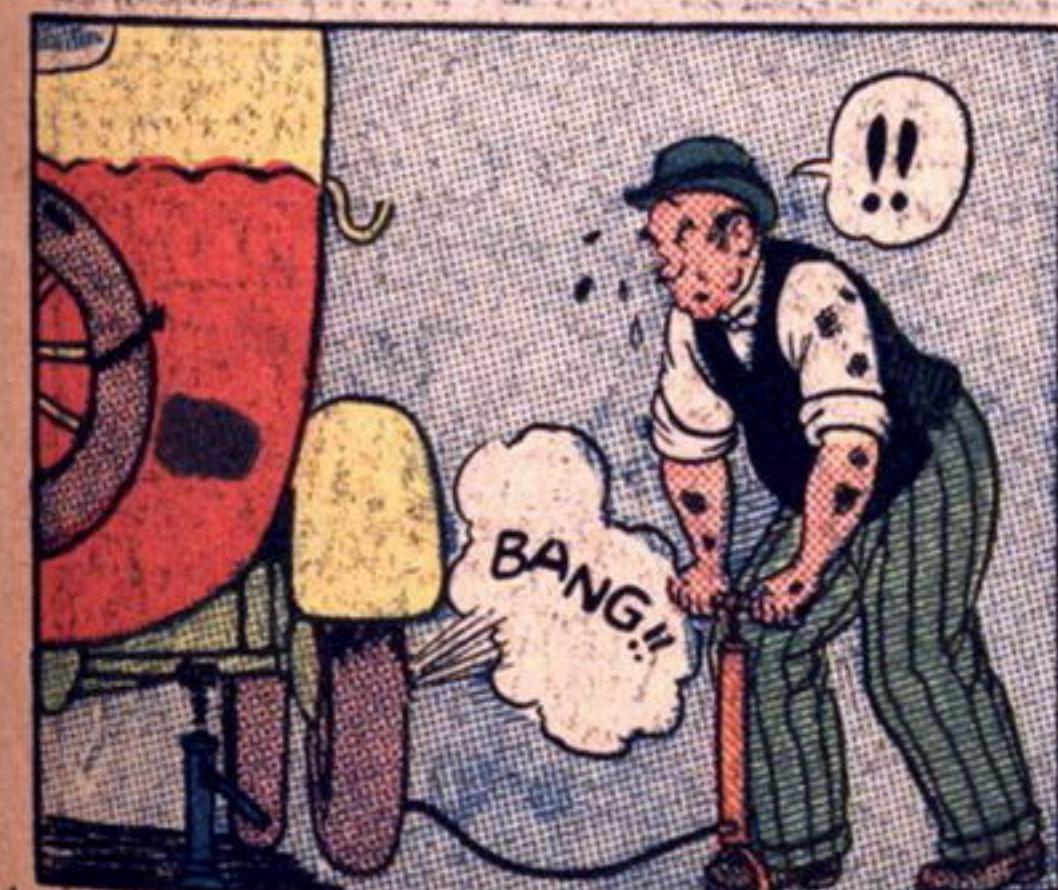
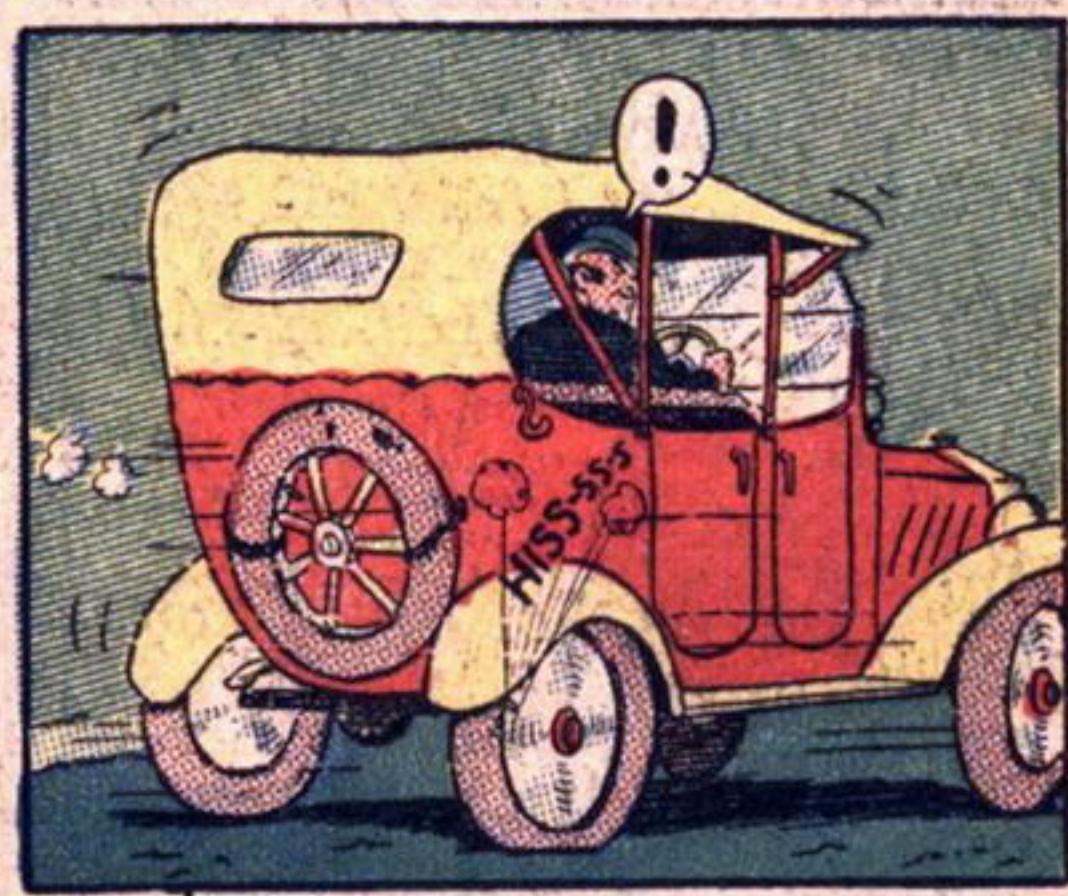
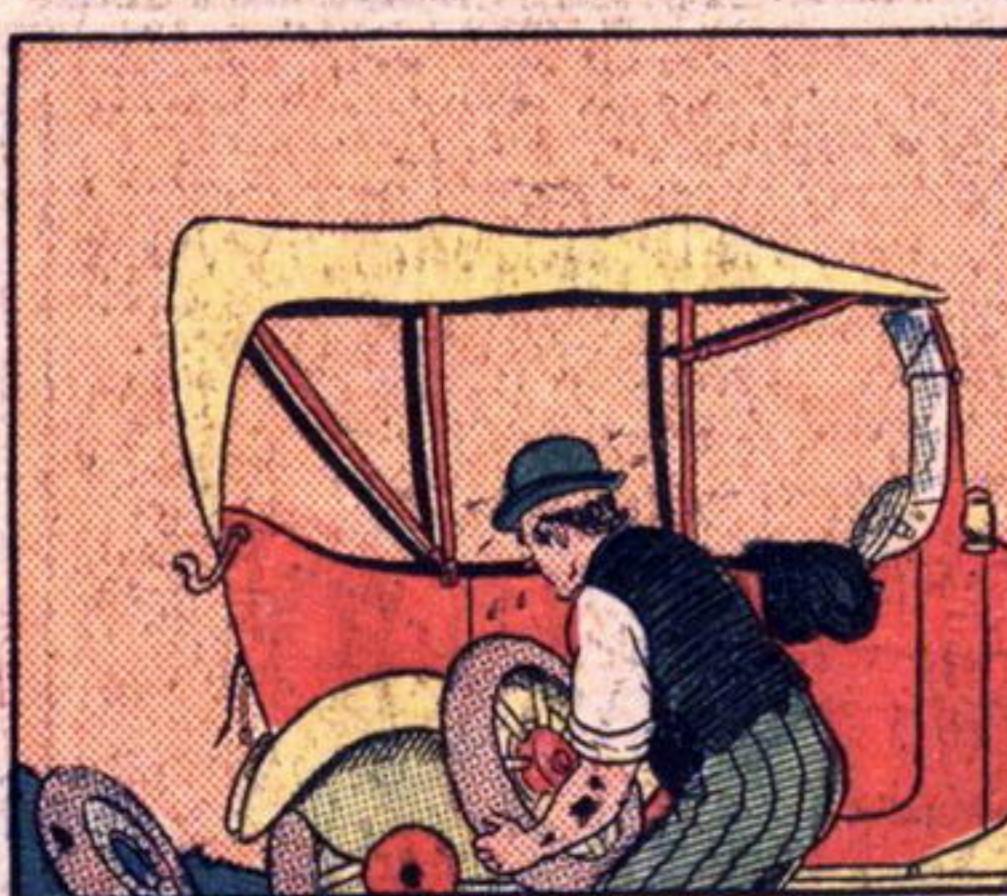
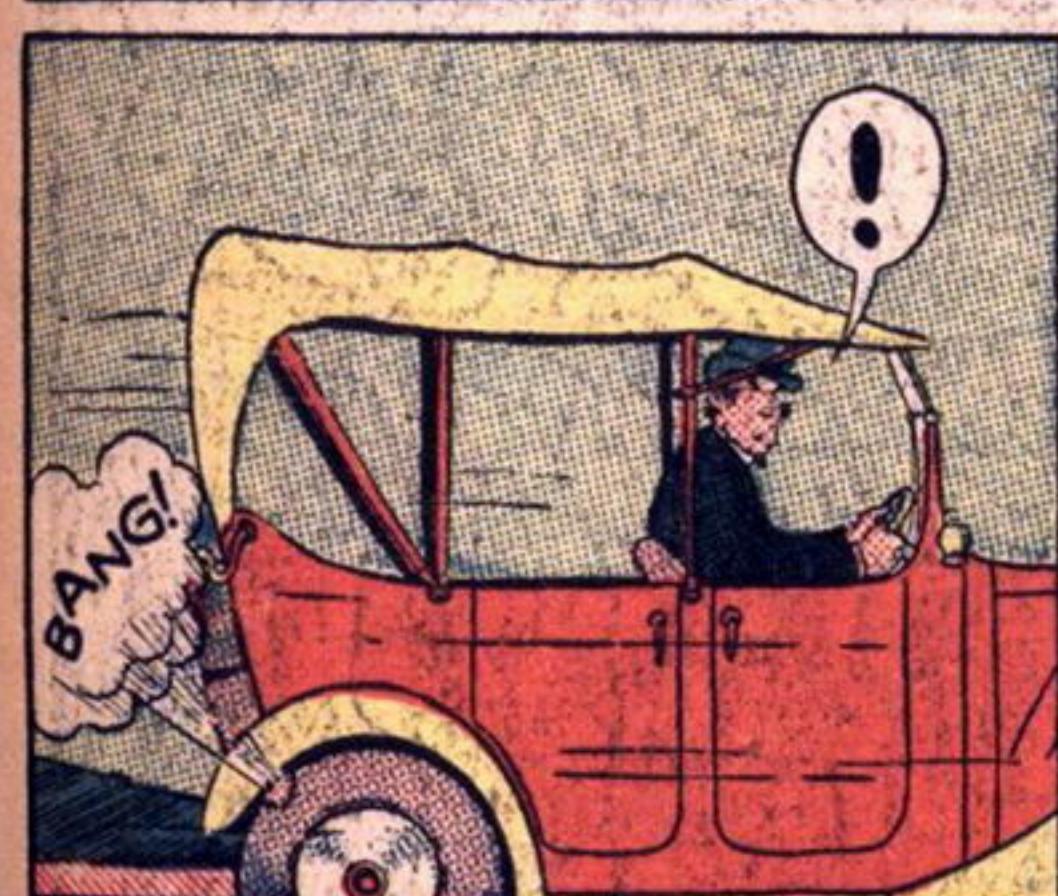
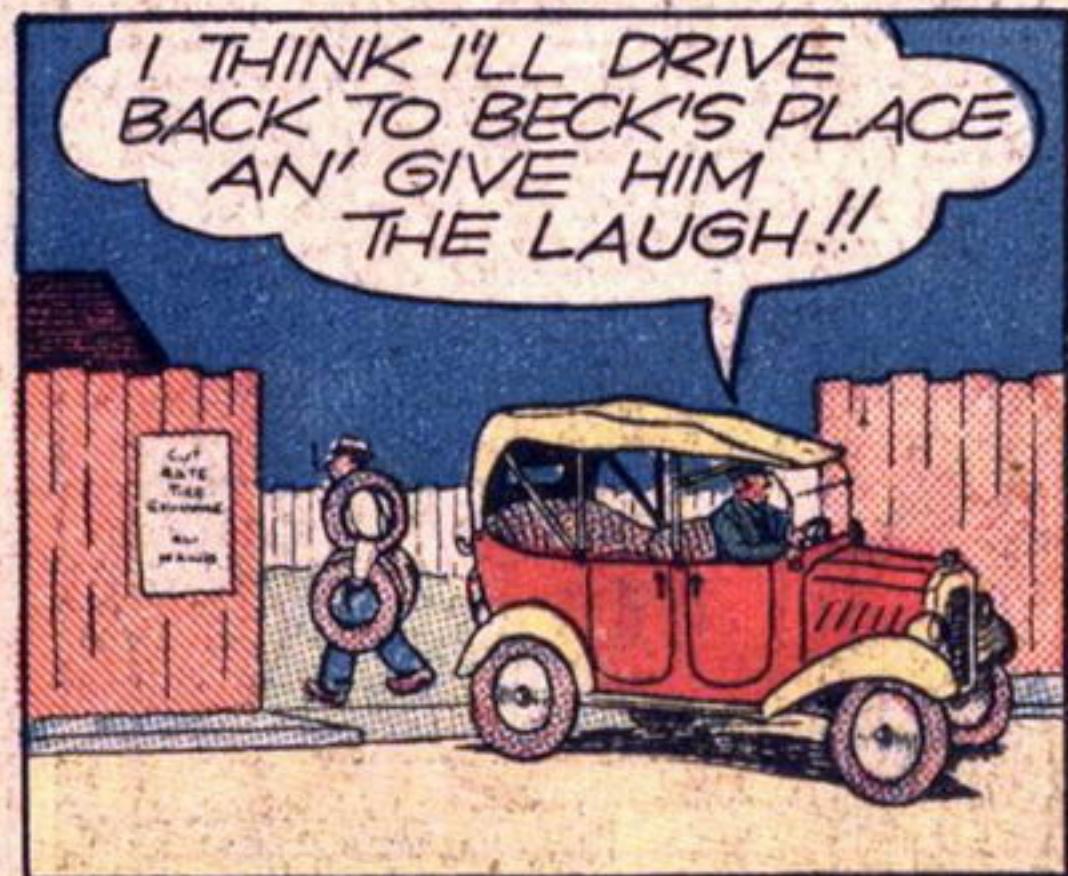
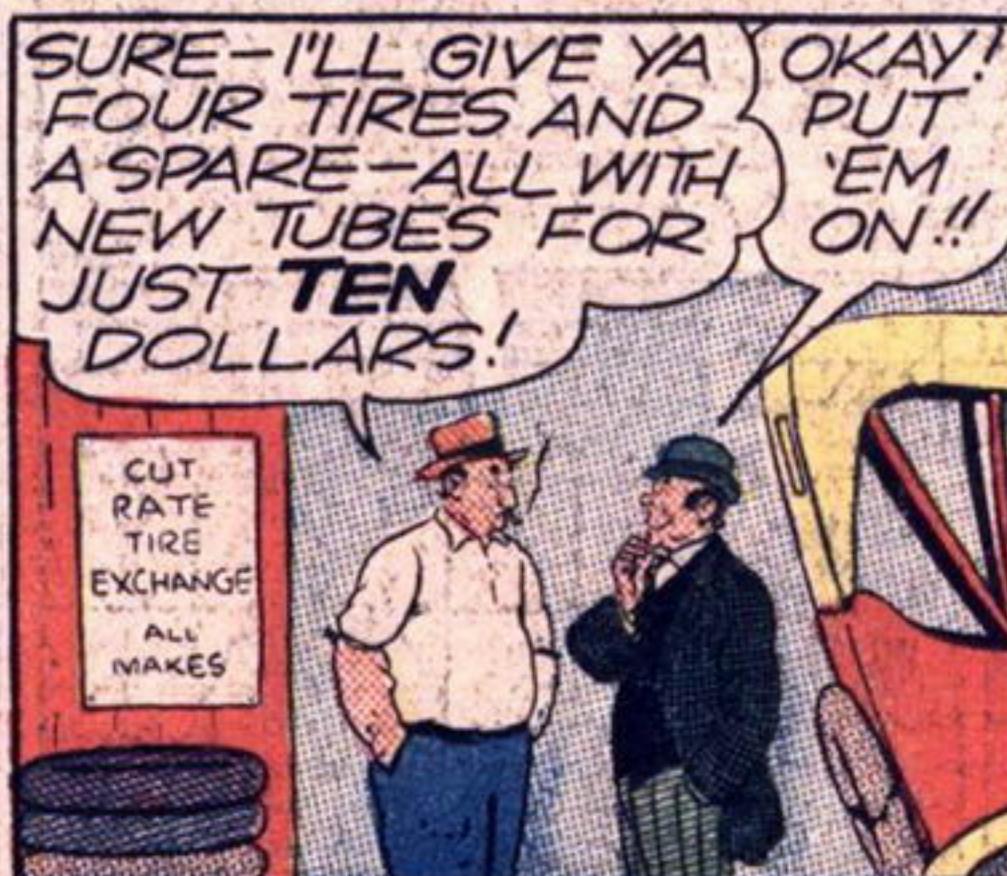
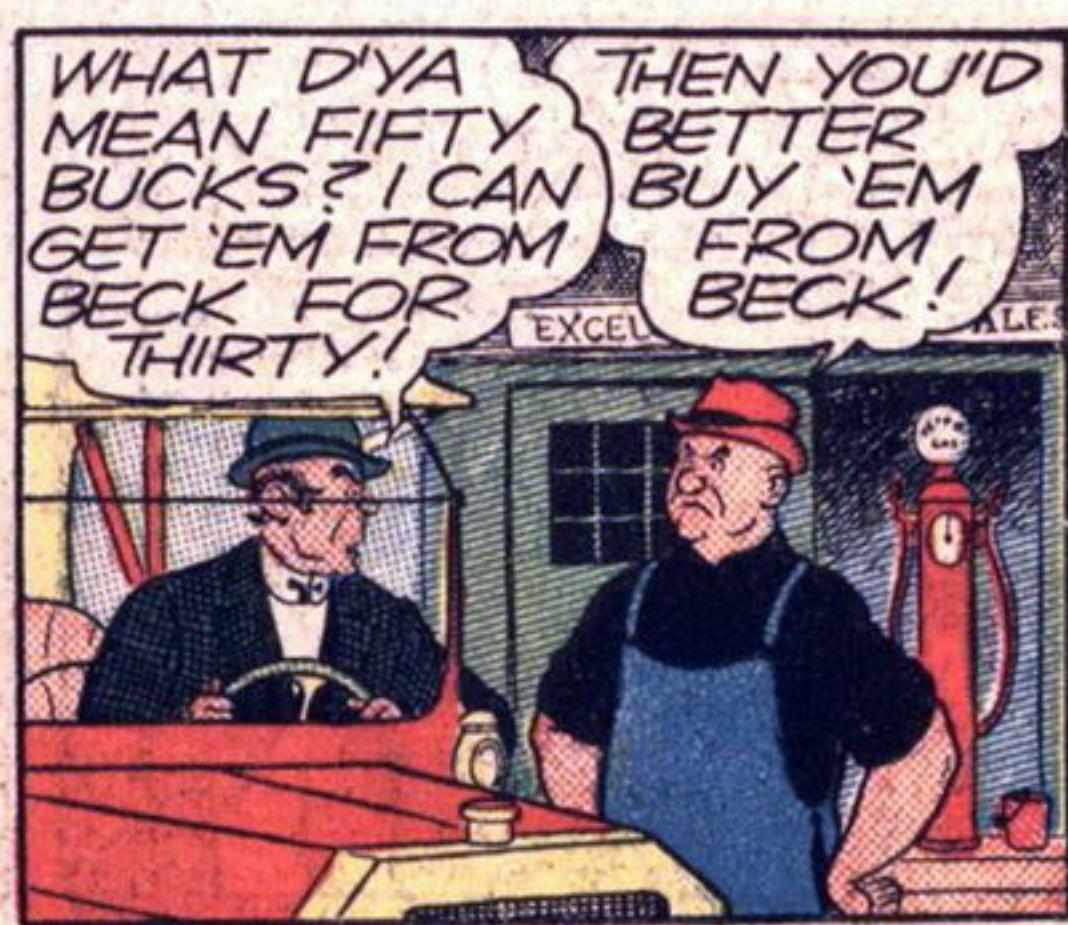
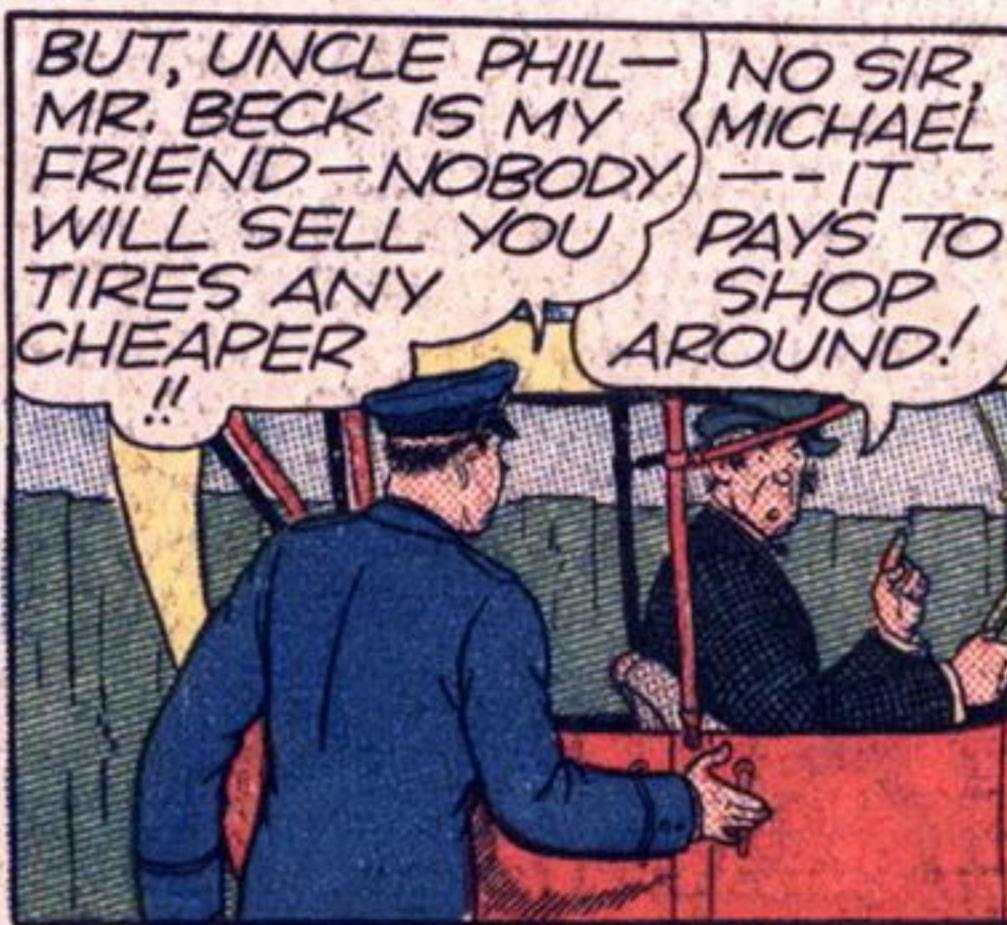
HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!!



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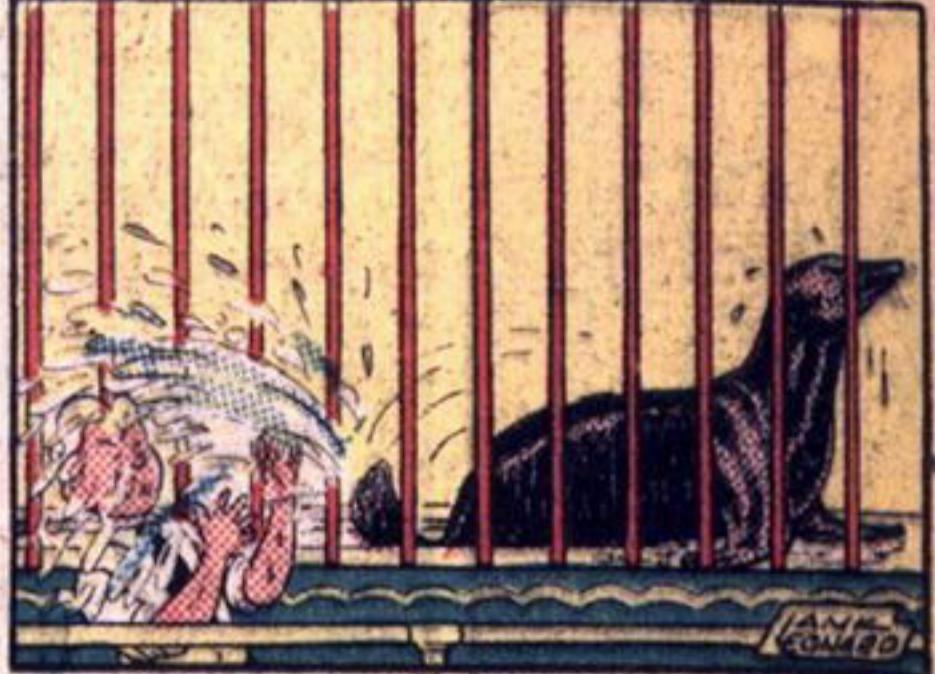
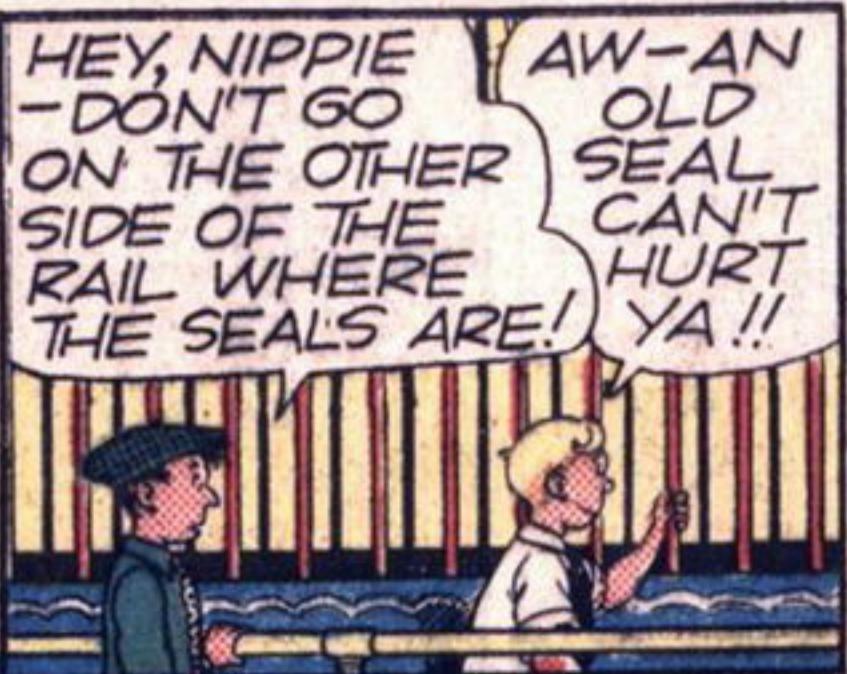
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By LANK LEONARD



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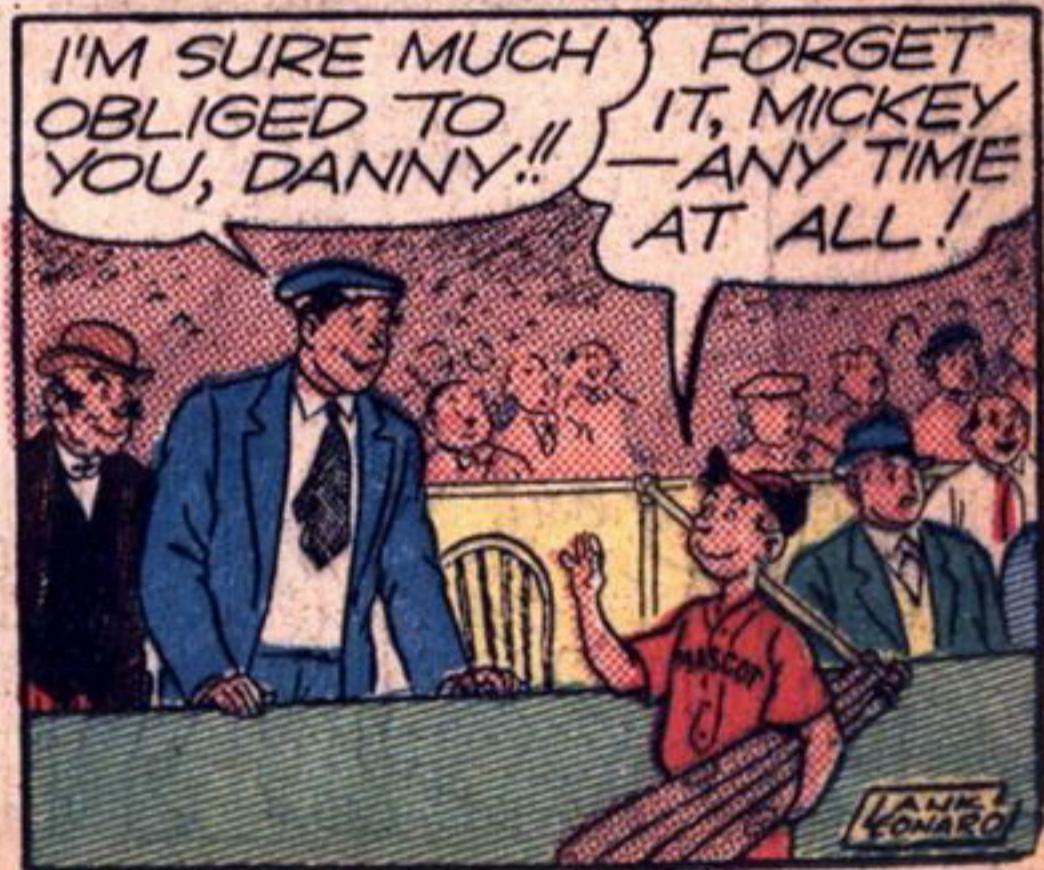
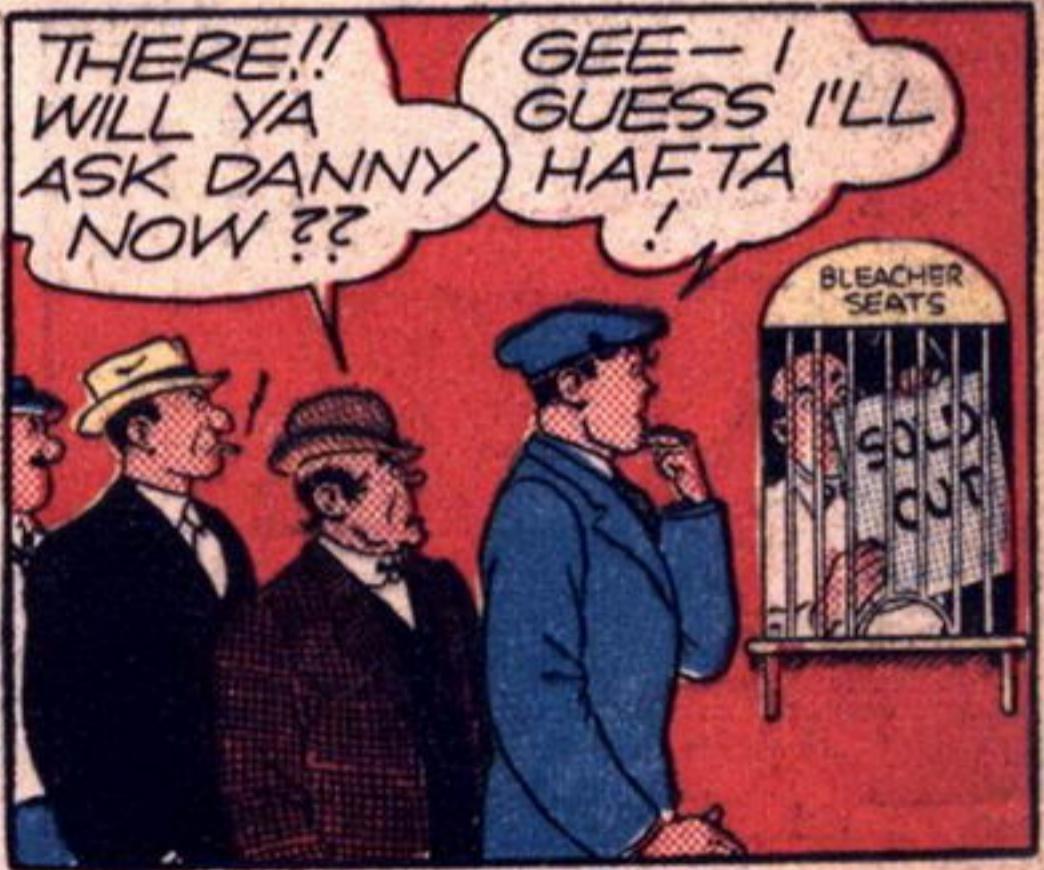
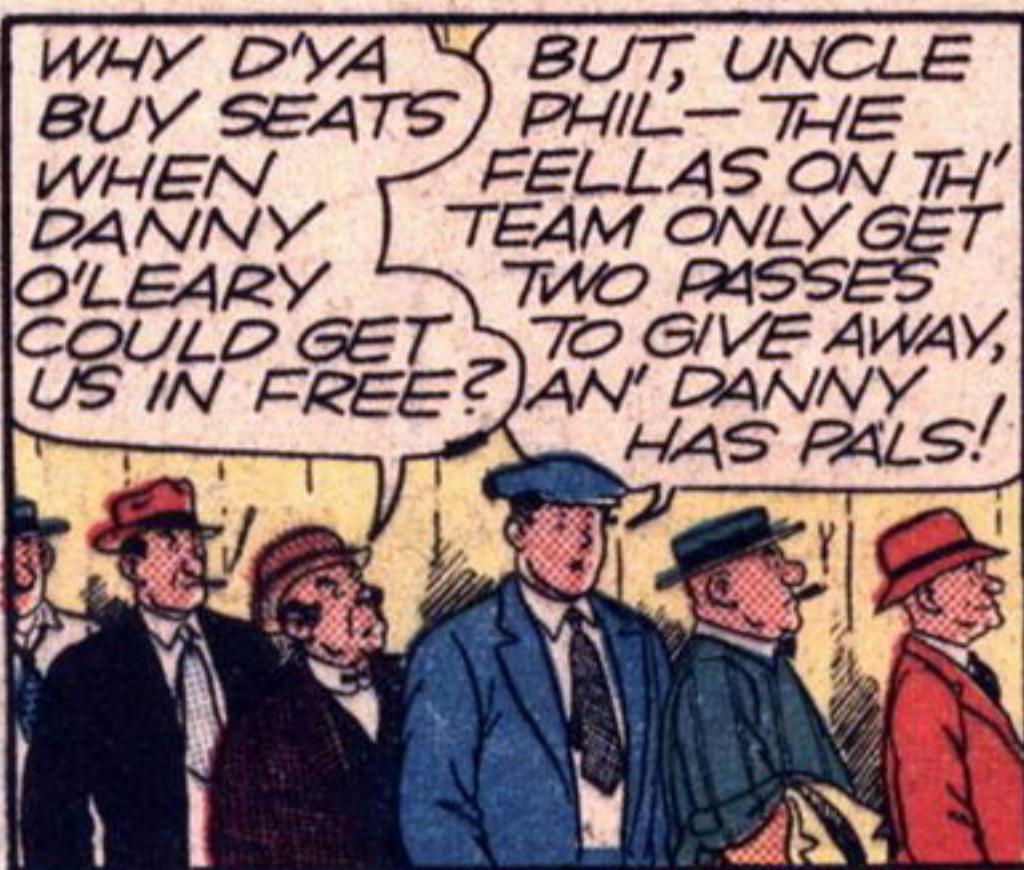
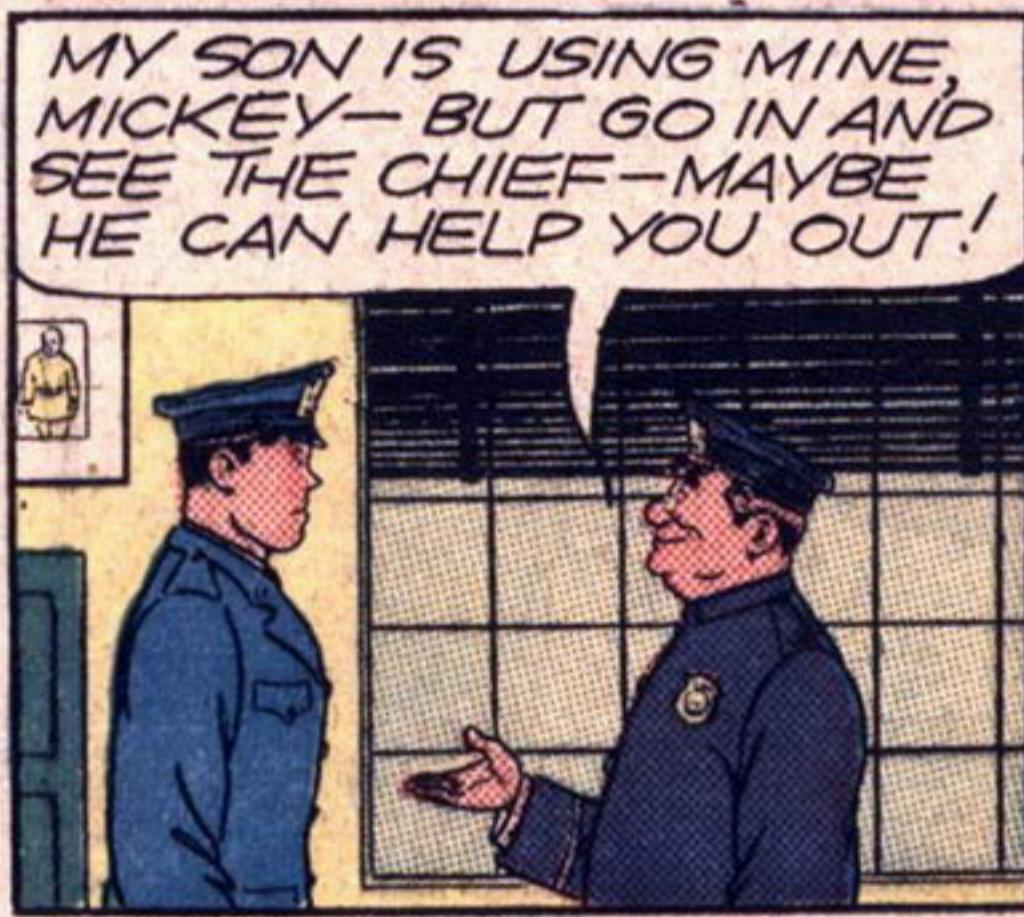
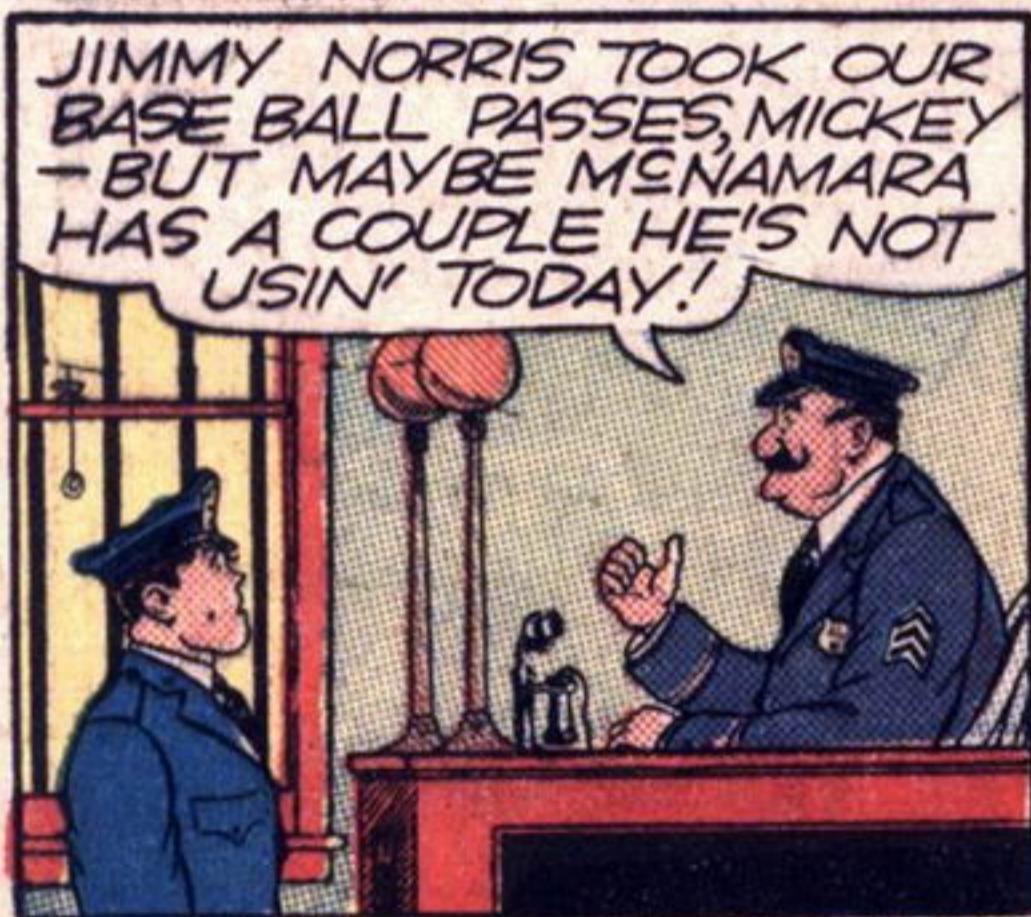
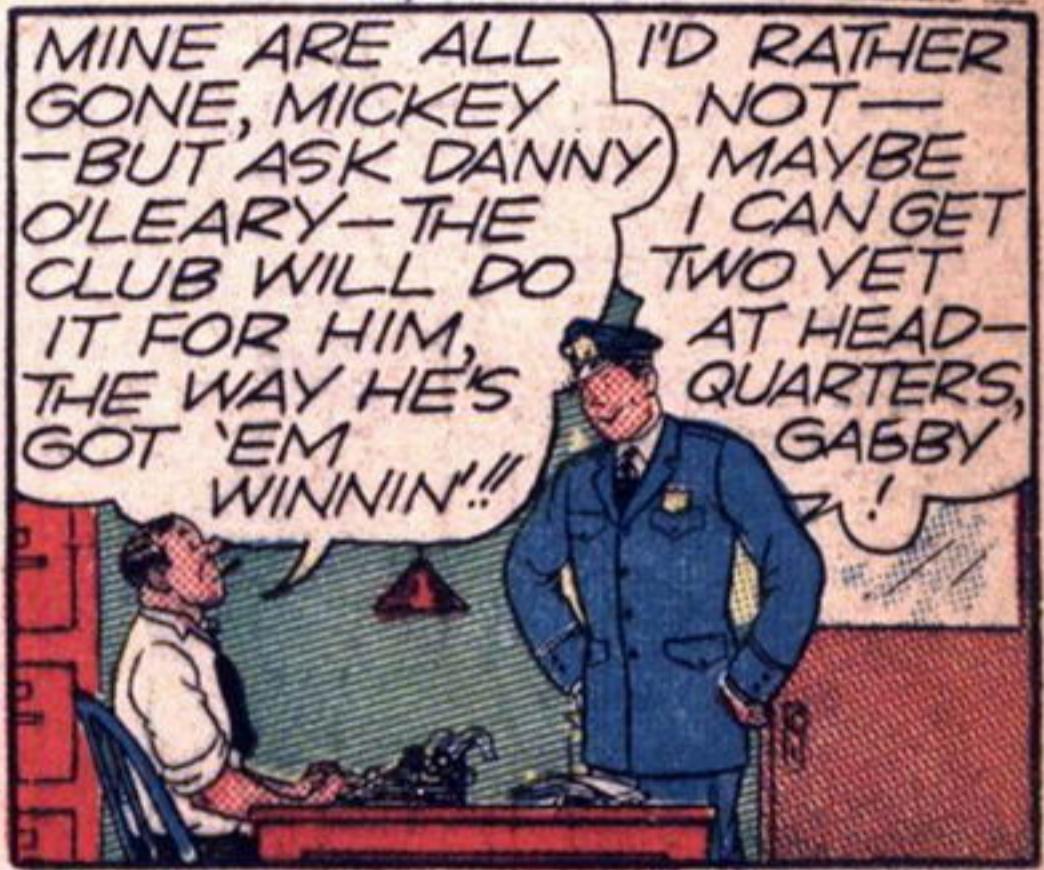
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MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 30th.



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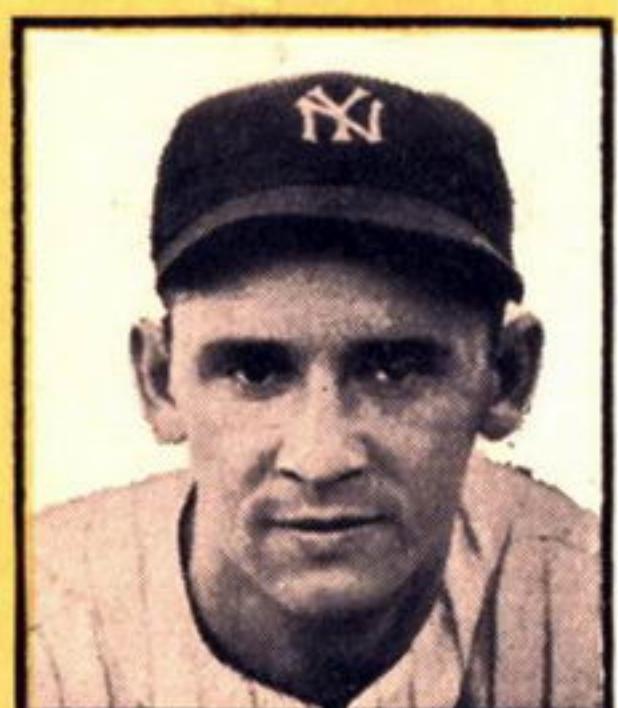
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